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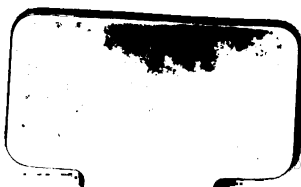
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# RHETORICAL READINGS

FOR

## SCHOOLS.

BY

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EDINBURGH.



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## PREFACE.

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THE following work was undertaken at the request of the Publishers, to whom it had been represented by influential teachers, that most of the Lesson Books at present in use contained minute references to science and art, and otherwise were too strictly informational to foster a taste, or afford scope, for fine reading. And as the Editor had, in his own experience, long been conscious of the defect complained of, he entered on the task as one entirely accordant with his own views of educational literature.

The selections have chiefly been made from authors of the present century, and especially from such of them as occupy eminent positions in letters—the former consideration necessarily leading to the introduction of matter not to be found in previous collections. Less known writers have also been largely drawn on in cases where personal adventure and illustrations of natural phenomena seemed calculated to develop youthful sympathy.

Variety has been studied, not only as to the writers quoted from and the periods in which they lived, but also to their topics, their manner of treatment, and their habitudes of thought. All the extracts, however, have this characteristic in common, that they are distinguished in one form or another by literary excellence; that they contain no controversial or otherwise objectionable matter; and that they all tend to pro-

mote mental culture and refinement. Historical and biographical memoranda have been supplied, when necessary to elucidate the text, or to suggest hints to the teacher.

Prose and Poetry, it will farther be seen, are inserted alternately, and without any attempt at arrangement, it being perhaps most advantageous that selections should be read promiscuously; but those who prefer a systematic method of perusal, can accomplish such by referring to the classified table of contents at page 9, or to the alphabetical index, at page 311.

The Editor has to explain that in many instances, the extracts have been abridged so as to bring them within the compass of daily lessons; but scrupulous care has been taken to preserve the spirit and peculiarities of the several authors.



## HINTS ON ELOCUTION.

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In free states, such as Great Britain, America, and France, or those of ancient Greece and Rome, the faculty of eloquently expressing thought has always conferred more real influence than wealth, family rank, moral excellence, and public virtue, could have done, without this talent. A man who addresses mankind only in print, or an inventor in science or art, finds his way to distinction by laborious means and slow degrees; but he who, on some great question, can give a strong bias to the feeling of a large and enlightened audience, raises himself to instantaneous importance.

The term rhetoric, or eloquence, means *persuasive speaking*. But how, it may be asked, can any one acquire this power of enlisting in his favour the sympathies of his audience whenever he speaks, recites, or reads?

In speaking or reciting, know the subject thoroughly; and not only the steps by which you must reach the conclusion, but, for a long time, the very terms you are to use. Obliviousness or hesitation, for a few seconds, spoils the whole effect of an excellent address. It is difficult to say whether this fault be more ludicrous in an attempt at the sublime or the witty, at pathos or humour; therefore, as you would avoid ridicule, prepare carefully.

In reading you make no impression on the mind of the hearer, unless your tones and manner prove to him that you understand and feel an interest in the subject. Speaking is called the natural, reading the artificial, mode of utterance; and in this, as most other instances, the more nearly you can imitate nature, the more pleasing will be your performance, though your approaches will still be at a distance. "I have," says Mr Sheridan, "often tried an experiment to show the difference between these two modes: When I found a person of vivacity delivering his sentiments with energy, and of

course with all that variety of tones which nature furnishes, I have put a book into his hand, and bid him read something relative to the topic of conversation. It was surprising to see the change in his delivery, from the moment that he began to read. A different pitch of voice took the place of the natural one, and a tedious uniformity of cadence succeeded to a spirited variety; insomuch that a blind man could hardly have conceived the person who *read* to be the same who had just been *speaking*." For the study of a piece with a view to read it effectively, the same author gives this advice: "At every sentence, ask this question, How should I utter these words were I speaking them as my own immediate sentiments?" The profitableness of such a practice we do not question; but we call you to remark that a performance thus prepared is not reading, in the usual sense of the term,—it is an imperfect recitation—one in which the other parts of the body are not allowed to contribute help to the organs of speech.

Make it an invariable rule to articulate distinctly even in ordinary conversation. The cause of a faulty articulation has cost some public speakers—Demosthenes among others—years of annoyance and painstaking; but the generality of men soon give up the struggle, and carry this imperfection with them through life. Early attention to vocal music, and the practice of reading aloud, will aid you in modulating at will the voice, and tend, at the same time, to enlarge its compass. Be careful to acquire a correct pronunciation, for a slip in this would sink you in the estimate of an audience as certainly as a mean thought or a vulgar expression. Think how easy it is for an opponent to remember and speak of it to your injury. On the subject of action or gesture, we may observe that nature has not constituted the lips, tongue, larynx, and lungs, to be the sole exponents of thought and feeling, but that the eye, the brow, the hand, all parts of the body, have in them more or less power to conduce to the effect. Without the concurrent aids of their expression, a person using emphatic tones and impassioned language, makes an odd and unnatural figure. At the same time, judgment and experience should lead any one who would be a graceful speaker, to exercise the same sort of control over his attitudes as over his emotions or his voice.

Finally, forget, for the time, everything but the sentiments it is your business to utter. Conceive that each idea, as it ap-

pears to arise, is new to your audience. Let your whole mind dwell on each as it comes. Every succeeding proof of earnestness raises you in the confidence of the hearer, and in your own. You warm as you proceed. You engross his whole attention, and are making your thoughts his. In this case your tones and attitudes, which did not cost a thought, would be spontaneous and natural, and your presence a striking reality. But, on the other hand, if, while one sentence is on the lips, your thoughts have flitted away, and are already busy with the next, in vain will you modulate and gesticulate according to all the approved rules. However grand the sentiments or fine the language, that which appears so trite to you, can make no impression on any one else. The auditory would consider you what is vulgarly called a *spouter*, come prepared to waste their precious time,—a passing shadow that must be suffered for a little to obstruct their sunshine.

We conclude with the following appropriate remarks of Archbishop Whately, on what rhetoricians have called the natural and artificial manner :—

Let all studied recitation,—every kind of speaking which, from its nature, must necessarily be artificial,—be carefully avoided, by any one whose object is to attain the only truly impressive,—the Natural Delivery.

Much need not be said on the subject of *action*, which is at present so little approved, or, designedly, employed, in this country, that it is hardly to be reckoned as any part of the orator's art.

Action, however, seems to be natural to man, when speaking earnestly; but the state of the case at present seems to be, that the disgust excited, on the one hand, by awkward and ungraceful motions, and, on the other, by studied gesticulations, has led to the general disuse of Action altogether; and has induced men to form the habit—for it certainly is a formed habit—of keeping themselves quite still, or nearly so, when speaking. This is supposed to be, and perhaps is, the more rational and dignified way of speaking; but so great is the tendency to indicate strong internal emotion by some kind of outward gesture, that those who do not encourage or allow themselves in any, frequently fall unconsciously into some awkward trick of swinging the body, folding a paper, twisting a string, or the like. If any one find himself naturally and spontaneously led to use, in speak-

ing, a moderate degree of action, which he finds, from the observation of others, not to be ungraceful or inappropriate, there is no reason that he should study to repress this tendency.

Boys are generally taught to employ the prescribed action either *after* or *during* the utterance of the words it is to enforce. The best and most appropriate action, must, from this circumstance alone, appear a feeble affectation. It suggests the idea of a person speaking to those who do not fully understand the language, and striving by signs to explain the meaning of what he has been saying. The very same gesture, had it come at the proper, that is, the *natural*, point of time, might perhaps have added greatly to the effect; *viz.* had it *preceded* somewhat the utterance of the words. *That* is always the natural order of action. An emotion, struggling for utterance, produces a tendency to a bodily gesture, to express that emotion more *quickly* than *words* can be framed; the words follow, as soon as they *can* be spoken. And this being always the case with a real, earnest, unstudied speaker, this mode of placing the action foremost, gives (if it be otherwise appropriate) the appearance of earnest emotion actually present in the mind. And the reverse of this natural order, would alone be sufficient to convert the action of Demosthenes himself into unsuccessful and ridiculous mimicry.

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# RHETORICAL READINGS.

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## THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

“WALK as children of light.” This is the substance of your christian duty. This is your privilege, which, used according to the grace with which you have received it, will be to you a foretaste of the bliss of heaven. To light, all nations and languages have had recourse when they wanted an emblem of any thing excellent; and in all inanimate nature, where can we find such an emblem of pure happiness as *light*—traversing the regions of space with a speed surpassing that of thought, and wherever it goes, showering beauty and gladness? But to attain to the fulness of this beatitude, we must begin by training ourselves for it; nothing good bursts forth all at once. Lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him to prepare the world for his coming. So should we, here on earth, endeavour to make our life the dawn of heaven’s eternal day. Our thoughts and feelings should have in them something of the nature of light; our actions should be like those of the powers and beings who may be called the children of light; and we should carefully abstain and shrink from all such works as are wrought by those who may be called the children of darkness.

The child of light will walk as having the light of knowledge, right onward to the mark set before him. In the dark, men walk insecurely, doubtingly, timidly, fearful of stumbling or falling; but by day we perceive our course, if not the end of our journey, and attain it by the safest and speediest way. The very same advantage have the children of spiritual light

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over the children of spiritual darkness. They know whether they are going—to heaven ; and they know how they are to go there. They walk ever onward, in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, on the way which leads to heaven.

Darkness hides its face, lest any one be appalled by so dismal a sight. The wicked screen themselves from the light of the sun, as if the sun were the only eye by which God can behold their doings. They seek the shades of night to hide them from the sight of their fellow-creatures, from that of Heaven, nay, even from their own—from the eye of conscience, which at such a season they find to be most easily blinded.

The child of light is upright, honest, open and frank in his dealings. There is in him nothing like concealment, nothing like dissimulation, nothing like fraud or deceit. He lifts up his brow on high that all may behold it, conscious that the breath of shame cannot soil it.

The children of light walk abroad and ply their tasks during the day : by their labours their brethren are benefited ; they make the earth yield her increase ; they convert her produce into food and clothing ; they are those who minister to the wants that in countless varieties spring up beneath the march of civilised society.

The children of light are meek and lowly. Even the sun rather averts observation than attracts it. He glorifies his Maker by displaying the beauty, magnificence, harmony, and order of the works of God. But he withdraws himself from the eyes of mankind,—not, indeed, in darkness, wherein the wicked hide their shame, but in excess of light, wherein God himself veils his glory. And if we look at the stars, that host of white-robed pilgrims who travel across the vault of the nightly sky, the imagination cannot conceive any thing quieter, calmer, or more unassuming. They are the exquisite and perfect emblems of loveliness and humility in high station.

The children of light are diligent and orderly in the fulfilment of their duties. Here, also, they take a lesson from the sun, who pursues the path marked out to him by God, pouring daylight from his inexhaustible fountains, and causing the wheel of the seasons to perform its revolution,—never to faint or pause, till the same hand that launched him on his way, shall again stretch itself forth to arrest his course.

They are likewise pure. For light is not only so pure that nothing can defile it, but it purifies whatever else is defiled. They know that, though no impurity in which they may

bury their souls will be able to hide them from God, yet it will utterly hide God from them.

Cheerfulness, too, is their characteristic. For is not light the enlivener and gladdener of all nature? Does not the sun come forth from his chamber as a bridegroom, the birds greeting him with their merriest notes, and even the sad tearful clouds decking themselves in glowing hues, when he vouchsafes to shine on them. And shall not men smile with rapture beneath the light of the Sun of Righteousness?

Finally, the children of light will be children of love; for light is the immediate outward agent of God's love. It blesses the earth; it blesses the herbs and plants; it blesses every living creature, and enables all to support and enjoy existence. It illumines everything, the lowly valley as well as the lofty mountain. Nor does Christ, of whom light is the image, make any distinction between the high and the low, the humble and the lordly. He calls to all; he blesses all, unless they cast away his blessing. Do ye, then, Christian, take care that ye can claim that heavenly name in this respect more especially. The joy you kindle in the heart of another cannot fail to shed back its brightness on your own. They who endeavour to become like God in love, will find his image grow more and more vivid within them, till they, too, shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

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## MESSIAH'S ADVENT.

H. H. MILMAN.

THE heavens were not commanded to prepare  
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air;  
 Nor stooped their lamps the enthroned fires on high:  
     A single silent star  
     Came wandering from afar,  
 Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky;  
     The eastern sages leading on  
     As at a kingly throne,  
     To lay their gold and odours sweet  
     Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear  
Bright harmony from every starry sphere :  
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song  
    From all the cherub choirs,  
    And seraphs' burning lyres  
Poured through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.  
    One angel troop the strain began,  
    Of all the race of man,  
    By simple shepherds heard alone,  
    That soft Hosannah's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame  
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came ;  
Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes :  
    Nor didst thou mount on high  
    From fatal Calvary,  
With all thine own redeemed out-bursting from their tombs.  
    For thou didst bear away from earth  
    But one of human birth,—  
    The dying felon, by thy side, to be  
    In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake ;  
A little while the conscious earth did shake  
At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;  
    A few dim hours of day  
    The world in darkness lay ;  
Then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun :  
    While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,  
    Consenting to thy doom,  
    Ere yet the white-robed angel shone  
    Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand  
With devastation in thy red right hand,  
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew ;  
    But thou didst haste to meet  
    Thy mother's coming feet,  
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few :  
    Then calmly, slowly, didst thou rise  
    Into thy native skies,  
    Thy human form dissolved on high  
    In its own radiancy.

## WESTMINSTER HALL—TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

[Warren Hastings was impeached by the House of Commons, before the House of Lords, for misgovernment, extortion, and oppression, while he held the office of Governor-General of India. The trial lasted seven years. He was acquitted; but sentenced to pay the costs, which amounted to £71,000. The extract refers to the opening scene of the trial.]

THE preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations of India, living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where the First Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was want-

ing. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter-King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, and enlightened realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on the scene. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Cicero and Tacitus thundered against the oppressors of Sicily and Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age—Reynolds and Parr.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, most had loved him, and hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the Court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect;—a high and intellectual forehead;—a brow pensive, but not gloomy;—a mouth of inflexible decision;—a face pale and worn, but serene;—such

was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him,—men, all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. Even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment. But there stood Fox and Sheridan. There was Burke, in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. Those who have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

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## SONG OF THE STARS.

W. C. BRYANT.

AWAY, away, through the wide, wide sky,  
The fair blue fields that before us lie ;  
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,  
Each planet poised on her turning pole,  
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

For the source of glory uncovers His face,  
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;  
We drink, as we go, the luminous tides  
In our ruddy air, and our blooming sides ;

Lo, yonder the living splendours play!  
Away, on our joyous path, away!

Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!  
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!  
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,  
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

And see where the brighter day-beams pour—  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;  
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o'er the planets and shed their dews,  
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

Away! away! In our blossoming towers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
Love is brooding, and life is born,—  
Breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

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## NELSON AT THE NILE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[The battle of the Nile was fought in 1798. In consequence of Nelson's success on this occasion, he was created a peer. The extract is from Southey's "Life of Nelson."]

THE French admiral had moored his fleet in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle. The advantage of numbers, in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line, and four frigates. The British had an equal number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship. Our ships were all seventy-fours; the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of a hundred and twenty guns.

During the whole pursuit, whenever circumstances would permit, it had been Nelson's practice to have his captains on



board the *Vanguard*, and explain to them his own ideas of the best modes of attack. The moment he perceived the position of the French, closely as they did lie to the shore, it struck Nelson that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of ours to anchor, and place her between two fires. "If we succeed," exclaimed one of his captains, "what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral; "that we shall succeed is certain; who may live to tell the story, is a very different question." It was almost sunset when the battle commenced; in half an hour, there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

The first two ships of the French line were dismasted in a quarter of an hour; and within the same space the others suffered so severely that victory was already certain. Within two hours, at half-past eight, the third, fourth, and fifth, were taken possession of. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head. The great effusion of blood caused an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so; a large flap of skin from the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over his eye; and the other eye being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down to the cock-pit, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived, instantly quitted the poor fellow then under his hands that he might attend the admiral. "No," said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows;" nor would he suffer his wound even to be examined, till every man previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called his chaplain, and delivered to him what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. When, in due time, the surgeon came to examine the wound, the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that it was superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the assurance that his life was not in danger. The surgeon requested him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He sent for his secretary, Mr Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell, who had himself been wounded, was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was sent for; but before he could come, Nelson took the pen, and traced a few words, marking his devout sense of the success already obtained: "*Almighty God has*

*blessed his Majesty's arms."* He was now alone, when suddenly a cry from on deck announced that the French admiral's ship, the *Orient*, was on fire. He found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed, and to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, giving orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Admiral Brueys, a brave and able man, had received three wounds; yet he would not leave his post; a fourth cut him almost in two. By the prodigious light of the conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could be clearly perceived. About ten o'clock the *Orient* blew up, with a shock felt to the very bottom of every vessel. The greater part of her crew stood the danger to the last, continuing to fire from the lower deck. The tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful; the firing ceased on both sides; and the first sound that broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling from the vast height to which they had been exploded. No incident in war, produced by human means, ever equalled in sublimity this instantaneous pause.

The firing recommenced, and continued till about three. At daybreak, only two French ships of the line had the colours flying. Not having been engaged, they, with two frigates, cut their cables, and stood out to sea. It was generally believed by the officers that, if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships would have escaped. However, the victory was the most complete in the annals of naval history. The British loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to 895; of the French 5225 perished. "*Victory*," said Nelson, "is not a term strong enough for such a scene; it is a *conquest*." Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt; of the four frigates, one was sunk, and another villanously burnt by her own captain, who, after striking his colours, set the ship on fire, and escaped on shore.

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## LAKE OF GENEVA—CALM AND STORM

LORD BYRON.

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing

Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved  
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
 Sounds sweet, as if a sister's voice reproved,  
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night ; and all between  
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap't heights appear  
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,  
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most,—  
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—  
 All heaven and earth are still : from the high host  
 Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast,  
 All is centered in a life intense,  
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
 But hath a part of being, and a sense  
 Of Him who is of all Creator and defence.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night,  
 And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
 Leaps the live thunder ! not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night,—most glorious night !  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !  
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the arrowy Rhone hath cleft his way,  
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :  
For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,  
Flashing and cast around : of all the band,  
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked  
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
That in such gaps as desolation worked,  
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

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### AVALANCHE OF THE JUNGFRAU—MIND AND MATTER.

M. SIMOND.

AFTER five hours' toil, we reached a *chalet* on the top of the Winger Alp. This summer habitation of the shepherds was still unoccupied ; for the snow, till lately, had covered the grass, and the flock had not yet ventured up so high. Here we made a halt ; and a few dry sticks afforded us a cheerful blaze in the open air. A pail of cream was brought by the shepherds, with a kettle to boil the coffee, and afterwards the milk ; very large wooden spoons answered the purpose of cups. The provisions were spread on the low roof of the *chalet*, which presented the best station for our rural feast, as it afforded dry seats sloping conveniently towards the prospect. We had then before us the Jungfrau, and some of the highest summits of the Alps, shooting up from an uninterrupted level of glaciers of more than two hundred square miles ; and though placed 4500 feet above the lake of Thun, and that lake 1780 feet above the sea, the mighty rampart rose still 6000 feet above our heads. Between us and the Jungfrau, a desert valley formed a trench, into which avalanches fell, with scarcely a quarter of an hour's interval between

them, followed by a thundering noise continued along the whole range.

We saw a blue line suddenly drawn across a field of pure white; then another above it, and another, all parallel, and each attended by a loud crash, producing, together, the effect of long-protracted peals of thunder. At other times some portion of the field of snow, gliding gently away, exposed to view a new surface of purer white than the first; and the cast-off drapery, gathering in long folds, either fell at once down the precipice, or disappeared behind some ridge, and was again seen soon after in another direction, shooting out of some narrow channel, like a cataract of white dust, which, when observed through a telescope, was found to be composed of broken fragments of ice, many of them sufficient to overwhelm a village. Seated on the *chalet's* roof, the ladies forgot they were cold, wet, bruised, and hungry, and the cup of smoking coffee stood untasted in their hands, whilst they waited in breathless suspense for the next avalanche. I must own that, when the astounding noise was heard along the whole range of many miles, and when the time of awful suspense between the fall and the crash was measured, the imagination, taking flight, outstripped all bounds at once, and went beyond the mighty reality itself. It is difficult to say where the creative powers of the imagination stop, even in the most obtuse minds; our common feelings—our grossest sensations—are infinitely indebted to them; man, without fancy, would not have the energy of the dullest animal. Yet we feel more pleasure and pride in the consciousness of another power of the mind, which tames the flight of imagination, and brings it back to sober reality and plain truth.

When we first approach the Alps, their bulk, their stability, their duration,—in comparison with our own insignificant size, our fragility, and the shortness of our days,—strike our imagination with terror; while reason, unappalled, measuring these masses, calculating their elevation, analysing their substance, finds in them only a little inert matter, scarcely forming a wrinkle on the face of our earth, that earth an inferior planet in the solar system, and that system one only among myriads, placed at distances whose inconceivable extent is in a manner measured. What, again, are those giants, the Alps, and their duration—those revolving worlds—that space—this universe—compared to the intellectual faculty that brings the whole

fabric into the compass of a single thought? How superior the exercise of that faculty when—rising from effects to causes, and judging by analogy of things as yet unknown from those we know—we are taught to look into futurity for a better state of existence, and in the hope itself, find new reason to hope!

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## THE SKYLARK.

BERNARD BARTON.

BIRD of the free and fearless wing!  
Up, up! and greet the sun's first ray,  
Until the spacious welkin ring  
With thy enlivening matin lay.  
I love to track thy heavenward way,  
Till thou art lost to aching sight,  
And hear thy song, as blythe and gay  
As heaven above looks pure and bright.

Songster of sky and cloud! to thee  
Has heaven a joyous lot assigned;  
And thou, to hear these notes of glee,  
Wouldst seem therein thy bliss to find:  
Thou art the first to leave behind,  
At day's return, this lower earth;  
And soaring, as on wings of wind,  
To spring whence light and life have birth.

Bird of the sweet and taintless hour,  
When dew-drops spangle o'er the lea,  
Ere yet upon the bending flower  
Has lit the busy humming bee:  
Pure as all nature is to thee,  
Thou, with an instinct half divine,  
Wingest thy fearless flight so free  
Up toward a still more glorious shrine.

Bird of the morn! from thee might man,  
Creation's lord, a lesson take:  
If thou, whose instinct ill may scan  
The glories that around thee break.

Thou bidst a sleeping world awake  
 To joy and praise,—O ! how much more  
 Should mind immortal earth forsake,  
 And man look upward to adore.

Bird of the happy heavenward song !  
 Could but the poet act thy part,  
 This soul, upborne on wings as strong  
 As thought can give, from earth might start ;  
 And he, with far diviner art  
 Than genius ever can supply,  
 As thou the ear, might glad the heart,  
 And bring down music from the sky !

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### FLIGHT OF TIME—"A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THIS."

THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.

[A vessel having been wrecked off St Andrews, in 1819, Mr Honey, a clergyman of Perthshire, saved seven of the crew; but his efforts cost him his own life. Dr Chalmers preached his funeral sermon, from which the following extract is made. The attendance was so large that the people were obliged to go outside the church, and assemble round one of the windows, from which the preacher addressed them.]

WHERE are the men of the generation that is past ? They, like ourselves, were eager in the pursuit of this world's phantoms, active in business, intent on the speculations of policy and state, led astray by the glitter of ambition, and devoted to the joys of sense or of sentiment. Where are the men, who a few years ago gave motion and activity to this busy theatre ? Where those husbandmen who lived on the ground that you now occupy ? Where those labouring poor who dwelt in your houses and villages ? Where those ministers who preached the lessons of piety and talked of the vanity of the world ? Where those people who, on the Sabbaths of other times, assembled at the sound of the church bell, and filled the house by the walls of which you are now congregated ? Their habitation is the cold grave—the land of forgetfulness and silence. Their name is forgotten in the earth, their very children have lost the remembrance of them. The labours of their hands are covered with moss, or destroyed by the injuries of time.

And we are the children of those fathers, and heirs to the same awful and stupendous destiny. The time in which I live is but a small moment of this world's history. It is the flight of a shadow; it is a dream of vanity; it is the rapid glance of a meteor; it is a flower which every breath of heaven can wither into decay; it is a tale which as a remembrance vanishes; it is a day which the silence of a long night will darken and overshadow. In a few years our heads will be laid in the cold grave, and the green turf will cover us. The children who come after us will tread upon our graves; they will weep for us a few days; they will talk of us for a few months; they will remember us for a few years; when our memory shall disappear from the face of the earth, and not a tongue shall be found to recall it.

It strikes me as the most impressive of all sentiments—that “it will be all the same a hundred years after this.” It is often uttered in the form of a proverb, and with the levity of a mind that is not aware of its importance. A hundred years after this! Good heavens! with what speed and with what certainty will those hundred years come to their termination. This day will draw to a close, and a number of days makes up a revolution of the seasons. Year follows year, and a number of years makes up a century. These little intervals of time accumulate and fill up that mighty space which appears to the fancy so big and so immeasurable. The hundred years will come, and they will see out the wreck of whole generations. Every living thing that now moves on the face of the earth will disappear from it. The infant that now hangs on his mother's bosom will only live in the remembrance of his grandchildren. The scene of life and of intelligence that is now before me will be changed into the dark and loathsome forms of corruption. The people who now hear me, they will cease to be spoken of; their memory will perish from the face of the country; their flesh will be devoured by worms; the dark and creeping things that live in the holes of the earth will feed upon their bodies; their coffins will have mouldered away, and their bones be thrown up in the new made grave. And is this the consummation of all things? Is this the final end and issue of man? Is this the upshot of his busy history? Is there nothing beyond time and the grave to alleviate the gloomy picture, to chase away these dismal images? Must we sleep for ever in the dust, and bid an eternal adieu to the light of heaven?



## A HIGHLAND GLEN.

JOHN WILSON.

To whom belongs this valley fair,  
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,  
Even like a living dream ?  
Silent—as infant at the breast—  
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,  
That streamlet's murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale ;  
Here clouds with unseen motion sail,  
Or 'mid the silence lie !  
By that blue arch this beauteous earth,  
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,  
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh ! that this lovely vale were mine,—  
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,  
My years would gently glide ;  
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,  
And memory's oft returning gleams  
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,  
From presence of that gracious heaven,  
A piety sublime ;  
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,  
To make, in this deep solitude,  
Eternity of time !

And did I ask to whom belonged  
This vale ?—I feel that I have wronged  
Nature's most gracious soul !  
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,  
And all her children, from their birth,  
Are joint heirs of the whole !

Yea ! long as Nature's humblest child  
Hath kept her temple undefiled  
By sinful sacrifice,  
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own—  
He is a monarch, and his throne  
Is built amid the skies.

## EXECUTION OF THE EARL OF ARGYLE.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

[The following is from Fox's History of James II. Argyle was the ninth Earl of that line. He was executed at Edinburgh in 1685, on a charge of treason—pretended to have been committed in 1681.]

BEFORE Argyle left the castle, he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly but even cheerfully, with some of his friends. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bedchamber, where, it is recorded, he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him : upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings.

To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man who, by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours ! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself on the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, "No, no ! that will not help me : I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity ! But as for me —." What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim ! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue ! What an affecting and forcible testimony to that peace of mind which innocence alone can confer ! We know not who this man was ; but when we reflect that the guilt which agonized him was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or at least of some increase of wealth, which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men whom the world calls "wise in their generation."

On the scaffold Argyle embraced his friends, and gave some tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law, for his daughter and grandchildren ; stript himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents ; and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner ; it was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body. Such were the last hours, —such the final close, of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold !

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## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The stately Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand !  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land.  
The deer across their greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England—  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light !  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England—  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from sabbath hours !

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
 Floats through their woods at morn ;  
 All other sounds, in that still time,  
 Of breeze and leaf are borne.

The cottage Homes of England—  
 By thousands on her plains,  
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
 And round the hamlet-fanes.  
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
 Each from its nook of leaves,  
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England—  
 Long, long, in hut and hall,  
 May hearts of native proof be reared  
 To guard each hallowed wall !  
 And green for ever be the groves,  
 And bright the flowery sod,  
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
 Its country and its God !

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## CAPTIVITY.

LAURENCE STERNE.

[From "Sentimental Journey," 1768.]

"As for the Bastille," thought I, "the terror is in the word. With plenty to subsist on, and with pen, ink, paper and patience, a man, though he should not get out, might do very well within a prison; I covet not the power of the sombre pencil that paints the evils of life with a sad and deadly colouring."

I felt no small triumph in the conceit of this reasoning, but was interrupted in my soliloquy by a voice, like that of a child, complaining, "I can't get out." I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw a starling hung up in a little cage. "I can't get out, I can't get out,"

said the starling. I stood looking at the bird. It ran fluttering to the side towards which any one approached, with the same lamentation, "I can't get out, I can't get out." "God help thee!" cried I, "I'll let thee out, cost what it may." The door of the cage was so fastened with wire twisted and double-twisted, that it could not be opened unless by pulling the cage to pieces. I took both my hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I attempted his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "that I cannot set thee at liberty." "No; I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling.

My concern for the bird pursued me to my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the captive in his dungeon, as if I looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away by long expectation, and felt what a sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. On looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the breeze had not once fanned his veins; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children——but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting on the ground, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, upon a little straw, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard the chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay the little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears; I could not sustain the picture of confinement that my fancy had drawn.

## FIELD FLOWERS.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE Field Flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you ;  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of broken glades breathing their balm ;  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music, that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June ;  
Of ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now, what affections the violet awakes ;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore :  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

## COMPARISON BETWEEN SCOTT AND MACKINTOSH.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

[Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh having been competitors for the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in Session 1822-3, Mr Jeffrey, the Rector for the two previous Sessions, thus justified his vote in favour of Mackintosh.]

I THINK it right to explain, in a few words, the grounds upon which I, with the great majority of those who now hear me, have on this occasion given to Sir James Mackintosh a preference over his illustrious competitor. Between two such candidates, it might well have been thought difficult to choose; and if the result of our decision had been supposed to depend on any comparative estimate of their *general* merits, I should certainly have felt the task of selection to be one of infinitely greater difficulty and delicacy, than that which we have actually had to discharge. Sir Walter Scott, in point of inventive genius, of discrimination of character, of mastery over the passions and feelings of his readers, is undoubtedly superior, not only to his distinguished competitor in this day's election, but probably to any other name in the whole range of our recent or ancient literature; and to these great gifts and talents I know that he adds a social and generous disposition, which endears him to all who have access to his person, and has led him to make those splendid qualities subservient to the general diffusion of kind and elevated sentiments. By this happy use of those rare endowments, he has deservedly attained to a height of popularity, and an extent of fame, to which there is no parallel in our remembrance, and to which, as individuals, we must each of us contribute our share of willing and grateful admiration. But what I wish to impress upon you is, that those high qualities are rather titles to general glory than to *academic* honours; and, being derived far more from "the prodigality of nature" than the successful pursuits of study, have their appropriate reward rather in popular renown, than in the suffrages of societies dedicated and set apart for the encouragement of learning and science. The world at large is Sir Walter Scott's university, in which he studies and in which he teaches; and every individual who reads is a concurrent suffragan for the honours he has earned from *the public*.

We, however, are not met to-day merely as a portion of that public; or to express as individuals what we owe to its benefactors. We are met as members of a *Learned Body*, a society consecrated to the cultivation of those severer studies in which the perseverance of the young should be stimulated by the honours which they help to confer on those who have made the greatest advances; and, acting in this capacity, and with a due sense of the ends of the institution in which we are united, we ought, it seems to me, on an occasion like this, to take care that we are not too much dazzled by the blaze of that broader and more extended fame which fills the world beyond us. Now, it appears to me that, in all the attainments which are to be honoured in a seat of learning, Sir James Mackintosh is as clearly superior to his competitor, as he is inferior in the qualities that entitle to popular renown. In profound and exact scholarship—in learning, properly so called, in all its variety and extent—in familiarity with all the branches of philosophy—in historical research—in legislative skill, wisdom, and caution—in senatorial eloquence, and in all the amenities of private life and character, I know no man (taking all these qualifications together) not merely to be preferred, but to be compared to him whom we have this day agreed to honour and invite among us. And considering him as a great example of the utility and beauty of those attainments which we are here incorporated to cultivate and exalt, I cannot but feel that we have done right in giving him the preference upon this occasion, over that other distinguished person to whom he has this day been opposed, and who would undoubtedly have done honour to the situation for which he was proposed. The great comfort in such a competition as that in which we have been engaged is, that it cannot terminate in any choice that shall not be a subject of congratulation; and it is only in looking to him who has *not* been elected, that there can be any room for feelings of regret. I have thus endeavoured to explain the motives which have induced me to concur with the majority of my co-electors—less for the sake of preventing misconstruction, for which I care very little, and which I do not fear at all, than to gratify myself by expressing a little of what I feel of the merits of both the distinguished candidates, whom I have the honour of ranking, almost equally, in the list of my friends.



## THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

HORACE SMITH.

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,  
A Royal Jester,  
Had in his train an odd buffoon,  
Who used to pester  
The Court with tricks inopportune,  
Venting on the highest folks his  
Foolish pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,—  
Which wholesome rule  
Occurred not to our jackanapes,  
Who consequently found his freaks  
Lead to innumerable scrapes,  
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,  
Which only seemed to make him faster  
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last, beyond all measure,  
Incurred the desperate displeasure  
Of his serene and raging Highness :  
Whether he twitched his most revered  
And sacred beard,  
Or had intruded on the shyness  
Of the fair household, or let fly  
An epigram at royalty,  
None knows :—his sin was an occult one ;  
But records tell us that the Sultan,  
Meaning to terrify the knave,  
Exclaimed—“ ’Tis time to stop that breath ;  
Thy doom is sealed :—presumptuous slave !  
Thou stand’st condemned to certain death.  
Silence, base rebel !—no replying !—  
But such is my indulgence still,  
That, of my own free grace and will,  
I leave to thee the mode of dying.”

“ Thy royal will be done—’tis just !”  
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust ;

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“ Since, my last moments to assuage,  
Your Majesty’s humane decree  
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,  
I’ll die, so please you, of old age !”

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## MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

MAN is not only a working being, but a being formed to work in society. Civilization, which brings man out of a savage into a cultivated state, consists in multiplying the number of occupations ; so that the most perfect form of society is that in which the largest number of persons are prosperously employed in the greatest variety of ways. The larger the number on whom each depends, the larger the number to whom each is useful.

Man is composed of body and soul. What is body ? It is material substance ; it is clay, dust, ashes. As you tread it, unorganized, beneath your feet, matter appears an inanimate, cold, dull, and barren thing. What it is in its essence, no one, but the Being who created it, knows. To the human mind, it makes the nearest approach to a total privation of all the properties of intellect. Such is the *body* of man. What is the *soul* ? Its essence is as little known to us as that of the body ; but its qualities are angelic, divine. It is the soul which thinks, reasons, invents, remembers, hopes, and loves. It is the soul which lives ; when it departs, the body is dead,—and what is the body then ?

Now, the fact to which I wish to call attention is, that these two elements are, in every human being, brought into intimate and perfect union. We can conceive that it might have been otherwise. God could have created matter by itself, and mind by itself. But in constituting our race, it pleased the Creator to bring the two elements into union ; to take the body from the dust, the soul from the highest heaven, and to mould them into one.

The consequence is, that the humblest labourer, who works with his hands, possesses within him a soul endowed with precisely the same faculties which in Franklin, Newton, or Shakspeare, were the light and wonder of the world ; and, on

the other hand, the most gifted and ethereal genius is enclosed in a body subject to the same passions, infirmities, and wants, as those of the man whose life knows no alternation but labour and rest, appetite and indulgence. From the union of these two principles in the frame of man, every act he performs requires the agency both of body and mind. His mind cannot see but through the optic eye-glass; or hear, till his ear is affected by the vibrations of the air. He cannot even perform the operations of pure thought except in a healthy state of the body. A fit of toothach, proceeding from an irritated nerve, small as a cambric thread, is enough to drive to the verge of insanity an understanding capable of instructing the world.

The degree to which any pursuit shall exercise the intellectual or mechanical powers of man, will depend on the nature of that pursuit. The slave, the New Zealander, the Greenlander, seem to lead lives requiring but little intellectual action; yet a careful reflection would show that there is not one, even of these, who does not call into exercise, though in an humble degree, all the powers of the mind. The philosopher, who shuts himself up in his cell with books or instruments of science, cannot act, or even think, without the aid of his bodily powers.

The same Creator, who made man a mixed being composed of body and soul, ordained that no two men should be exactly alike in respect to either; therefore provision has been made for an infinity of employments, calling forth, in degrees as various, the peculiar powers of both principles.

Remark by how beautiful a process Providence has so interlaced and wrought up together the wants, interests, and pursuits of men! Let us take, as an illustration, the progress of astronomical science, which has thrown so great a light on the art of navigation, guiding the mariner across the ocean, and connecting itself with industry in all its branches. It was not a philosopher in one department who created the science. The observing astronomer furnished data to the calculating astronomer; the calculator derived his methods from the pure mathematician; and a long succession of each for ages united their labours to obtain the grand result. Pythagoras, one of the earliest Greek philosophers, conceived the idea of the Copernican system; but it was only from the period at which Galileo discovered the telescope that the science advanced with sure and rapid progress. If there

never had been a telescope till some astronomer had learned to mix, melt, and mould glass, such a thing never would have been heard of. It is not less true that no maker of glass could be expected to possess the scientific knowledge necessary for carrying out those arduous calculations ; yet he and many others contributed to the discovery. A glass manufactory requires furnaces and a building. To limit our remarks to the construction of the furnace, we observe that the mason who builds it, does not make his own bricks, or burn his own lime. The bricklayer does not bring out of the earth his own coal, or cut down his own wood ; the man who brings fuel in carts or boats, does not make his own wagon, or build his own boat ; the person who makes the wagon does not shoe the wheel ; the blacksmith does not smelt the iron ore ; the forgerman, who smelts the ore, does not dig his own mine ; the miner does not make his own pick-axe, or the pump with which he keeps off the water ; and the maker of the pump did not discover the principle of atmospheric pressure which suggested the invention of that instrument.

It is plain that this enumeration might be pursued till every art and every science were shown to run into every other. I believe that we might start from a piece of coarse printed cotton, and prove from it, as from a text, that every art and science under heaven had been concerned in its fabric,

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## HUMAN LIFE.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky,  
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby ;  
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,  
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound ;  
For now the caudle-cup is circling there—  
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,  
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire  
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail  
The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;

So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,  
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.  
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;  
 The ale, new brewed, in floods of amber shine ;  
 And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,  
 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,  
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,  
 " 'Twas on these knees he sat so oft, and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;  
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees  
 Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,  
 And violets scattered round ; and old and young,  
 In every cottage porch with garlands green,  
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;  
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side  
 Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,  
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;  
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,  
 And weeping heard where only joy has been ;  
 When, by his children borne, and from his door,  
 Slowly departing to return no more,  
 He rests in earth with them that went before.

And such is human life ; so gliding on,  
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !

## RIGHT POLICY OF BRITAIN.

GEORGE CANNING.

[Extract from a Speech delivered at Plymouth, in 1823.]

GENTLEMEN,—The end which I have always had in view, as the legitimate object of pursuit to a British statesman, I can describe in one word. The language of the philosopher is diffusely benevolent. It professes the amelioration of the lot of all mankind. I hope that my heart beats as high towards other nations of the earth as that of any one who vaunts his philanthropy ; but I am contented to confess that the main object of my contemplation is the interest of England. Not that the interest of England can stand isolated and alone. The situation she holds forbids an exclusive selfishness ; her

prosperity must contribute to the prosperity of other nations, her stability to the safety of the world. But it does not follow that we are called upon to mix ourselves on every occasion, with a meddling activity, in the concerns of the nations around us. There are men, actuated by noble principles and generous feelings, who would rush forward at once, from the sense of indignation at aggression, and deem that no act of injustice should be perpetrated from one end of the universe to the other, but that the sword of Great Britain ought to leap from its scabbard to avenge it. But, as it is the province of law to control the excess even of laudable feelings in individuals, so it is the duty of government to restrain within due bounds the ebullition of national impulses which it cannot blame.

But while we thus control our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace because we fear, or because we are unprepared for, war; on the contrary, if, eight months ago, the Government proclaimed this country to be prepared for war, every month of peace that has since passed has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are the means of war. In cherishing those resources we accumulate our means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability, than the state of inactivity in which I see those mighty ships float in these waters, is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness,—how soon, upon any call of patriotism, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle up its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of those magnificent machines springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself—while, apparently passive, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise! After a war of a quarter of a century, sometimes single-handed, England now needs a period of tranquillity. Long may we be enabled to improve the blessings of our present situation, to cultivate the arts of peace, to give to commerce greater extension and new spheres of employment, and to confirm the prosperity now diffused throughout this island!

## RETIREMENT.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Low was our pretty cot ! our tallest rose  
 Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear  
 At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,  
 The sea's faint murmur. In the open air  
 Our myrtles blossomed ; and across the porch  
 Thick jasmines twined : the little landscape round  
 Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.  
 It was a spot, which you might aptly call  
 The Valley of Seclusion ! Once I saw  
 (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)  
 A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,  
 Bristowa's citizen : methought, it calmed  
 His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse  
 With wiser feelings : for he paused, and looked  
 With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,  
 Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,  
 And sighed, and said, *it was a blessed place.*  
 And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient ear  
 Long listening to the viewless sky-lark's note—  
 Viewless, or haply for a moment seen  
 Gleaming on sunny wing—"And such," I said,  
 "The inobtrusive song of happiness—  
     Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard  
     When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is hushed,  
     And the heart listens !"

But the time, when first  
 From that low dell steep up the stony mount  
 I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,  
 O what a goodly scene ! *here* the bleak mount,  
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep ;  
 Grey clouds, that shadowing, spot the sunny fields  
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,  
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks ;  
 And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,  
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spires :  
 The channel *there*, the islands and white sails,

Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—  
 It seemed like Omnipresence ! God, methought,  
 Had built him there a temple : the whole world  
 Seemed *imaged* in its vast circumference.  
 No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed heart.  
 Blest hour ! it was a luxury—to be !

Ah, quiet dell, dear cot, and mount sublime !  
 I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,  
 While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,  
 That I should dream away the entrusted hours  
 On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart  
 With feelings all too delicate for use ?  
 Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye  
 Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth :  
 And he, that works me good with unmoved face,  
 Does it but half : he chills me while he aids,—  
 My benefactor, not my brother man !  
 Yet even this, this cold beneficence  
 Seizes my praise ; when I reflect on those  
 Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,  
 Nursing in some delicious solitude  
 Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies !  
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,  
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight  
 Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.  
 Yet oft when after honourable toil  
 Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,  
 My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot !  
 Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping rose,  
 And myrtles fearless of the mild sea air.  
 And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode !  
 Ah—had *none* greater ! and that *all* had such !

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#### LORD THURLOW'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

AT times (says Lord Campbell in his "Lives of the Chancellors") Lord Thurlow was superlatively great. One instance of this was his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, during the inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of



Greenwich Hospital. His Grace's action and delivery, when he addressed the house, were singularly dignified and graceful ; but his matter was not equal to his manner. He reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction [he was the son of a clergyman], and his recent admission into the peerage ; particular circumstances caused Lord Thurlow's reply to make a deep impression at the time. His Lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience ; under these circumstances he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. He rose from the wool-sack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the house : then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove, when he grasps the thunder—

"I am amazed," he said, in a level tone of voice, "at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am *amazed* at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident ? To all these noble Lords, the language of the noble Duke is as applicable and as insulting as to myself ; but I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do ; but, my Lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of Parliament—as Speaker of this right honourable House—as Keeper of the Great Seal—as Guardian of his Majesty's conscience—as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny *me*—as a *man*—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon."

The effect of this speech (continues Lord Campbell), both within and without the walls of Parliament was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed ; it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour ; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side of politics, made him always popular with the people.

## THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.

THOMAS MOORE.

[From "Lallah Rookh," an oriental romance. The fabled *Peri* of the East closely corresponds to the *Fairy* of our legends.]

ONE morn a *Peri* at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
And as she listened to the springs  
    Of life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
    Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,  
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
    'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;  
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
    One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all !"

The glorious angel who was keeping  
The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;  
And, as he nearer drew and listened,  
A tear within his eyelids glistened,—  
"Nymph of a fair but erring line !"  
Gently he said—"one hope is thine.  
'Tis written in the book of fate,  
    *The Peri yet may be forgiven,*  
    *Who brings to this eternal gate*  
    *The gift that is most dear to Heaven !*  
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;  
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in !"

Rapidly as comets run  
To the embraces of the sun,  
Down the blue vault the *Peri* flies,  
    And lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then, broke from morning's eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Over the vale of Balbec winging,  
The Peri sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
As rosy and as wild as they;  
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,  
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
Like winged flowers or flying gems :  
And near the boy, who, tired with play,  
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
She saw a wearied man dismount  
From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small temple's rustic fount,  
Impatient fling him down to drink.  
Then swift his haggard brow he turned  
To the fair child, who fearless sat—  
Though never yet hath day-beam burned  
Upon a brow more fierce than that—  
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,  
In which the Peri's eye could read  
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
(As if the balmy evening time  
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,  
Watching the rosy infant's play ;  
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches that have burnt all night  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,  
As slow the orb of daylight sets  
Is rising sweetly on the air  
From Syria's thousand minarets !  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
And down upon the fragrant sod  
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,  
Lisping the eternal name of God  
From purity's own cherub mouth ;

And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of paradise,  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again !

And how felt he, the wretched man  
Reclining there—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife  
That marked the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace ?  
“ There was a time,” he said, in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones—“ thou blessed child !  
When young and haply pure as thou,  
I looked and prayed like thee ; but now—”  
He hung his head ; each nobler aim  
And hope and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

And now ! behold him kneeling there,  
By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
While the same sunbeam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven  
The triumph of a soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they lingered yet,  
There fell a light—more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star—  
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek : .  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam ;  
But well the enraptured Peri knew  
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw  
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear—  
Her harbinger of glory near !

“ Joy ! joy !” she cried ; “ my task is done—  
The gates are passed, and heaven is won !”

## LONDON DURING LORD GEORGE GORDON'S RIOTS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[The riots instigated by Lord George Gordon, took place in consequence of a bill being introduced into Parliament for the relief of the Catholics. They commenced on Friday, the 2d of June 1780, and lasted till the following Friday. Four hundred and fifty-eight persons were killed or wounded, besides a great number who perished in wine-cellars and spirit-vaults. His Lordship was afterwards tried for high treason, but acquitted from defect of evidence.]

WHEN darkness broke away and morning began to dawn, the town wore a strange aspect indeed.

Sleep had scarcely been thought of all night. The general alarm was so apparent in the faces of the inhabitants, and its expression was so aggravated by want of rest (few persons, with any property to lose, having dared to go to bed), that a stranger coming into the streets would have supposed some mortal pest or plague to be raging. In place of the usual cheerfulness and animation of morning, everything was dead and silent. The shops remained closed, offices and warehouses were shut, the coach and chair stands were deserted, no carts or waggons rumbled through the waking streets, the cries were all hushed; a universal gloom prevailed. Great numbers of people were out, even at daybreak, but they flitted to and fro as though they shrank from the sound of their own footsteps; the public ways were haunted rather than frequented; and round the smoking ruins people stood apart from one another and in silence; not venturing to condemn the rioters, or to be supposed to do so, even in whispers.

In the Poultry, on Cornhill, and at several other leading points, iron chains were drawn across the street; while it was yet dark, parties of soldiers were distributed in some of the old city churches, and in several private houses, which were blockaded as though to sustain a siege, and had guns pointed from the windows. When the sun rose, it shone into handsome apartments filled with armed men—the furniture hastily heaped away in corners, and made of little or no account in the terror of the time; its beams shone on arms glittering in city chambers, among desks and stools, and dusty books—into little smoky churchyards in odd lanes and bye-ways, with soldiers lying down among the tombs, or lounging under the shade of the one old tree, their pile of muskets sparkling

in the light—or on solitary sentinels pacing up and down in court yards, silent now, but yesterday resounding with the din and hum of business ; everywhere were guard-rooms, garrisons, and threatening preparations.

As the day crept on, still stranger things were witnessed in the streets. The gates of the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons, being opened at the usual hour, were found to have notices affixed to them announcing that the rioters would come that night to burn them down. The wardens, too well knowing the likelihood there was of this promise being fulfilled, were fain to set their prisoners at liberty, and give them leave to move their goods.

At last, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Privy Council issued a solemn proclamation that it was now necessary to employ the military ; that the officers had direct orders, by an immediate exertion of their utmost force, to repress the disturbances ; and that all good subjects of the king were warned to keep themselves, their servants and apprentices, within doors that night. An allowance was then delivered out to every soldier on duty, of thirty-six rounds of powder and ball ; the drums beat ; and the whole force was under arms at sunset.

The city authorities, stimulated by these vigorous measures, held a common council ; passed a vote thanking the military associations who had tendered their aid to the civil authorities ; and placed them under the direction of the two sheriffs. At the Queen's palace, all the doors were locked ; a double guard, the yeomen on duty, the groom-porters, and other attendants, were stationed in the passages and on the staircases at seven o'clock, with strict instructions to be watchful on their posts all night. The gentlemen of the Temple, and other Inns, mounted guard within their gates, and strengthened these with the great stones of the pavement, which they took up for the purpose. In Lincoln's Inn, the hall was given up to the Northumberland Militia, under the command of Lord Algernon Percy ; in some few of the city wards, the burgesses turned out, and without making a very fierce show, looked brave enough. Some hundreds of stout gentlemen threw themselves, armed to the teeth, into the halls of the different companies, double-locked and bolted all the gates, and dared the rioters (among themselves) to come on at their peril. These arrangements, being all made simultaneously, or nearly so, were completed

by the time it got dark ; and then the streets were comparatively clear, and were guarded at all the great corners and chief avenues by the troops : while parties of the officers rode up and down in all directions, ordering chance stragglers home, and admonishing the residents to keep within their houses, and, if any firing ensued, not to approach the windows. More chains were drawn across such of the thoroughfares as were of a nature to favour the approach of a great crowd, and at each of these points a considerable force was stationed. All these precautions having been taken, and it being now quite dark, those in command awaited the result in some anxiety, and not without a hope that such vigilant demonstrations might of themselves dishearten the populace, and prevent any further outrages.

But in this they were cruelly mistaken ; for in half an hour or less, as though the setting in of night had been their preconcerted signal, the rioters, having previously in small parties prevented the lighting of the street lamps, rose like a great sea, and that in so many places at once, and with such inconceivable fury, that those who had the direction of the troops knew not, at first, where to turn or what to do. One after another, new fires blazed up in every quarter of the town, as though it were the intention of the insurgents to wrap the city in a circle of flames, which, contracting by degrees, should burn the whole to ashes. The crowd swarmed and roared in every street ; and none but rioters and soldiers being out of doors, it seemed to the latter as if all London were arrayed against them, and they stood alone against the town.

In two hours, six and thirty fires were raging—six and thirty great conflagrations. In almost every street there was a battle ; and in every quarter the muskets of the troops were heard above the shouts and tumults of the mob. The firing began in the Poultry, where the chain was drawn across the road, and where nearly a score were killed on the first discharge. The bodies having been hastily carried into St Mildred's Church by the soldiers, the latter fired again, and following fast upon the crowd, who began to give way when they saw the execution that was done, formed across Cheapside, and charged them at the point of the bayonet.

The streets were now a dreadful spectacle indeed : while the shouts of the rabble, the shrieks of women, the cries of the wounded, and the constant firing, formed a deafening and

an awful accompaniment to the sights which every corner presented. Wherever the road was obstructed by the chains, there the combats and the loss of life were greatest; but there was hot work and bloodshed in almost every leading thoroughfare, and in every one the same appalling scenes occurred.

Full twenty times, the rioters, headed by one man who wielded an axe in his right hand, and bestrode a brewer's horse of great size and strength, caparisoned with fetters taken out of Newgate, which clanked and jingled as he went, made an attempt to form a passage at that point, and fire a vintner's house. Full twenty times they were repulsed with loss of life, and still came back again; and though the fellow at their head was marked and singled out by all, and was a conspicuous object as the only rioter on horseback, not a man could hit him. So surely as the smoke cleared away, so surely there was he; calling hoarsely to his companions, brandishing his axe above his head, and dashing on as though he bore a charmed life, and was proof against ball and powder.

## A PARENTAL ODE TO MY CHILD.

THOMAS HOOD.

THOU happy, happy elf!  
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)  
 Thou tiny image of myself!  
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear)  
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
 With spirits feather light,  
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,  
 (See! see! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!  
 With antic joys so funnily bestuck,  
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,  
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)  
 Thou darling of thy sire!  
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
 Thou idol of thy parents (Bless the boy!  
 There goes my ink!)



Thou cherub—but of earth !  
 Fit play-fellow for Fays by moonlight pale,  
     In harmless sport and mirth,  
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)  
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
 From every blossom in the world that blows,  
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,  
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose !)  
     Thy father's pride and hope !  
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)  
 With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,  
     (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !  
 (He'll have that jug off with another shove !)  
     Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !  
     (Are those torn clothes his best ?)  
     Little epitome of man !  
 (He'll climb upon the table—that's his plan !)  
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,  
     (He's got a knife !)  
     Thou enviable being !  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
     Play on, play on,  
     My elfin John !

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
     With many a lamblike frisk  
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown,)
     Thou pretty opening rose !  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)  
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove.  
 (I'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

## HERCULANEUM.

ANONYMOUS.

A GREAT city—situate amidst all that Italy produces of beauty and profusion, or that art could collect of science and magnificence—the growth of many ages—the residence of enlightened multitudes—in one moment withered as by a spell—its palaces, its streets, its temples, its gardens glowing with perennial spring, and its inhabitants in the full enjoyment of all life's blessings—obliterated from their place in creation, not by war or famine, not by disease or any other customary cause, but by the conflagration of nature itself!

This city, with Pompeii in its neighbourhood, was overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79. In this year Pliny, the Roman naturalist, was in command of the fleet at Misenum. On the 23d of August he had taken a bath, and after a walk and a slight repast, had retired to his study. About one o'clock in the afternoon, his sister-in-law desired him to observe a cloud of unusual size and shape, that seemed to ascend from the mountain. By degrees the cloud increased, at length assuming the form of a pine-tree, the trunk of earth and vapour, and the leaves red embers. He determined to make a near inspection of the phenomenon. His nephew, who declined to attend him, survived to give a description of the terrible scene, and an account of his uncle's fate.

As Pliny entered his galley, he received a note from a lady, beseeching his aid; for there was no escape but by sea from the villas that studded the enchanting coast at the foot of Vesuvius. Instantly his philosophic spirit gave way to his humane feelings. He hastened to save the wretched inhabitants, who incessantly rushed from their shaking and falling houses, with pillows tied down by napkins on their heads. The nearer his ships approached the crater, the thicker and hotter poured upon them the cinders, pumice stones, and pieces of burning rock, while they were also in danger from the vast fragments that rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. He now steered across the gulf to Stabiae, where he allayed the apprehensions of the people, passing the evening in the most cheerful manner at the house of a friend. The volcano still flamed

out with violence ; by degrees the outer court filled with ashes ; frequent concussions began to shake the house from side to side ; the inmates, after some consultation with Pliny, sought the open fields, through showers of cinders and calcined stones, and directed their way to the shore. Though it was now day, they had no light but what proceeded from the crater ; the sea ran extremely high ; and here Pliny laid himself down—when immediately a strong smell of sulphur, and the near light of flames, dispersed the party. By the aid of his two servants, the philosopher raised himself to his feet, but, in a moment after, fell down dead.

The darkness continued three days and three nights ; and when the sun again appeared over the spot where Herculaneum stood, his rays fell upon an ocean of lava—there was no tree, or shrub, or field, or house, or living creature—no visible remnant of what human hand had reared—there was nothing to be seen but one black extended surface, still streaming with mephitic vapour, and heaved into calcined waves by the operation of fire and the undulations of the earthquake !

## ELOQUENCE OF CASSIUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

*Brutus.* What means this shouting ? I do fear the  
people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cassius.* Aye, do you fear it ?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death in the other,  
And I will look on death indifferently :  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you ;  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, " Darest thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ? " Upon the word,  
 Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.  
 The torrent roared ; and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
 Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! "  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man  
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, that must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.—  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan :  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius ! "  
 Like a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,  
 And bear the palm alone.

*Bru.* Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some times are masters of their fates :  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
 Now, in the name of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed :  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than with *one* man ?  
 When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,  
 That her wide walls encompassed but *one* man ?  
*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :  
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
 I shall recount hereafter ; for the present,  
 I would not—so with love I might entreat you—  
 Be any further moved. What you have said,  
 I will consider ; what you have to say,  
 I will with patience hear, and find a time  
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
 Till then, my noble friend, rely on this :  
 Brutus had rather be a villager,  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
 Under such hard conditions as this time  
 Is like to lay on us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

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## USEFUL READING.

LORD BROUGHAM.

REFLECT how many parts of our reading refer to matters  
 wholly unconnected with any interest or advantage to be  
 derived from them. We read a newspaper without any view

to the advantage we are to gain from learning the news, and simply because it interests and amuses us to know what is passing. One object, no doubt, is to make ourselves acquainted with matters relating to the welfare of the country—one well becoming in us, as citizens of the state. But we also lend attention to occurrences that do not at all regard our own interests, or those of our country—such as accidents, adventures, anecdotes, crimes, and a variety of other things that amuse, especially if they excite surprise or admiration. Some even take delight in tales of ghosts, which they know to be false, and all the while feel to be silly in the extreme; but they are gratified, or rather occupied, with the emotions of horror raised by the momentary belief; for it can last only an instant. Such reading is a degrading waste of precious time, and has even a bad effect upon the feelings and the judgment. But the perusal of true stories of horrid crimes and pitiable misfortunes, is not much more instructive; such employment may be better than the condition of yawning idleness, and this is nearly all that can be said in favour of it.

It is of little importance to inquire how and why these things excite our attention, or wherefore the reading about them is a pleasure; the fact is certain; and it proves clearly that there is a positive enjoyment in knowing what we did not know before, and that this is greatly increased if it excite wonder or admiration. But if it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity, to know what we were ignorant of, to have our feelings of wonder called forth,—how pure a delight, of this very kind, does science hold out to her students! Is there any thing in books of tales and horrors more astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, by mere pressure, produce an irresistible force?—that the colour of white, being a mixture of all the other colours, should form what we had fancied to be no colour at all?—that coal and the diamond are formed of the same material?—that water is chiefly composed of an inflammable substance?—that an acid, the strength of which dissolves metals, consists of the self-same ingredients as the air we breathe?

It is surely a satisfaction to know, that electricity—the light seen on the back of a cat, slightly rubbed on a frosty evening—is identical with the lightning from the clouds. It is a positive gratification to know that the same thing which makes the fire burn, makes metals rust, forms acids, and enables animals and plants to breathe. Nothing can be less like than

the working of a vast steam-engine, and the crawling of a fly upon our window. Yet we find that these two operations are performed by the same means—the weight of the atmosphere; and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. In all the fairy tales that were ever fancied, is there any thing more calculated to arrest attention than this resemblance between things, to ordinary beholders, so unlike? What can be more pleasing than to see, bared before us, the process by which nature works?

We raise our views to the structure of the heavens. Is it not, in the highest degree, interesting to find that the power, which keeps this earth in its shape, and in its path—wheeling upon its axis, and round the sun—extends over all other worlds in the universe, giving to each its proper place and motion?—that this same power keeps the moon in her path round our earth, and each planet in its path?—that the same power causes the tides upon our globe, and the peculiar form of the globe itself?—and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, occupies the faculties, and fills the mind with certain, as well as pure, gratification.

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## FLODDEN FIELD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“BUT see! look up!—on Flodden bent,  
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”

And sudden as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till,  
Was wreathed in sable smoke;  
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,  
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
As down the hill they broke;  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march; their tread alone,  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come.

Scarce could they hear or see their foes,  
Until at weapon point they close.  
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust ;

And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air.

Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye  
Could in the darkness nought descry.  
At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;  
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears ;  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white sea-mew.

Then marked they, dashing broad and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave ;

But nought distinct they see.  
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;  
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;  
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;  
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly.

Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,  
To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king.  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Unbroken was the ring ;

The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight ;  
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well ;

Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded king.



Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife the English bands ;  
And from the charge they drew,  
As mountain-waves from wasted lands  
Sweep back to ocean blue.  
Then did their loss the Scottish know ;  
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field, as snow,  
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
Dissolves in silent dew.

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## THE MOCKING-BIRD.

ALEX. WILSON.

[Mr Wilson, who was originally a mechanic in Paisley, visited America as an Ornithologist in 1794.]

AMONG the many novelties that the discovery of the Western Continent first brought into notice, we may reckon that of the mocking-bird, which is peculiar to the new world, and inhabits a very considerable extent both of North and South America. A warm climate and low country, not far from the sea, seem most congenial to its nature. The berries of the red cedar, myrtle, and holly, together with gum-berries, gall-berries, and a profusion of others with which the swampy thickets of those regions abound, furnish it with a perpetual feast. Winged insects also, which it is remarkably expert at catching, even in winter, are an additional inducement to residence.

The precise time at which the mocking-bird begins to build its nest, varies according to the latitude in which he resides,—the later, the farther south. A solitary thorn bush, an almost impenetrable thicket, an orange tree, cedar, or holly bush, is frequently selected. It is no great objection with him that these happen to be near the farm or mansion-house ; always ready to defend, and never anxious to conceal his nest, he often builds within a small distance of the house, and not unfrequently in a pear or apple tree, at no greater height than six or seven feet from the ground.

During the period of incubation, neither man nor other animal can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats, in particular, are persecuted wherever they appear ; but the bird's whole vengeance is especially put forth against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young, the black snake.

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On the approach of this reptile, the male bird darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake, becoming sensible of its danger, seeks to escape; but the intrepid bird, redoubling his exertions, often succeeds in destroying his antagonist. All the snake's powers of fascination avail it nothing against the vengeance of this bird. As its strength begins to flag, the mocking-bird seizes and lifts it up from the ground, beating it with his wings; and, if he completes the business, he mounts the summit of the bush, and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory.

The plumage of the mocking-bird has in it nothing gaudy or brilliant; but his figure is well-proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in laying up lessons from every species of the feathered creation, mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are vocal with warblers, his song rises pre-eminent over every competitor! The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is his strain altogether imitative. His native notes, easily distinguishable, are bold and full and varied, seemingly beyond all limits. His expanded wings and tail, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy, and mounts or descends as the song swells or dies away. While thus exerting himself, any by-stander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, so perfect are his imitations. Many times he deceives sportsmen, sending them in search of birds that are not within miles of them, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this mimic, are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, and dive into the depths of the thicket, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of his power and energy by confinement. In his domesticated state he whistles for

the dog, who starts up, wags his tail, and runs out to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken; and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow follow, with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of some length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quaverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the red-bird, with such superior execution, that the mortified songsters become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, while the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with the display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable melody.

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### RESOLUTION.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;  
 The rain came heavily, and fell in floods;  
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright;  
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;  
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;  
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters,  
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;  
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;  
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar,  
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:  
 The pleasant season did my heart employ;  
 My old remembrances went from me wholly,  
 And all the ways of men so vain and melancholy.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky,  
 And I bethought me of the playful hare;  
 Even such a happy child of earth am I—  
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;  
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care:

But there may come another day to me,—  
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
As if life's business were a summer mood—  
As if all needful things would come unsought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;  
But how can he expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and, at his call,  
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
A leading from above, a something given—  
Yet it befell, that in this lonely place,  
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
Beside a pool, bare to the eye of heaven,  
I saw a man before me unawares,—  
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

Such seemed this man—not all alive, nor dead,  
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age ;  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage,—  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness, felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,  
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood ;  
And still, as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood,  
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call ;  
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he conned  
As if he had been reading in a book ;  
And now a stranger's privilege I took,  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say—  
“ This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.”

A gentle answer did the old man make,  
In courteous speech, which forth he slowly drew ;  
And him, with further word, I thus bespake—  
“ What occupation do you there pursue ?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you.”  
He answered, while a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest ;  
But each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance dressed—  
Choice words and measured phrase, above the reach  
Of ordinary men—a stately speech,  
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use ;  
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor—  
Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
And he had many hardships to endure :  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

My former thoughts returned,—the fear that kills ;  
And hope, that is unwilling to be fed ;  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;  
And mighty poets in their misery dead.  
Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,  
My question eagerly did I renew—  
“ How is it that you live, and what is it you do ? ”

He, with a smile, did then his words repeat ;  
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide  
He travelled,—stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the pool, where they abide.  
“ Once I could meet with them on every side ;  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
The old man's shape, and speech, all troubled me ;

In my mind's eye, I seemed to see him pace  
About the weary moors continually,  
Wandering about alone and silently.  
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
He having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
But stately in the main ; and, when he ended,  
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find,  
In that decrepit man, so firm a mind.  
“ God,” said I, “ be my help and stay secure !  
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor !”

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### THE LAST SERPENT—AN IRISH LEGEND.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

EVERYBODY has heard of St Patrick, and how he bothered the vermin of Ireland, and drove all manner of venomous things out of the land into the sea. But there was one old serpent too cunning to be talked out of the country, and to drown himself. The saint did not know well how to manage this fellow ; but at last he bethought him of getting a strong iron chest, with nine bolts to it. So one fine morning the saint takes a walk to where the serpent used to keep. Not liking his reverence in the least, the brute began to hiss and show his teeth. “ Oh,” says St Patrick, “ what is the use of making so much ado about a gentleman like myself coming to see you ? Here is a nice house that I have got for you to winter in ; for I am to civilize the whole country, man and beast.” Hearing such smooth words, the serpent thought no harm meant to himself ; so, fair and easy, he comes up to see the saint and his house. But the sight of the nine bolts made him think of making off with himself. “ 'Tis a warm house, you see,” says St Patrick, “ and a good friend I am to you.” “ I thank you kindly for your civility,” says the serpent, turning away, “ but it is too small for me.” “ Too small !” cried the saint, “ you are out there, my boy,

anyhow; I stake a gallon of porter that, if you only try to get in, you will find in it plenty of room."

The serpent was thirsty; and with great joy he set himself to do St Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, he got into the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. "There now," cried he, "I have won the gallon; for I cannot get in my tail." What does St Patrick do? Coming behind the great heavy lid, and putting his two hands to it, he slaps it down with a bang like thunder. The rogue of a serpent, when the lid was coming down, whipped in his tail, for fear that it might be whipped off; and the saint at once began to bolt the nine bolts. "Oh murder! let me out, St Patrick," cried the serpent; "I have lost the gallon, and I will pay for it like a man." "Let you out, my darling!" cried the saint; "to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but I have no time now, so you must wait till to-morrow." Then he pitched the chest into the lake, where it is to this hour; and it is the serpent struggling at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many a living man has heard the serpent crying from under the water, "Is it to-morrow yet? is it to-morrow yet?"—which, to be sure, it can never be; and this is the way that St Patrick settled the last of the serpents.

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### MAN'S TRUE POSITION—DIFFUSION OF ENJOYMENT.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
 All but the page prescribed, their present state—  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know—  
 Or who could suffer being here below?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,  
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.  
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blest;  
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or milky way;  
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven—  
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
*To be*, contents his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,  
Weigh thy opinion against providence;  
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,  
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;  
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,  
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;  
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;  
And who but wishes to invert the laws  
Of ORDER, sins against the Eternal Cause.



## ORANGE HARVEST IN THE AZORES.

JOSEPH AND JOHN BULLAR.

MANY of the trees are a hundred years old. The thinness of the rind of a St Michael's orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. As the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish till they disappear altogether. Thus the oranges most in esteem are the produce of barren trees, and those deemed least palatable come from trees in full vigour. The number of the trees is increased by layers, which, at the end of two years, are cut away from the parent stem; the process of raising from seed being seldom if ever adopted, on account of the very slow growth of the plants so raised.

In Fayal, the branches, by means of strings, are strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of an open umbrella turned upside down, a plan which conduces much to early ripening, as the sun is thus allowed to penetrate, and the branches to receive a free circulation of air. To shield them from the winds, the gardens are protected by high walls, whilst the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor-trees. Without these precautions, the windfalls would do away with the profits, none of the "ground-fruit," as it is called, being exported to England. Filled with these magnificent shrubs, mixed with the lofty arbutus, many of the gardens presented an imposing scene—

"Groves whose rich fruit, burnished with golden rind,  
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste."

One was especially charming, which covered the sides of a glen or ravine. On a near approach, scores of boys were seen scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing and laughing, and finally emptying their gatherings into larger baskets underneath. Many large trees, on the steep slopes of the glen, lay uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys. Besides, the fall of a tree might not be unamusing; and in so light a soil, where the roots are superficial, a slight strain would give it bias enough. The trees lie where they fall; and some that had evidently come down many years before, were still alive and bearing good crops. The fruit is not

ripe till March or April, nor do the natives generally eat it before that time. The boys, however, that gather it, are marked exceptions. They are of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange juice.

The process of packing the oranges is expeditious and simple. In some open plot of ground, you find a group of men and children, seated on a heap of the calyx-leaves, or husks, of Indian corn, in which each orange is to be wrapt up. The operation begins. A child hands to a workman, who squats beside him, a prepared husk; it is snatched from the child, wrapt round the orange, and passed to the next, who, with the chest between his legs, places it in the orange box, the parties continuing the work with amazing rapidity, until at length the chest is filled to overflowing. Two men now hand it to the carpenter, who bends over it several thin boards, secured with a willow band, presses it with his naked foot as he saws off the ragged ends of the boards, and despatches it to the ass, that stands ready for lading. Two chests are slung on its back by cords, in the figure of 8; and the driver, taking his goad, and uttering his well-known cry, trudges off to town.

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## MORNING IN PARADISE.

MILTON.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked.—

His wonder was to find unwakened Eve.

Her hand soft touching, thus he whispered: "Wake,  
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found!"—

Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the sun, scarce yet up-risen,  
With wheels still hovering o'er the ocean brim,  
Lowly they bowed adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,

To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels ! for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven ;  
On earth join all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end !  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun ! of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise  
In thine eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest  
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;  
And ye, those other wandering fires ! that move  
In mystic dance, not without song resound  
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.  
Ye mists and exhalations ! that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's great Author rise ;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye winds ! that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines !  
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.  
Join voices all, ye living souls ; ye birds  
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
To give us only good ; and, if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

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## INCENTIVES TO YOUTHFUL EMULATION.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

[Extract from an address to Glasgow Students.]

LET me, who have not survived my sympathies with the feelings of youth, who drank from the same pure spring at which you allay the thirst for knowledge, who have felt the glow of your emulation—let me, after being engaged in the active scenes of public life, and buffeted by the storms of political party—let me bring the living testimony of experience to confirm the truth of those precepts which you hear from the higher authority of the distinguished men of whom your instruction is the peculiar province.

Let me assure you, with all the earnestness of deep conviction, that your success, your eminence, your happiness, are much less dependent on the caprices of fortune, infinitely more within your own control, than to superficial observers they appear to be. There lies before you a boundless field of exertion. Whatever be your pursuit, whatever the profession you may choose, the avenues to honourable fame are widely open to you. The great ocean of truth lies expanded before you. "I do not know," said Newton, at the close of his illustrious career, "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, finding sometimes a brighter pebble or a smoother shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me." Each advance in knowledge has served to extend it on every side ; it has served, like the telescope, to make us familiar with objects before imperfectly comprehended ; it has shown us the comparative nothingness of human knowledge.

I have said that the field for exertion is boundless ; I have said that the avenues to distinction are free ; and that it is within your power to command an entrance to them. I am

the son of a man who founded his own fortunes by dint of honest and laborious exertion in those very pursuits of active industry which are still elevating so many to affluence and to honourable station ;—yet, by the favour and confidence of my Sovereign, I have been called to the highest trust which a subject can execute, that of administering the government of this great country. I repeat, there is a presumption, amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent, in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given you, infallibly succeed. Yes, even if what is called genius shall have been denied to you, you have faculties of the mind, which may be so improved by constant exercise and vigilance, that they shall supply the place of genius, and open to you brighter prospects of ultimate success than genius, unaided by discipline, can hope to attain. There may be—there are, no doubt—original differences in different persons, in the depth and in the quality of the intellectual mine ; but in all ordinary cases, the practical success of the working of the mine depends, in by far the greatest degree, upon the care, the labour, the perfection of the machinery which is applied to it.

Do I say that you can command success without difficulty ? No ; difficulty is the condition of success. “Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.” These are the memorable words of the first of philosophic statesmen—the illustrious Mr Burke. Enter then into the amicable conflict with difficulty. Whenever you encounter it, turn not aside ; say not, “There is a lion in the path ;” resolve upon mastering it ; and every successive triumph will inspire you with that confidence in yourselves, that habit of victory, which will make future conquests easy.

Practise the economy of time ; consider time like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate,—that every moment of it, well applied, is put out to an exorbitant interest. I do not say, devote yourselves to unremitting labour, and forego all amusement ; but I do say, that the zest of amusement it-

self, as the result of successful application, depends in a great measure upon the economy of time. If you will consider our faculties as the gift of nature, by far the first in value—if you will be persuaded, as you ought to be, that they are capable of constant, progressive, and therefore, almost indefinite improvement, that by arts similar to those by which magic feats of dexterity and bodily strength are performed, a capacity for the nobler feats of the mind may be acquired,—the first, the especial object of your youth, will be to establish that control over your own minds, and your own habits, which shall ensure the proper cultivation of this precious inheritance.

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## TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

RIVER, that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, silent river !  
Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this!—thy name reminds me  
Of three friends, all true and tried;  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends with joy my soul remembers—  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'Tis for this, thou silent river!  
That my spirit leans to thee;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,—  
Take this idle song from me.

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## RURAL SCENE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

ANONYMOUS.

THE Bidassoa was in my rear, and Bayonne in sight, when I turned from the high route, and struck into one of the gorges leading to the depths of these mountain solitudes. Nature was fresh and fragrant; the sun shone bright; the young pine and the mountain ash waved gaily in the breeze; and the rivulets, gushing from the hills, danced down their sides, over beds of verdure.

Descending a precipitous path, skirted with wild-flowers, I was stopped suddenly by a peal of laughter. I paused for its repetition. It came on my ear again and again—manly, honest, and hearty; and at length it died away in jovial echoes. The sounds must have proceeded from somewhere

close at hand ; yet I could see no one ; and I began to think of the brownies, kelpies, and other supernatural beings, of whose revels I had many times heard from the peasants of the Scottish Highlands ; however, I moved on, satisfied that a cheerful and harmless traveller had nothing to fear from mortal or other company, with whose spirit his own was so much in unison.

The voices had become fainter, and I had almost lost them, when a quick turn in the path brought me round a projecting rock, displaying to me, on the opposite acclivity of a beautiful glen, the secret of these mountain mysteries. On the slope was situate a romantic village, composed of ten or a dozen neat cottages, built in the form of a semicircle. The village youths were on the green, enjoying the manly game that is the pride and pastime of the district. Some were bare-headed ; others wore round flat caps with a red tassel ; and all had breeches, tied at the knee with red or blue knots, and blue stockings, sandals, laced to the ankle, and a scarf of scarlet cotton, tightly tied round the waist. A glove of thick leather protected the right hand, which, with incredible force, struck a hard ball, that seemed to carry death in its whizzing course. I was not initiated in the game ; but I may safely say that, in no match at English cricket, Scottish golf, or Irish hurling, did I ever see a display of greater agility and skill. On the benches sat four or five old men, and about as many women, delighted spectators. The younger females seemed to be occupied about the houses, while a few were employed in washing at the rivulet. One stepped up the hill with a pitcher on her head ; and I am convinced that, in grace and beauty, no Grecian nymph ever excelled that rustic maid.

Seeing that I was observed, I made, with my hat, a low obeisance, which was unanimously returned. As I crossed the stream, a young fellow, who spoke tolerable French, wore a stock and moustaches, and had evidently been a soldier, pushed himself forward, trying to drill his comrades into a more distant demeanour than was either natural to them or agreeable to me. As I turned out the contents of my knapsack to find a pair of dry stockings, my flute, and a pocket-map of France, excited loud admiration. Not a little did the map please and puzzle an old man, whose quick keen eye, seemed meant by nature to be that of a mathematician. The old peasant's eye sought information about the mystic lines ;



but his language being a dialect of the Celtic, I was obliged to communicate through the medium of our friend, the soldier. He was delighted when I pointed out the windings of the Gave, of which their own rivulet was a tributary. As for the flute, it was an object of boundless wonder. Nothing beyond the reed of the mountain shepherd, or the fife of the village musician, had been seen in these remote parts. Meanwhile, the good woman of the cottage in which we sat, had been preparing for me a truly pastoral meal,—eggs, milk, honey, butter, and bread, all delicious in quality, and in quantity sufficient for a mountain appetite.

Thus refreshed, I was about to set out on my way; but the young people were on the watch; no sooner did they see that my meal was finished, than they came forward gaily in a body. They had prepared themselves for the dance, the hair of the females entwined with flowers and ribbons; and they requested of me a performance on the flute. The wish was conceded at once. I took my station on a bench, overhung with the vine and honeysuckle, in front of the house. The dancers quickly took their places. Never did opera show such a display of natural agility and taste, or a finer specimen of the living picturesque. I contrived to play, in tolerable time and tune, some of those sweet country-dances in which the French excel all nations; whilst an accompaniment was given by two girls with castanets, and by two young men with little tambourines.

The dance being over, I shook hands with every one around. When I relinquished the hand of my hostess, she blushed a deep blush of offended pride, on finding a piece of money put into her palm. Stepping briskly up to me as I turned away, she replaced it in my hand, with a modest look of determination which forbade a renewal of the affront. My old mathematician sat under a lime tree, musing on the map. He stood up, and held it out to me; but his manner evinced to me that he was parting from a new and dear friend. I put the map between his hands, cordially shaking them, so as to mark that *there* must be its final destination. He looked quite surprised; he placed one hand on his heart; with the other he took off his cap, and swept it down to the grass.

I wished to bid good bye to the soldier, but saw him skulk behind a clump of acacias; and I asked the schoolmistress if she could explain to me the cause. "Alas! my dear Sir,"

said she, "you know not how deeply you have wounded the poor fellow's vanity. He is the musician of the village. Nothing can console him for this day's disgrace. The shrill tones of his fife are, I fear, hushed for ever."

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## BY-PAST TIMES.

D. M. MOIR.

THE sky is blue, the sward is green,  
The leaf upon the bough is seen ;  
The wind comes from the balmy west,  
The little songster builds its nest ;  
The bee hums on from flower to flower,  
Till twilight's dim and dusky hour ;  
The joyous year arrives ; but when  
Shall by-past times come back again ?

I think on childhood's glowing years—  
How soft, how bright, the scene appears !  
How calm, how cloudless, passed away  
The long, long summer holiday !  
I may not muse—I must not dream—  
Too beautiful these visions seem  
For earth and mortal man ; but when  
Shall by-past times come back again ?

I think of sunny eves so soft,  
Too deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,  
When through the balmy fields I roved  
With her, the earliest, dearest loved ;  
Around whose form I yet survey,  
In thought, the bright celestial ray,  
To present scenes denied ; and when  
Will by-past times come back again ?

Alas ! the world at distance seen,  
Appeared all blissful and serene,  
An Eden, formed to tempt the foot,  
With crystal streams and golden fruit ;

That world when tried and trod, is found  
 A rocky waste, a thorny ground !  
 We then revert to youth ; but when  
 Shall by-past times come back again ?

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## DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

ROBERT HALL. •

[The Princess Charlotte was the daughter of George IV., and wife of Prince Leopold, elected King of the Belgians in 1831. She died in 1817.]

BORN to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and early united to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed the prospect of combining the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned—in her every hope was centered ; and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charm of retirement,—where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and from the agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, and in acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting in the prospect of the succession of such a princess,—it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long wished for moment at length arrived. But, alas ! the event, anticipated with such eagerness, forms the most melancholy part of our history. We may suppose this amiable princess, in her early dawn, with the dew of youth fresh upon her, to have anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising, one above another, in fascination. It is natural to think that she identified herself with the great nation she was born to govern ; and that, while she contemplated its lustre in arts and arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the influence of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her

heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with trembling emotions, when she reflected that it was her province, entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people; to move in a sphere affording scope for philanthropy the most enlarged—for wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which must decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with an ambition to equal or surpass the most distinguished of her predecessors, she might not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign.

It is needless to add, that the nation went with her—nay, probably outstripped her—in these delightful anticipations. We had fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be lengthened to a distant period; and that, surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, at a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral-pall and shroud—a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh! the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity! ever doomed to grasp at shadows—to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands—to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind!

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## SURNAMES.

### ANONYMOUS.

Men once were surnamed for their shape or estate,  
 (You all may from history worm it),  
 There was Louis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,  
 John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit;  
 But now, when the door-plates of misters and dames  
 Are read, each so constantly varies  
 From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames  
 Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr Wise is a dunce, Mr King is a Whig,  
Mr Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,  
And huge Mr Little broke down in a gig  
While driving fat Mrs Golightly.  
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,  
(A conduct well worthy of Nero),  
Over poor Mr Lightfoot, confined with the gout,  
Mr Heaviside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr Love,  
Found nothing but sorrow await her ;  
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,  
That fondest of mates, Mr Hayter.  
Mr Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,  
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest ;  
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,  
Old Mr Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr Rock,  
Mr Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers ;  
Miss Pool used to dance, but she stands like a stock  
Ever since she became Mrs Rivers.  
Mr Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,  
He moves as though cords had entwined him ;  
Mr Metcalf ran off upon meeting a cow,  
With pale Mr Turnbull behind him.

Mr Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,  
Mr Miles never moves on a journey ;  
Mr Gotobed sits up till half after three,  
Mr Makepeace was bred an attorney.  
Mr Gardener can't tell a flower from a root,  
Mr Wild with timidity draws back ;  
Mr Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,  
Mr Foot all his journeys on horseback.

Mr Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,  
Consumed all the fortune his dad won,  
Large Mr Le Fever's the picture of health,  
Mr Goodenough is but a bad one.  
Mr Cruickshank stept into three thousand a-year  
By showing his leg to an heiress :  
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear,  
Surnames ever go by contraries.

## RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, in which he announced his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The sovereigns were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden acquisition of a new empire.

Shortly after his arrival at Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair to their court at Barcelona, to concert plans for a more extensive expedition. The letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies."

Columbus set out on his journey to Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions, he had brought from the New World. The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout Spain. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies were filled with spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. The multitude pressed to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded as if they had been natives of another planet. Popular rumour had, as usual, exaggerated the truth, and filled the new-found country with all kinds of wonders.

His entrance into Barcelona has been compared to one of those triumphs that the Romans decreed to a conqueror. The Indians—according to their savage fashion, decorated with tropical feathers and ornaments of gold—various kinds of live parrots, stuffed birds, animals of unknown species, tropical plants, Indian coronets, bracelets, and various other trophies of an unknown world—being paraded in front, made a conspicuous display. Columbus followed on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable, the very roofs being covered with spectators. The event was looked upon as a signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety

of the monarchs ; and hence there was a sublimity in it that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy.

To receive him with suitable distinction, the monarchs had their throne placed in public, under a canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast saloon. Here the King and Queen, with the Prince Juan, the dignitaries of the court, and the chief nobles, awaited his arrival. Columbus entered the hall with a crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says an old author, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with a countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features ; and certainly nothing could more deeply move a mind inflamed by noble ambition, than the gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

On his approach, the sovereigns rose as if to receive a person of the highest rank. Bending his knee, Columbus requested to kiss their hands ; but their majesties hesitated to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in a gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence—a rare honour in that proud and punctilious court. At their request, he gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands he had discovered. These he pronounced to be mere harbingers of the discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to their dominions, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their hands to heaven, poured forth thanks to God for so great a providence ; all present followed their example ; a solemn enthusiasm pervaded the assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. Thus did the brilliant court of Spain celebrate the discovery of the New World.

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### GRONGAR HILL.

JOHN DYER.

GRONGAR HILL invites my song,  
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
Sweetly musing quiet dwells ;

Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
For the modest muses made,  
So oft I have, the evening still,  
At the fountain of a rill,  
Sat upon a flowery bed,  
With my hand beneath my head ;  
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
Over mead, and over wood,  
From house to house, from hill to hill,  
'Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind  
And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
And groves and grottoes where I lay,  
And vistas shooting beams of day :  
Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
As circles on a smooth canal.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow ;  
What a landscape lies below !  
No clouds, no vapours intervene,  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of nature show,  
In all the hues of heaven's bow !  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.  
Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly towering in the skies !  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires !  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain-heads—  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
And glitters on the broken rocks !

Below me trees unnumbered rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes—  
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
The slender fir, that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.  
Gaudy as the opening dawn,  
Lies a long and level lawn,  
On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wandering eye ;



Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
His sides are clothed with waving wood,  
And ancient towers crown his brow,  
That cast an awful look below ;  
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
So both a safety from the wind  
On mutual dependence find.

While, ever and anon, there falls  
A heap of hoary mouldered walls.  
Yet time has been, that lifts the low,  
And level lays the lofty brow,  
Has seen this broken pile complete,  
Big with the vanity of state ;  
A little rule, a little sway,  
A sun-beam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run  
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
Wave succeeding wave, they go  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life to endless sleep !  
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,  
To instruct our wandering thought ;  
Thus she dresses green and gay,  
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view ?  
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
The woody valleys, warm and low ;  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky ;  
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower ;  
The town and village, dome and farm,  
Each gives each a double charm,  
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,  
Where the evening gilds the tide ;

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How close and small the hedges lie—  
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !  
A step, methinks, may pass the stream ;  
So little distant dangers seem ;  
So we mistake the future's face,  
Eyed through hope's deluding glass ;  
As yon summits soft and fair,  
Clad in colours of the air,  
Which to those who journey near,  
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
Still we tread the same coarse way,—  
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see !  
Content me with an humble shade,  
My passions tamed, my wishes laid.

Now, even now, my joys run high,  
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;  
While the wanton zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;  
While the waters murmur deep ;  
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;  
While the birds unbounded fly,  
And with music fill the sky,  
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will,  
Search for peace with all your skill ;  
Open wide the lofty door,  
Seek her on the marble floor ;  
In vain ye search—she is not there—  
In vain ye search the domes of care !  
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads ;  
Along with pleasure, close allied,  
Ever by each other's side :  
And often, by the murmuring rill,  
Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

## SECURITY.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

**THIS** inestimable good is the mark of civilization ; it is the work of the laws. Without law there is no security, no abundance, no certain subsistence ; and the only equality in such a condition, is an equality of misery.

To estimate the benefit of the laws, it is only necessary to consider the condition of savages. They struggle against famine, which sometimes in a few days cuts off whole nations. Rivalry for the means of subsistence produces among them cruel wars ; and, like ferocious beasts, men pursue men, that they may feed on one another. The gentlest sentiments of nature are destroyed from the fear of famine ; old persons are put to death, because they can no longer follow their prey.

Examine what passes when civilized men return almost to the savage state. I refer to a time of war, when the laws are in part suspended. Every instant is fruitful in calamity ; at every step which it imprints on the globe, the mass of riches, the foundation of subsistence, decreases or disappears ; the cottage and the palace alike suffer from its ravages ; and frequently the anger or caprice of a moment consigns to destruction the slow productions of an age of labour.

Law alone has accomplished what all the natural feelings were unable to do ; it alone has created a fixed possession, which deserves the name of property ; it alone could accustom us to the yoke of foresight. Economy has as many enemies as there are men who would enjoy, without taking the trouble to produce. Labour is too painful for indolence, too slow for impatience ; cunning and injustice conspire to carry off its fruits ; insolence and audacity plot to seize them by open force ; society, always threatened, lives in the midst of snares, requiring, in the legislator, vigilance and power always in action. Moreover, since pain and pleasure are felt by anticipation, the expectation of security in man is not limited to the present time, or to the period of his own life ; it must be prolonged to him throughout the whole vista that his imagination can measure. If he have proof that such an expectation can be realized, the fact entitles him to form a general plan of conduct, and to regard the moments that compose the pre-

sent life not as isolated points, but as parts of a continuous whole ; it forms a chain passing beyond himself to the generations which are to follow, the sensibility of the individual being prolonged through all the links of the chain.

In creating property, the laws have created wealth, at the same time that they are benefactors to those who remain in their original poverty—the primitive condition of the human race. In civilized society, the poorest participate more or less in its resources ; hope mingles with their labours ; they enjoy the pleasures of acquisition ; their industry places them among the candidates for fortune. Those who look down from above at the inferior ranks, see all objects less than they really are ; but at the base of the pyramid, the summit disappears in turn. The poor never dream of making these comparisons, or torment themselves with impossibilities ; and if all things be considered, it will be found that the protection of the laws contributes as much to the happiness of the cottage as to the security of the palace.

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### SPRIG OF HEATH.

MRS GRANT.

FLOWER of the waste ! the heath-fowl shuns  
For thee the brake and tangled wood—  
To thy protecting shade she runs,  
Thy tender buds supply her food ;  
Her young forsake her downy plumes,  
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art,  
The deer that range the mountain free,  
The graceful doe, the stately hart,  
Their food and shelter seek from thee ;  
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,  
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath ! whose modest bloom  
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor ;  
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,  
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,

Both valour's crest and beauty's bower  
Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow  
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,  
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,  
Nor garden's artful varied pride,  
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,  
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of my heart! thy fragrance mild  
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;  
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,  
And deck my bonnet with the wreath,  
Where dwelt of old my rustic sires,  
Is all my simple wish requires.

Flower of my dear-loved native land!  
Alas! when distant far more dear!  
When I from some cold foreign strand,  
Look homeward through the blinding tear,  
How must my aching heart deplore,  
That home and thee I see no more!

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## THE PYRAMIDS.

E. D. CLARKE, LL.D.

[Dr Clarke visited Egypt in 1799.]

WE were roused, as the sun dawned, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in view. Never can time obliterate the impression made by their appearance. Reflecting the sun's rays, they seemed as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing ever conceived in our imagination, had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas equal to the effect produced by these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind,

elevated by wonder, feels that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of this power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror.

Our advance was through a swampy country by means of a narrow canal; and we arrived, without any obstacle, at the bottom of a sandy slope leading up to the great pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, assembled to receive us on landing, were much amused by the eagerness of our party to prove who should first set foot on the summit of this artificial mountain; while upon the immense masses above us, some of those guides, like so many pigmies, were waiting to aid us on our way. Now and then, we thought we heard voices, and stopped to listen; but it was the wind sweeping those immense ridges of stone. Some of our party, on pausing to observe the tremendous depth below, were compelled to abandon the project ere they had ascended half way. The rest of us, with many a halt for respiration, pursued our way to the top. Let the reader imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step breast-high, and the breadth of each step equal to its height; the footing in such a situation must be secure; and, though a retrospect be fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from such elevations, yet there is no danger of falling. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight of the whole party. Here was a platform, thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton. Travellers of all ages have here inscribed their names,—some in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We desired, like our predecessors, to leave a memorial of our arrival; and presently every one of our party was busy in adding the inscription of his name.

The view amply fulfilled our expectations. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a sea covered with islands. The inundation of the river gave the forests of palm-trees the appearance of growing in the sea. To the south, we saw the pyramids of Saccara, and to the east, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer the Nile,—all so connected as if they had at one time constituted one vast cemetery. Towards the west and south-west, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, without a single object to interrupt the horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots, caused by the shadows of clouds passing over the sand.

## THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

ANONYMOUS.

THE floor is of sand like the mountain-drift,  
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.

The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there ;  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water ;  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the wave his own.

And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar ;  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,—

Then far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and goldfish rove ;  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly  
Through the bending twigs in the coral-grove.

## THE PRAISE TRULY VALUABLE.

HUGH BLAIR, D.D.

WE may easily be satisfied that applause is shared by the undeserving, if we consider from whom it often proceeds. When the approbation of the wise and good only is pursued, the love of praise may be accounted to contain itself within just bounds, and to run in its proper channel. But the testimony of the discerning few forms but a small part of the public voice. It is but a whisper drowned amidst the general clamour. If the love of praise take possession of the mind, it confines not itself to an object so limited; it grows into an appetite for indiscriminate praise. And who are they that confer this praise? A mixed multitude, guided, in their whole conduct, much more by caprice than by reason,—who inquire superficially, and judge rashly—whose sentiments are for the most part erroneous, always changeable, often inconsistent. Nor let any one imagine that, by looking above the crowd to court the praise of the fashionable and great, he can make sure of true honour. There is a great as well as a small vulgar. Rank often makes no difference in the understandings of men. Luxury, pride, and vanity, have as much influence in corrupting the sentiments of the great, as have ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice, in misleading the opinions of the crowd.

And is it to such judges as these that ye submit the supreme direction of your conduct? Do ye stoop to court their favour as your chief distinction, whilst an object of so much higher ambition is presented to you in the *praise of God*? God is the only judge of what is excellent—his approbation alone being the substance, all other praise but the shadow, of honour. The character you bear in his sight, is your only real one. How contemptible does it render you, to be indifferent to this, and to be solicitous about a name alone—a fictitious, imaginary character, which has no existence but in the opinion of a few weak and credulous men around you? They can see only the outside of things. They can judge of you by actions only,—not by a comprehensive view of all your actions, but by such merely as you have had an opportunity of bringing forth to public notice. But the Sovereign of the world beholds you in every light in which you can be placed. The silent virtues of a generous



purpose and a pious heart, attract his notice equally with the most splendid deeds. From him you may reap the praise of good actions which you had no opportunity of performing ; for he sees them in their principles ; he judges of you by your intentions ; he knows what you would have done. You may be in his eyes a hero or a martyr, without undergoing the labours of the one, or the sufferings of the other.

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SINKING OF THE NORTH POLE STAR,  
OBSERVED BY THE AUTHORESS ON HER VOYAGE TO AFRICA.

L. E. LANDON.

A star has left the kindling sky—  
A lovely northern light ;  
How many planets are on high,  
But that has left the night !

I miss its bright familiar face ;  
It was a friend to me,  
Associate with my native place,  
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,  
Shone o'er our English land,  
And brought back many a loving eye,  
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought ;  
It called the past to mind,  
And with its welcome presence brought  
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends  
Soon on a foreign shore ;  
How can I but recall the friends  
That I may see no more ?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—  
How could I bear the pain ?  
Yet strong the omen in my heart -  
That says—We meet again ;

*Meet with a deeper, dearer love ;  
For absence shows the worth  
Of all from whom we then remove,—  
Friends, home, and native earth.*

*Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes  
Still turned the first on thee,  
Till I have felt a sad surprise  
That none looked up with me.*

*But thou hast sunk upon the wave,  
Thy radiant place unknown ;  
I seem to stand beside a grave,  
And stand by it alone.*

*Farewell ! ah, would to me were given  
A power upon thy light !  
What words upon our English heaven  
Thy loving rays should write !*

*Kind messages of love and hope  
Upon thy rays should be ;  
Thy shining orbit should have scope  
Scarcely enough for me.*

*Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,  
And little needed too !  
My friends—I need not look beyond  
My heart to look for you.*

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## RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

W. S. LANDOR.

[Bonaparte invaded Russia in 1812, and advanced as far as Moscow, the setting on fire of which by the Russians caused the memorable Retreat.]

In the retreat from Moscow, Bonaparte provided only for his own security ; the famished and the wounded were without protection. Forty thousand men, who had been sent on distant and desperate excursions to supply the army with

food, being uninformed of the retreat, perished to a man ; whilst their disappearance caused the death of a far greater number of their former comrades. Forty miles of road were excavated in the snow. The army looked like a phantasmagoria ; no sound of horses' feet was heard, no wheel of wágon or artillery, no voice of man. Regiment followed regiment in long and broken lines, between two files of soldiers, the whole way. Some of the latter stood erect, some reclined a little, some had laid their arms beside them ; some clasped theirs : *all were dead*. Several of these had slept in this position, but the greater part had been placed so as to leave the more room, and not a few, from every troop or detachment, took their voluntary station among them. The barbarians, who at other seasons rush into battle with loud cries, rarely did so now. Skins covered not their bodies only, but their faces ; and such was the intensity of the cold, that they reluctantly gave vent, from amidst the spoils they had taken, to this first and most natural expression of their vengeance. Their spears—often of soft wood, as the beech, the birch, the pine—remained unbroken, while the sword and dagger of the adversary cracked like ice. Feeble from inanition, inert from weariness, and somnolent from the iciness that enthralled them, they sank into forgetfulness, with the Cossacks in pursuit and coming down upon them ; and even while they could yet discern—for they looked generally to that quarter—the more fortunate of their comrades marching home. The gay and lively Frenchman, to whom war had been sport and pastime, was now reduced to such apathy, that, in the midst of some kind speech which a friend was to communicate to those he loved the most tenderly, he paused from rigid drowsiness, and bade the messenger adieu. Some, it is reported, closed their eyes and threw down their muskets, while they could still use them, not from hope or from fear, but partly from indignation at their general, whose retreats had always been followed by the ruin of his army ; and partly from the impossibility of resisting this barbarous enemy—even to men who had before conquered brave nations.

Napoleon moved on, surrounded by what guards were left to him, thinking more of Paris than of Moscow,—more of the conscripts he could enrol, than of the veterans he had left behind him.

## THE KITTEN.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play  
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,  
When drawn the evening fire about,  
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,  
And child upon his three-foot stool,  
Waiting till his supper cool ;  
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,  
As bright the blazing fagot glows—  
Who, bending to the friendly light,  
Plies her task with busy sleight ;  
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,  
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coiled, and crouching low,  
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,  
The housewife's spindle whirling round,  
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground  
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly  
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;  
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring  
Upon the futile, faithless thing.  
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,  
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,  
As oft beyond thy curving side  
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;  
Till, from thy centre starting fair,  
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,  
Erected stiff, and gait awry,  
Like madam in her tantrums high :  
Though ne'er a madam of them all,  
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,  
More varied trick and whim displays,  
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

And oft, beneath some urchin's hand,  
With modest pride, thou tak'st thy stand,  
While many a stroke of fondness glides  
Along thy back and tabby sides.

Dilated swells thy glossy fur,  
And loudly sings thy busy pur,  
As, timing well the equal sound,  
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,  
And all their harmless claws disclose,  
Like prickles of an early rose ;  
While softly from thy whiskered cheek  
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage-fire  
Do rustics rude thy feats admire ;  
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore  
The widest range of human lore,  
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly  
Through airy heights of poesy,  
Pausing, smiles with altered air,  
To see thee climb his elbow chair,  
Or, struggling on the mat below,  
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.  
The widowed dame, or lonely maid,  
Who in the still, but cheerless shade  
Of home unsocial, spends her age,  
And rarely turns a lettered page ;  
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall  
The rounded cork, or paper ball,  
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch  
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,  
But lets thee have thy wayward will,  
Perplexing oft her sober skill.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless Puss,  
The magic power to charm us thus ?  
Is it, that in thy glaring eye,  
And rapid movements, we descry,  
While we at ease, secure from ill,  
The chimney-corner snugly fill,  
A lion, darting on the prey,  
A tiger, at his ruthless play ?  
Or is it, that in thee we trace,  
With all thy varied wanton grace,  
An emblem viewed with kindred eye,  
Of tricky, restless infancy ?  
Ah ! many a lightly sportive child,  
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,

To dull and sober manhood grown,  
With strange recoil our hearts disown.  
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,  
When thou becom'st a cat demure,  
Full many a cuff and angry word,  
Chid roughly from the tempting board.  
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,  
So oft our favoured playmate been,  
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,  
When time hath spoiled thee of our love ;  
Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,  
A comely, careful, mousing cat,  
Whose dish is, for the public good,  
Replenished oft with savoury food.

Nor, when thy span of life is past,  
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast ;  
But gently borne on good man's spade,  
Beneath the decent sod be laid,  
And children show, with glistening eyes,  
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

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## THE CHILIANS.

BASIL HALL.

On the 28th of March 1821, I set out from Santiago, to pay a visit to a Chilian gentleman, who resided about eighteen leagues in the interior. We pursued our way at a rapid pace over the great plain of Santiago, apparently a dead flat ; but which, we discovered, on looking back at the city, to have a considerable ascent. Amongst the Andes, we are at first liable to err in the ideas we form of the scenery ; for every thing is on a scale so great, that our conceptions are unable to grasp the scenes before us, and we necessarily run into mistakes respecting heights and distances, which nothing but experience can rectify.

We crossed the river Maypo by a bridge made of hide-ropes. It consists of a narrow roadway of planks laid cross-wise, with their ends resting on straight ropes, suspended, by means of short lines, to a set of thicker ropes, drawn from

bank to bank, at a height of thirty feet from the stream. The clear span is one hundred and twenty-three feet. The materials being very elastic, the bridge waved up and down, and from side to side, in so alarming a manner, that we dismounted, and drove our horses, one by one, before us, neither man nor horse appearing much at ease during the passage. The evening no sooner closed in, than we were cheered by a cool breeze that blew gently from the mountains; and very soon our reveries on the romantic scenery of the country were interrupted, by one of the party calling out, that we were entering the grounds of a gentleman who would furnish us with another guide for the remainder of the journey.

Next day, after finishing our dinner, we partook of a capital dessert of cool bursting figs, fresh from the trees, which were within sight: as were the luscious sweet grapes, the pride of our host's heart; and, lastly, the enormous purple water melon, the staff of life among the poor of this country; to all which was added a pleasant small wine, manufactured by the hands of our hostess. We sat in the cross-draught of two doors and numerous windows, enjoying the balmy air as it passed through the house, whisking in its course the dried fig and vine leaves along the floor. On one side our view extended to the Andes, fifty or sixty miles off, indistinctly seen through the waving haze, caused by the fierceness of the sun's rays striking on the low grounds. Neither bird nor beast was to be seen, nor the least speck of a cloud in the sky—the tyranny of the sun was complete. There was a solemn tranquillity in the scene; but we were soon left to enjoy it alone, for the company dropped off, one by one, to take their *siesta*, or after-dinner nap; the landlord only remained, but evidently out of civility to his guests; we, therefore, took an opportunity of slipping off to our rooms also, that he might retire.

At our departure, our host entertained us by making his people exhibit the South American method of catching cattle. The instrument used is called a *lasso*. It consists of a rope made of stripes of hide, varying in length from fifteen to twenty yards, and has a noose or running knot at one end, the other being fastened by an eye and button to a ring in a strong hide-belt, bound tightly round the horse. The coil is grasped by the horseman's left hand, while the noose trails along the ground, except when in use; and then it is whirled round the head by the right hand with great velocity, and by

a peculiar turn of the wrist, is made to assume a circular form ; so that, when delivered from the hand, the noose preserves itself open till it falls over the object at which it is aimed.

Suppose that a wild bull is to be caught, and that two *guassos*, or mounted horsemen, undertake to kill him. On perceiving him, they grasp the coil of the lasso in their left hand, prepare the noose in the right, and dash off at full gallop, each swinging his lasso round his head. The first who comes within reach aims at the bull's horns ; and when he sees that the lasso will take effect, he stops his horse and turns him half round, the bull continuing his course till the whole lasso is run out from the man's hand. The horse, knowing by experience what is going to happen, leans over as much as he can, in an opposite direction from the bull, and stands in trembling expectation of the violent tug which is given by the bull when brought up by the lasso. So great indeed is the jerk which takes place at the moment, that were not the horse prepared for it, he would certainly be overturned ; but he thus contrives to stop the bull, though at full speed, as instantaneously as if it had been shot. In some cases, the check is so violent, that the animal is not only dashed to the ground, but rolls along at the full stretch of the lasso, while the horse, drawn sideways, ploughs up the earth with his feet for several yards. Meantime, the other horseman gallops past, and before the bull has time to recover, throws the noose over his horns, advancing till it also is at the stretch. The bull, stupified, lies motionless ; but the horsemen soon rouse him, by tugging him to and fro. Being upon his legs, with a horseman on each side, he is like a ship moored with two cables ; and however great his struggles, he is dragged along by them in whatever direction they please.

When a wild horse is to be taken, the lasso is cast round the two hind legs, and the rider moving a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet in a lateral direction, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or face. Before the horse can recover from the shock, the rider dismounts, and snatching his cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head. He then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bits used in the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the cloak. The astonished horse springs on his legs, and



endeavours, by a thousand efforts, to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his speed and strength in the capture of his wild companions.

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## OFFER OF HORATIUS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

- THEN out spake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate :  
“ To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late ;  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods !
- “ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed you may ;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three ;  
Now, who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me ?”
- Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—  
A Ramnian proud was he :  
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”  
And out spake strong Herminius,—  
Of Titian blood was he :  
“ I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”
- “ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,  
“ As thou say’st, so let it be.”  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
 Spared neither land nor gold,  
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;  
 Then all were for the state ;  
 Then the great man helped the poor,  
 And the poor man loved the great ;  
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;  
 Then spoils were fairly sold ;  
 The Romans were like brothers  
 In the brave days of old.

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W O R K.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THERE IS a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works ; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task ; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up ; and of sour smoke itself, there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Destiny has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set *revolving*, grows round, ranges itself into strata, and is no longer a chaos, but a compacted world. What would become of the earth, did it cease to revolve ? So long as it revolves, all inequalities disperse themselves, all irregularities incessantly become regular. Of an idle, unrevolving man, destiny can make nothing more than a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour, let her spend on him what colouring she may. Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness ; he has a life-purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force,

breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent, and see whether there be any bounteous moisture. Let thy heart be spread out in a silent appeal to Heaven; and dew to suffice thee will have fallen.

All work of man is like that of a swimmer, whom an ocean threatens to devour. If he front it bravely, behold how loyally it supports him, and bears him as its conqueror along! The winds had something else to do than to fill, rightly or wrongly, the sails of Columbus's cockle boats. He was not among articulately speaking men, but among dumb monsters, tumbling and howling. Patiently he waited, till the mad south-wester spent itself; with swift decision he struck in when the favouring east sprang up. Mutiny of men he sternly repressed. Complaint of weariness, weakness, or despondency in others, and in himself, he swallowed down. There was a depth of silence in him, deeper than the sea. His strong soul embraced and harnessed the unmeasured world.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Disorder is thy enemy; attack him swiftly; make him the subject of Divinity, intelligence, and thee. Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals!

## TO A DAISY,

ON TURNING IT DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL 1786.

ROBERT BURNS.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
 Thou meet'st me in an evil hour;  
 For I must crush, amidst the stoure,  
     Thy slender stem:  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
     Thou bonny gem!

Cold blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble birth;  
 Yet cheerfully thou peeredst forth  
                   Amid the storm,  
 Scarce reared above the parent earth  
                   Thy tender form.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou listst thy unassuming head  
                   In humble guise;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
                   And low it lies.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starved:  
 Unskilful he to note the card  
                   Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
                   And overwhelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering Worth is given,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
 By human pride or cunning driven  
                   To misery's brink,  
 Till, wrenched of every stay but heaven,  
                   He, ruined, sink.

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### MOHAMMED.

EDWARD GIBBON.

ACCORDING to the tradition of his companions, Mohammed was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect, of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced

by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mohammed was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. The enemies of Mohammed have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mohammed was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world. In the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction—that there is only one God, and that Mohammed is the apostle of God.

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## MOUNTAIN CHILDREN.

MARY HOWITT.

DWELLERS by lake and hill!  
Merry companions of the bird and bee!  
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,  
With unconstrained step and spirits free!

The sunshine and the flowers,  
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;  
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,  
And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

The gray and ancient peaks  
Round which the silent clouds hung day and night ;  
And the low voice of water as it makes,  
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys ! Go forth—  
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power ;  
For in his spirit God has clothed the earth,  
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills  
Its quiet way into your spirit finds ;  
And awfully the everlasting hills  
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth  
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee ;  
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,  
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands  
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons ;  
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands  
Were of the hills, like you, ye little ones !

Children of pleasant song  
Are taught within the mountain solitudes ;  
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,  
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky  
To you are tributary ; joys are spread  
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie  
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread !

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## WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY.

### EDINBURGH REVIEW.

[Pennsylvania was granted to Penn by Charles II., in 1681, and the interview here referred to, took place in the following year.]

THE country that now forms the state of Pennsylvania, assigned to Penn by the royal charter, was still full of its

primitive inhabitants ; and his principles did not permit him to look upon the king's gift as a warrant to dispossess the actual proprietors. His commissioners having treated with the Indians for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder, he proceeded solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify the treaty, in sight both of the Indians and the planters. A grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed to take place near the spot where Philadelphia now stands ; and it was agreed that he and the presiding Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the branches of a prodigious elm-tree that grew on the bank of the river. Accordingly, on the day named, the Indians, with their dark visages and brandished arms, were seen moving in vast swarms through the depth of the woods, which then overshadowed the whole of that region. William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, advanced to meet them. He came unarmed—in his usual plain dress—without banners, or guard, or carriages—distinguished only by a blue sash of silk net-work, and by holding in his hand a scroll of parchment, on which was engrossed a confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. When he approached the Sachems, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain.

“ The Great Spirit,” said Penn, “ who made you and me—who rules the heaven and the earth—and who knows the inmost thoughts of man, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury—and thus provoke the Great Spirit—but to do good. We are met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will. No advantage is to be taken on either side ; but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love.” He unrolled the parchment, and by his interpreter conveyed to them, article by article, the terms of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their lasting union. Even within the sold territory, the Indians should enjoy the same freedom to follow their lawful pursuits, and the same security, as the English. If a dispute arose between the two, it should be settled by twelve persons, six of the number English, and six Indians. He paid for the land, and, from merchandise spread before him,

made them many presents. He laid the parchment on the ground, again observing that the land should be common to both people, and added, that he would not call them his children or brothers; for parents were sometimes too severe, and brothers would sometimes differ; neither would he compare their friendship to a chain, for the rain might rust it, or a tree fall and break it; but he would regard them as of the same flesh and blood with the Christian,—as if a man's body were divided into two parts. He then presented the parchment to the Sachem who wore the horn, desiring him and the other chiefs to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues, no part of which is recorded, but that they “would live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure.” Thus was concluded this famous treaty, of which a French author has remarked, that “it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath—and the only one that was never broken.”

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## THE CONVICT SHIP.

T. K. HERVEY.

MORN on the waters! and, purple and bright,  
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;  
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;  
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;  
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along:  
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:  
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
Over the waters—away, and away!  
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!



Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
Music around her, and sunshine on high—  
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,  
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.  
Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,  
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?  
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !  
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And that souls which are smitten lie bursting within ?  
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
Bosoms which sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever ?  
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,  
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song !  
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled ;  
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,  
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs :  
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;  
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,  
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

## CHARITY.

J. B. SUMNER, D.D.

HERE on earth we are masters of our own conduct, accountable to no one for the tempers we cherish, or the dispositions we show. We may hate our enemies, and refuse to forgive an injury; we *may pass by on the other side* while our neighbour is in grievous want, and at the same time none have a right to call us to account. God leaves us to follow our own bent. No fire comes down from heaven to consume the churlish or malicious; the sun shines alike on the merciful and the uncharitable; the rain fertilizes alike those fields which spread their bounty to God's needy creatures, and those that enrich no one but their covetous owner. We are free to use as we will the gifts of Providence; and this freedom affords the opportunity by which our characters are formed and displayed.

But it will not be always so. There will be a time when we must render an account; when all superiority of strength, or talent, or influence, or place, or fortune, will be levelled; when the strongest, and the cleverest, and the greatest, and the richest, must yield up and return their gifts to him who lent them, and with their gifts must return an account of the way in which they have used them. The question will be,—Have you used your strength to injure, your wit to insult, your power to oppress? Have you never thought of spreading around you, according to your opportunities, temporal comfort and religious knowledge? Have you suffered the fatherless and widows to remain unfriended in their affliction, when you might have supported or consoled them? Then you have shown yourself wanting in that quality which distinguishes the followers of Jesus. You have borne the name, but have not possessed the spirit of a Christian. You have not been merciful in your generation; and now, when nothing else can snatch you from the wrath to come, you have no claim to mercy.

No doubt, the scrutiny of the *great day* will extend much farther, and relate to other qualities besides the grace of charity. But the very prominent place which our Lord has assigned to this virtue, shows thus much at least, that it is

indispensable, inasmuch as without it his Saviour will not acknowledge him,—he *shall not obtain mercy*. Not that charity, or any other virtue, can redeem us from the punishment of sin, or entitle us to the reward of heaven. Eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ. It would be a miserable error for a man to suppose that, by giving an alms, he could atone for a crime, or that, by excusing his debtor here, he could clear his own account with God. Forgiveness and pity cannot *alone* save us, or be placed in the stead of Christ; but they are necessary features of that character which Christ will save.

If any of you are conscious that you have not forgiven a neighbour; if any are conscious that you have taken a malicious pleasure in making a brother's offences known, and injuring his credit; if any have pushed your rights to extremity, and insisted on the severity of justice, when you might have shown mercy and pity; if any are content to enjoy yourselves without a thought of those who have in this life *evil things*, you plainly perceive that the blessing promised to the merciful is not addressed to you. You must expect judgment without mercy, if you have shown no mercy. When you are tempted to resent an injury, reflect with yourselves, has God no account against you? When you would speak or think harshly of your neighbour, who may have fallen into sin, reflect, are you so without sin that you can venture to cast the *first stone* at another? When you are unwilling to take trouble, or spare a little of your substance to relieve another's wants, remember the sentence of your Lord and Judge, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." Pray, therefore, that He—who first set the most beautiful example of charity, and displayed his mighty power, not by removing mountains or destroying cities, but by doing good, by reforming the sinner, curing the diseased, relieving the distressed, and blessing those who persecuted him—"may pour into your hearts that most excellent gift of charity, without which all other qualities are nothing worth."

## CONVEYANCING.

## COMIC ANNUAL.

O, London is the place for all  
 In love with loco-motion !  
 Still to and fro the people go  
 Like billows of the ocean ;  
 Machine, or man, or caravan,  
 Can all be had for paying,  
 When great estates, or heavy weights,  
 Or bodies want conveying.

The horses have been *broken well* ;  
 All danger is rescinded,  
 For some have *broken both their knees*,  
 And some are *broken-winded*.  
 In racing tricks he'll never mix ;  
 His nags are in their last days,  
 And *slow* to go, although they show  
 As if they had their *fast days* !

Long stages run from every yard ;  
 But if you're wise and frugal,  
 You'll never go with any guard  
 That plays upon the bugle  
 "Ye banks and braes," and other lays,  
 And ditties everlasting,  
 Like miners going all your ways,  
 With *boring* and with *blasting*.

To speak of every kind of coach,  
 It is not my intention ;  
 But there is still one vehicle  
 Deserves a little mention :  
 The world a sage has call'd a stage,  
 With all its living lumber,  
 And Malthus says it always bears  
 Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land  
For ever or a day hence,  
For lighter things, watch—brooches, rings—  
You'll never want conveyance;  
Ho! stop the thief! my handkerchief!  
It is no sight for laughter—  
Away it goes, and leaves my nose  
To join in running after!

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## ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

CAPTAIN STOKES.

[From "Discoveries in Australia."]

STARTING early, we had just passed all the shoals in the neighbourhood of Curiosity Peak, and entered a narrow part of the river, when the leadsman in the bows of the boat reported, "A large alligator coming down the stream, sir." Elated by the expectation of sport, we instantly grounded the boat on the right bank, to keep her steady, and waited anxiously for the monster's approach. It will readily be believed that every eye was fixed upon him as he slowly advanced, scarcely disturbing the glassy surface of the water, and quite unconscious of the fate that impended over him. At length, he came abreast, and about eighty yards off, only the flat crown of his head and the partly serrated ridge along his back appearing in sight. It was a moment of deep excitement for us all, and every one held his breath in suspense as I pointed my gun at the brute's head. I felt confident of hitting my mark; but judging from the little effect I had produced on former occasions, scarcely dreamt of the execution my ball actually did. It happened that to-day I was in excellent practice, and had just hit a large wild dog, at a long shot, making him jump high off the ground; but this beast is as tenacious of life as a cat, and instead of falling dead, he limped off and escaped.

But to resume: I fired, and never heard a ball strike with more satisfaction in my life. It laid the alligator sprawling, feet uppermost. There was no time to be lost in getting him on shore; two or three strokes with the

oars brought us alongside of the monster, as he floated on the surface of the stream. The business was to attach a line to one of his legs; and as we knew that he was not dead, but only stunned, this was rather a hazardous operation. I noticed, indeed, a hesitation among the men as to who should venture, and fearing lest our prize should escape, I seized the line, and made it fast to one of his forelegs; thus we proceeded to the shore, dragging him alongside. Before we reached it, however, our friend gave signs of reviving animation; and as we could not foresee to what extent he might regain his activity, we dropped him astern, clear of the boat, fearing lest, in floundering about, he might stave in her broadside. In doing so, moreover, and by way of a sedative, I fired a charge of large shot at his head, the muzzle of the gun not being a yard from it; and yet the only effect produced was a slight stupor of the animal's faculties, evinced by a momentary state of quiescence. On reaching the shore, the men jumped out to haul the alligator up on the dry land, and began to pull away vigorously. It was a comic scene to witness. They expected to have some difficulty in performing their task; but suddenly, they found the rope slacken, and looking round, beheld the alligator walking up after them of his own accord faster than was pleasant. In their haste, endeavouring to keep the rope tight, one fellow tripped up; and it was for a moment a question whether he would not be snapped in two; the feeling of alarm, however, soon gave way to a sense of the ludicrous, at beholding the manner in which he gathered himself up into a ball, and rolled out of the alligator's way.

I thought it now high time to take decisive measures, and with another shot altered the intentions of the monster, who endeavoured to back towards the water. It was not before he had received six balls in the head, that he consented to be killed. During the operation, he exhibited something of his capabilities, by opening his mouth, that looked like a gigantic man-trap, and suddenly shutting it with a loud snap, which made us shudder, and forcibly recalled to mind the escape I had had a few days before from having my body embraced by such a pair of jaws.

## OUR COUNTRY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night :  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air :  
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;  
For in this land of heaven's peculiar race—  
The heritage of nature's noblest grace—  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.  
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of love and graces lie ;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.  
“ Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ? ”  
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;  
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land *thy* Country, and that spot *thy* Home.—  
Man, through all ages of revolving time,  
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,  
Deems his own land of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;  
His Home the spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

## EGYPTIAN THEBES.

J. B. BELZONI.

[Belzoni visited Egypt in 1815, and collected interesting Egyptian remains, part of which are now deposited in the British Museum.]

WE visited the ruins of the Great Thebes, landing at Luxor. Here I beg to observe that only very imperfect ideas can be formed of those extensive ruins, even from the accounts of the most accurate travellers. It is impossible to imagine the scene they display without seeing it. The ideas we form from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of them; for such is the difference, not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. I seemed to enter a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, had been all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their temples as the only proofs of their former existence.

The temple at Luxor itself presents one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with its obelisks, its colossal statues in front, its groups of enormous columns, its variety of apartments, its sanctuary, and the beautiful ornaments on every part of the walls and columns, cause in the traveller an oblivion of all that he has before seen. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the remains that tower a great height above the wood of palm trees, he will enter amidst an assemblage of ruined temples, columns, obelisks, sphinxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will at once convince him of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, and figures, are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation, capable of erecting these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion, that its very language and writing are totally unknown.



## SUSPICION.

MARK AKENSIDE.

OH fly! 'tis dire suspicion's mien;  
And meditating plagues unseen,  
The sorceress hither bends;  
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:  
Behold—her garment drops with blood  
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! Already in your eyes  
I see a pale suffusion rise;  
And soon, through every vein—  
Soon will her secret venom spread,  
And all your heart, and all your head,  
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon will she raise  
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;  
While gleams of lost delight  
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,  
As lightning shines across the main,  
Through whirlwinds and through night.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times;  
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes  
Which thus you stoop to fear:  
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train  
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,  
What horrors form the rear!

But come, forsake the scene unblessed  
Which first beheld your faithful breast  
To groundless fears a prey:  
Come, where with my prevailing lyre  
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire  
To charm your doubts away.

Let universal candour still,  
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,  
Preserve your opening mind;  
Nor this, nor that man's crooked ways  
One sordid doubt within you raise,  
To injure human kind.

## KINDLY DEMEANOUR.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

NOTHING is more displeasing than to find that offence has been received when none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life; because, though his conscience may easily acquit him of malice prepense, of settled hatred, or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain, that he has not failed by negligence, or indolence; that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others. Nor is it necessary, that, to feel this uneasiness, the mind should be extended to any great diffusion of generosity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick sensibility of private interest, will direct us to shun needless enmities; since there is no man whose kindness we may not some time want, or by whose malice we may not some time suffer.

I have, therefore, frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtlessness with which some alienate from themselves the affections of all whom chance, business, or inclination brings in their way. When we see a man pursuing some darling interest, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we justly consider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in discovering his motives; we see him actuated by passions which are hard to be resisted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled stronger eyes. But the greater part of those who set mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to infuse malignity, and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foster, no designs to promote, nor any expectations of attaining power by insolence, or of climbing to greatness by trampling on others. They give up all the sweets of kindness for the sake of peevishness, petulance, or gloom, and alienate the world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and the breach of the established laws of conversation.

Every one must, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all speak with censure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be persuaded to love, though a reason can scarcely be assigned why they should be hated,—who, if their good qualities and actions sometimes force a commendation, have their panegyric always concluded with confessions of disgust: “he is a good man, but I cannot like him.” Surely such persons have sold the esteem of the world at too low a price, since they have lost one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedness. They wrap themselves up in their innocence and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or suspecting that they are every day deservedly incurring resentments, by withholding from those with whom they converse, that regard, or appearance of regard, to which every one is entitled by the customs of the world.

There are many injuries, which almost every man feels though he does not complain, and which, upon those whom virtue, elegance, or vanity have made delicate and tender, fix deep and lasting impressions; as there are many arts of graciousness and conciliation, which are to be practised without expense, and by which those may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanness, it is surely reasonable to learn; for who would want that love which is so easily to be gained?

Some, indeed, there are, for whom the excuse of ignorance or negligence cannot be alleged, because it is apparent that they are not only careless of pleasing, but studious to offend; that they contrive to make all approaches difficult and vexatious, and imagine that they aggrandize themselves by wasting the time of others in useless attendance, by mortifying them with slights, and teasing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally to be found among those that have not mingled much in general conversation, but spent their lives amidst the obsequiousness of dependants, and the flattery of parasites; and by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Tyranny thus avowed is, indeed, an exuberance of pride, at which all mankind are so much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except in those who can reward the patience which they exact; and insolence is generally surrounded only

by those whose baseness inclines them to think nothing insupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at scurrility and rudeness with a luxurious table and an open purse.

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## THE SEA.

GEORGE CRABBE.

VARIOUS and vast, sublime in all its forms,  
When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,  
Its colours changing, when, from clouds and sun,  
Shades after shades upon the surface run ;  
Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene,  
In limpid blue and evanescent green.—  
Be it the summer-noon : a sandy space  
The ebbing tide has left upon its place ;  
Then just the hot and stony beach above,  
Like twinkling streams in bright confusion move ;  
Then the broad bosom of the Ocean keeps  
An equal motion ; swelling as it sleeps,  
Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand,  
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreeper the ridgy sand,  
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,  
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.  
Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make  
The quiet surface of the Ocean shake ;  
As an awakened giant with a frown,  
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.—  
View now the winter storm ! above, one cloud,  
Black and unbroken all the skies o'ershroud ;  
The unwieldy porpoise through the day before,  
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore ;  
And sometimes hid, and sometimes showed his form,  
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.  
All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,  
The breaking billows cast the flying foam  
Upon the billows rising—all the deep  
Is restless change ; the waves so swelled and steep,  
Breathing and sinking, and the sunken swells,  
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells ;

Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,  
And then reflowing, take their grating course,  
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past  
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.—

The ocean too has winter-views serene,  
When all you see through densest fog is seen ;  
When you can hear the fishers near at hand  
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand ;  
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,  
Or, half-concealed, some figure at the stern ;  
The view's all bounded, and from side to side  
Your utmost prospect but a few ells wide ;  
Boys who, on shore, to see the pebble cast,  
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast ;  
While the stern boatman growls his fierce disdain,  
At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.—  
'Tis pleasant then to see the nets float past,  
Net after net, till you have seen the last ;  
And as you wait till all beyond you slip,  
A boat comes gliding from an anchored ship,  
Breaking the silence with the dipping oar,  
And their own tones, as labouring for the shore—  
Those measured tones with which the scene agree,  
And give a sadness to serenity.

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## THE WOUNDED BUFFALO.

METHUEN.

[From "Life in the Wilderness."]

OUR Hottentot espied a small herd of buffaloes in the thorns. Under his guidance, my friend and I proceeded cautiously to leeward, and found about twenty buffaloes lazily eating towards the water ; their bodies were plastered over with the mud in which they had been rolling—some looking half red, others yellow, and others gray, according to the different natures of the soil where their baths had been. We were within eighty yards, but having little shelter, were obliged to wait for better ground. At last we fired a volley from the dry bed of a periodical stream, and wounded our game ; but they dived into some bushes. According to a maxim well known to sportsmen here, "Never follow a

wounded buffalo," we left them, and pursued the main body from which they had separated. There were no trees of such size that we could climb them, excepting a few thorn-trees, which tore our clothes in shreds. Balanced on the low boughs of one of these, I struck another bull, that ran towards the report, his ears outstretched, his eyes moving in all directions, and his nose carried in a right line with the head, evidently bent upon revenge; he passed within thirty yards of me, and was lost in the bush. On descending from our frail perch, the Hottentot again discovered this buffalo standing among some small, thick bushes, which nearly hid him from view; his head was lowered, not a muscle of his body moved, and he was, without doubt, listening intently.

We crept noiselessly to a bush, where some twigs intervening between his shoulder and the line of aim, I fired through them, and again had the satisfaction of hearing the ball tell. The huge brute ran forwards up the wind, fortunately not in our direction, and stood still again. No good screen being near, and his nose facing our way, prudence bade us wait patiently for a change in the state of affairs. Presently, he lay gently down; and knowing that buffaloes are exceedingly cunning, and will adopt this plan of escaping notice, and entrapping their persecutors, we drew near with great caution. I again fired through his shoulder; and, concluding, from his not attempting to rise, that he was helpless, we walked close up to him. Never can the scene which followed be erased from my memory. Turning his ponderous head round, his eye caught our figures; I fired the second barrel of my rifle between his horns, but the shot did not reach the brain. His wounds gave him some difficulty in getting up, which just afforded my friend and myself time to ensconce ourselves behind the slender shrubs that grew round the spot, while the Hottentot unwisely took to his heels. The buffalo saw him; and uttering a continued, unearthly noise, between a grunt and a bellow, advanced at a pace at which these unwieldy creatures are rarely seen to run, unless stirred by revenge.

Crashing through the low bushes as if they were stubble, he passed me, but charged quite over my friend's lurking-place, who aimed at him as he came on, and lodged the ball in the rocky mass of horn above his head. The buffalo was so near at the time of firing, that the horns struck the gun-barrel at the next instant; but whether the noise and smoke

confused the animal, or he was partially stunned by the bullet, he missed my friend, and continued his pursuit of the Hottentot. It is impossible to describe what were our sensations at this time ; though all the incidents here related occupied but a very little while, there was sufficient time to reflect on, and realise, the greatness of our danger.

Our Hottentot dodged the enraged and terrific-looking brute round the bushes ; but through these slight obstacles he dashed with ease, and gained ground rapidly. Speechless, we watched the chase ; and in the awful moment, regardless of concealment, we stood up, and saw the buffalo overtake his victim, and knock him down. At this crisis, my friend fired his second barrel into the beast, which gave the Hottentot one or two blows with his forefeet, and pushing his nose under, endeavoured to toss him ; but the Hottentot, aware of this, with much presence of mind, lay perfectly still.

My friend now shouted to me, "The buffalo is coming !" and in darting round a bush, I stumbled on my rifle, cutting my knee very badly. This alarm, however, proved to be false, for directly after, the buffalo fell dead near the Hottentot, who then rose and limped towards us. He was much hurt ; a powder-flask, which lay in his game-bag, was stamped flat. The buffalo was too weak to use his full strength upon him, having probably exhausted all his remaining energy in the chase, otherwise the Hottentot would undoubtedly have been killed, since a man is safer even under the paws of a wounded lion than under the head of an infuriated buffalo.

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## AUTUMN.

LEIGH HUNT.

FAIR Autumn spreads her fields of gold,  
And waves her amber wand ;  
See earth its yellow charms unfold  
Beneath her magic hand !

Unrivalled beauty decks our vales,  
Bright fruitfulness our plains ;  
Gay health and cheerfulness prevails,  
And smiling glory reigns.

To Thee, great liberal Source of all !  
We strike our earthly lyre ;  
Till fate our rising soul shall call,  
And angels form the choir.

The plenty round our meadows seen  
Is emblem of thy love ;  
And harmony, that binds the scene,  
The peace that reigns above.

Man drops into refreshing rest,  
And smoothes his wearied brow ;  
With rural peace the herds are blest,  
And nature smiles below.

O let thy hand, parental King,  
Be open to our prayers !  
Unlock sweet plenty's liberal spring,  
And shower untainted airs.

And send me through life's noiseless way,  
With Innocence my guide :  
Let no temptations bid me stray,  
And leave her angel side !

O let the bird of tuneful birth,  
The beast that frisks on earth,  
The fish that sports the wave beneath,  
Enjoy their short-lived mirth !

That mercy which to man is given,  
So sweet with dewy eyes,—  
O let it seek its native heaven,  
When gentle pity dies !



## DEFENCE OF PELTIER.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

[In 1803, M. Peltier published some articles in a periodical paper reflecting severely on Napoleon; who, taking advantage of the peace at that time subsisting between Britain and France, instituted an action for libel in the English courts against Peltier. Sir James Mackintosh was retained for the defence.]

GENTLEMEN,—There is one point of view in which this case seems to merit your most serious attention. The real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the civilized world ever saw,—the defender, a defenceless, proscribed exile. I consider this case as the first of a long series of conflicts between the greatest power in the world, and THE ONLY FREE PRESS remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English press is *new*,—it is a proud and a melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French Revolution swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the Continent, we enjoyed that privilege more fully than others; but we did not exclusively enjoy it. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns of Germany, the press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent states by one dash of the pen. Three or four still preserve a precarious and trembling existence. I will not say by what compliances they must purchase its continuance. I will not insult the feebleness whose unmerited fall I do most bitterly deplore.

These governments formed a most interesting part of the ancient system of Europe. The perfect security of such feeble states, their undisturbed tranquillity amidst the wars and conquests around them, attested the moderation, the justice, the civilization, to which christian Europe had reached in modern times. Their weakness was protected only by the reverence for justice that, during a series of ages, had grown up in Christendom. This was the only fortification which defended them against those mighty monarchs to whom they offered so easy a prey. And, till the French Revolution, this was sufficient. Call to mind that happy period when we scarcely dreamed more of the subjugation of the weakest state in

Europe than of her mightiest empire, and tell me if you can imagine a spectacle more beautiful to the moral eye, or a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of civilization. These feeble states, these monuments of justice,—the asylums of peace, of industry, and of literature,—the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth, have perished with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians. They are destroyed, and gone for ever.

There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society,—where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and the most powerful tyrants. The press of *England* is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and I trust I may venture to say that, if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire. It is an awful consideration, Gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God, solid and entire,—but it stands alone, and it stands amid ruins! Believing, then, as I do, that we are on the eve of a great struggle,—that this is only the first battle between reason and power,—that you have now in your hands, committed to your trust, the only remains of free discussion in Europe; addressing you, therefore, as the guardians of the most important interests of mankind,—convinced that the unfettered exercise of reason depends more on your verdict than on any other that was ever delivered by a jury,—I trust I may rely with confidence on the issue, and that you will consider yourselves as the advanced guard of liberty,—as having this day to fight the first battle for free discussion, and against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered.

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### PROVIDENCE.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield!  
Hark to Nature's lesson, given  
By the blessed birds of heaven!

Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy :  
“Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :  
God provideth for the morrow !

“Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle than the rose ?  
Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we citizens of air ?  
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carol merrily.  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :  
God provideth for the morrow !

“One there lives, whose guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny ;  
One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.  
Pass we blithely then the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow :  
God provideth for the morrow !”

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CANTON.—No. I.

DAVIDSON.

[From “Trade and Travel in the Far East.”]

THE sail from Hong-Kong to Canton is very interesting, particularly to a stranger. The numerous islands he passes, and the entirely new scenes that everywhere attract his eye, cannot fail to delight and amuse him. Here, the unwieldy Chinese junk ; there, the fast-sailing Chinese passage-boat ; now and then, the long, snake-like opium smuggler, with fifty oars ; innumerable fishing-boats, all in pairs, with a drag-net extending from the one to the other ; country boats of all descriptions passing to and fro, their crews all bent on money-getting ; the duck-boats on the river banks, their numerous tenants feeding in the adjacent rice-fields ; a succession of little Chinese villages, with groups of young celestials staring at the stranger with never-ending wonder ; here and

there a tall pagoda, rearing its lofty head high above the surrounding scenery, as if conscious of its great antiquity and of the sacred objects for which it was built; the Chinese husbandman, with his one-handed plough, drawn by a single wild-looking buffalo; smiling cottages, surrounded with orange and other fruit-trees; the immense fleet of foreign ships anchored at Whampoa;—these, and a thousand other objects equally strange and new, attract the attention of the stranger as he sails up the river.

On nearing the city itself, he is still more astonished and pleased with the sights that confuse his ideas, making the whole scene to seem the creation of magic rather than a sober reality. Here, the river is absolutely crowded with junks and boats of all sorts and sizes, from the ferry-boat of six feet long to the ferry-boat of a thousand tons burthen. Long rows of houses, inhabited principally by boat-builders and others connected with maritime affairs, and built on the river, line its right bank. Outside of these, are moored numerous flat-bottomed boats with high roofs; these come from the interior with tea and other produce, and resemble, more than anything I have seen elsewhere, what I fancy Noah's Ark must have been. On the left bank, the shore is lined with boats unloading and loading cargoes, while the different landing-places are completely blocked up with ferry-boats seeking employment. The space in the centre of the river is continually crowded with boats, junks, &c., proceeding up and down. The sight altogether is bewildering to the stranger. Busy as the scene is which the Thames presents at London, its superior regularity and order, in my opinion, prevent its coming up to that which I have just faintly traced, in the feeling of wonder it excites.

Amidst all this, there is a constant clatter of tongues, strongly recalling the confusion of Babel. A Chinaman never talks below his breath; and if one may judge from the loud tones in which the whole community express their sentiments, whether in a house or shop, or in the street, the only conclusion that can be come to is, that in China, the word secret is not understood,—or rather, that the idea corresponding to that word has no existence in their conceptions.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

JOHN KEATS.

I CANNOT see what flowers are at my feet,  
Or what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown;  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oftentimes hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self;  
Adieu—the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf!

Adieu—adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the hill-stream,  
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley's glades :  
Was it a vision or a waking dream ?  
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

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## CANTON.—No. II.

DAVIDSON.

[From "Trade and Travel in the Far East."]

OF this vast city, the home of a million of souls, what account can a traveller give who has seen little more than the portion inhabited by foreigners ? I must say a few words, however, about that part of it which I have seen.

I begin with the foreign factories. These buildings stretch along the left bank of the river about three-quarters of a mile, and extend back about two hundred yards. They are large, substantially built, and comfortable houses ; but those situated behind the front row are oppressively hot residences in the summer season. The space between the factories and the river is reserved for a promenade, where foreigners may take a little recreation after their day's work. Although but a limited space, it is invaluable. Here, in the evening, may be seen Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Portuguese, Parsees, Moslem and Hindoos ; all enjoying the evening breeze, and talking over the affairs of the day, or the news brought by the last overland mail, while a crowd of Chinese coolies surround the square, gaping with noisy wonder at the strangers, attired in all the costumes of Europe and Asia. The streets principally resorted to by foreigners are China Street—Old and New—and Carpenter Square. In the former, a very choice collection of Chinese articles may be purchased, either in the way of curiosities or of valuable merchandise. In Carpenter Square the new-comer may fit himself out with trunks, dressing-cases, &c. ; or if in search of furniture, he may here, in half an hour, furnish his house with well-made substantial articles. The houses in these streets are all of two stories, with very narrow frontage, the ground being valuable. A large quantity of timber is used in their construction, which renders a fire this city so very destructive. The streets in Canton are all

narrow, most of those I have seen not exceeding six or seven feet in width ; the two China Streets are probably twelve feet wide.

The city does not cover half the space which a European one, with the same population, would require. Its streets, from their want of breadth, always appear—and, indeed, always are—crowded ; and the unwary passenger is liable to be knocked down by some heavily-laden porter running out against him. They are infested by loathsome beggars, clamorous in their demands for charity. Here the stranger will be surprised to see dogs, cats, and rats, hawked about dead and alive. I do not say that these animals form the daily food of the people of Canton ; but they are daily and hourly hawked about its streets, and purchased by the poorer classes. The Canton market is, nevertheless, remarkably well supplied with the good things of this life ; and the European who cannot live and be contented with the provisions procurable in it, must be hard to please. By nine o'clock at night, this huge city is perfectly quiet, for nine-tenths of its inhabitants are wrapped in sleep. At either end of each street is a gate, which is shut at that hour, and ingress or egress put a stop to for the night. This regulation, as may be supposed, is an excellent check upon night robbers, whose peregrinations can extend no further than the end of the street they live in. Another equally salutary regulation, is that which makes the inhabitants of the street responsible for each other's good conduct. Thus, if your servant steal anything, you must make good the loss. Prowling being put a stop to during the night, I have seen robberies attempted and detected during the day ; and I certainly never saw a poor thief treated elsewhere with such unrelenting cruelty. A Chinaman seems to have no mercy on a thief ; nor is this feeling to be wondered at in an overpeopled country, where all have to work for their bread, and where idlers are sure to starve.

During the winter, in Canton, the lower classes suffer severely from cold ; they are poorly fed and worse clothed ; hundreds of them may be seen about the streets, shivering and looking the very picture of absolute wretchedness. Amongst these, a few old women may be seen, sitting by the side of the streets, earning a scanty subsistence by mending and patching the clothes of people as poor as themselves. These poor women have all undergone the barbarous operation of cramping the feet during infancy, and consequently are unable to undertake anything but sedentary employment to gain

their bread. The very small size to which the feet of some of the Chinese females have been distorted by cramping them with bandages during the first six years of their lives, is almost beyond belief. I have seen a full grown woman wearing shoes, and walking in them too, not more than three and a half inches long. Their walk resembles that of a timid boy upon ice; it is necessarily slow; and, indeed, some of them require the aid of a staff in one hand, while they lean with the other on the shoulder of a female attendant. The smaller the eyes and feet of a Chinese beauty, the more she is admired. I once asked a respectable Chinaman what he thought of this custom of cramping their daughters' feet? His reply was, "Very bad custom." On my inquiring further, whether he had any daughters, and whether their feet were treated in the same way, he answered in the affirmative; but asserted, that they had been subjected to the cruel ordeal by their mother against his will. He added that, in a Chinaman's house, where there were young girls, no peace could be had, night or day, for their cries, which lasted till they were six years old.

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## NIGHT AT SEA.

JOHN WILSON.

It is the midnight hour;—the beauteous sea,  
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,  
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,  
Far down within the watery sky reposes.  
As if the ocean's heart were stirred  
With inward life, a sound is heard,  
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;  
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,  
That lies like a garment floating fair  
Above the happy deep.  
The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned  
By evening freshness from the land,  
For the land is far away;  
But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze  
In the centre of the loneliest seas  
Should ever sport and play.  
The mighty moon—she sits above,  
Encircled with a zone of love,



A zone of dim and tender light,  
That makes her wakeful eye more bright :  
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,  
And the night looks like a mellowed day !  
The gracious mistress of the main  
Hath now an undisturbed reign,  
And from her silent throne looks down,  
As upon children of her own,  
On the waves that lend their gentle breast  
In gladness for her couch of rest !

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## IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

## SPECTATOR.

AMONG other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created ? Are such abilities made for no purpose ? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass ; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of ; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full-blown, and incapable of farther enlargement, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection,—after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power,—must perish at its first setting out, and in the very beginning of its inquiries ? Man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post, to make room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task,

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lays her eggs and dies. But in this life man can never take in his full measure of knowledge; nor has he time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity—that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge,—carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

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## BANISHMENT OF MAZEPPA.

LORD BYRON.

“BRING forth the horse!”—the horse was brought;  
In truth he was a noble steed,  
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,  
Who looked as though the speed of thought  
Were in his limbs: but he was wild,  
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught;  
With spur or bridle undefiled—  
’Twas but a day he had been caught.

And snorting with erected mane,  
And struggling fiercely but in vain :  
In the full foam of wrath and dread,  
To me the desert-born was led :  
They bound me on, that menial throng,  
Upon his back with many a thong ;  
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—  
Away!—away!—and on we dash !  
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—My breath was gone,  
I saw not where he hurried on !  
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,  
And on he foamed—away!—away !  
The last of human sounds which rose,  
As I was darted from my foes,  
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,  
Which on the wind came roaring after  
A moment from that rabble rout :  
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,  
And snapped the cord, which to the mane  
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein.

Away, away, my steed and I,  
Upon the pinions of the wind ;  
All human dwellings left behind,  
We sped like meteors through the sky.  
Town—village—none were on our track,  
But a wild plain of far extent,  
And bounded by a forest black.  
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,  
And a low breeze crept moaning by—  
I could have answered with a sigh—  
But fast we fled away, away.  
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain  
Upon the courser's bristling mane ;  
But snorting still with rage and fear,  
He flew upon his far career.  
At times I almost thought, indeed,  
He must have slackened in his speed ;  
But no—my bound and slender frame  
Was nothing to his angry might,  
And merely like a spur became ;

Each motion which I made to free  
My swollen limbs from agony  
Increased his fury and affright.  
I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,  
But yet he swerved as from a blow ;  
And, starting to each accent, sprang  
As from a sudden trumpet's clang :  
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,  
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;  
And in my tongue the thirst became  
A something fierier far than flame.  
We neared the wild wood—'twas so wide,  
I saw no bounds on either side ;  
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,  
That bent not to the roughest breeze ;  
But these were few, and far between,  
Set thick with shrubs more young and green ;  
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,  
And here and there a chesnut stood,  
The strong oak and the hardy pine ;  
But far apart—and well it were,  
Or else a different lot were mine—  
The boughs gave way, and did not tear  
My limbs ; and I found strength to bear  
My wounds, already scarred with cold—  
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.  
We rustled through the leaves like wind,  
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind ;  
By night I heard them on the track,  
Their troop came hard upon our back,  
With their long gallop, which can tire,  
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :  
Where'er we flew they followed on,  
Nor left us with the morning sun ;  
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,  
At day-break winding through the wood,  
And through the night had heard their feet  
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.

The wood was past ; 'twas more than noon,  
But chill the air, although in June ;  
Or it might be my veins ran cold—  
Prolonged endurance tames the bold ;

The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,  
I seem'd to sink upon the ground,—  
But erred, for I was fastly bound.  
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,  
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more ;  
The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;  
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,  
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,  
Which saw no farther : he who dies  
Can die no more than then I died,  
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.

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## TRUTH.

JOHN TILLOTSON, D.D.

TRUTH has all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, surely the reality is better ; for why would a man seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to. To dissemble, is to assume the appearance of some real excellence : now, the best way for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it ; and, if he have it not, it is likely that he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour is lost.

It is hard to act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will betray itself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed ; for truth carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but—which is much more—to God, the searcher of hearts. On all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. In the affairs of this world, integrity has many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure, way in dealing ; it has in it much less of trouble and difficulty, much less of perplexity and hazard ; it is the short and near way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line. The arts of deceit continually grow weaker and less serviceable to those that practise them ; whereas, integrity gains strength by use ; the longer any man is in the practice of it, the greater service it

does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging others to repose implicit confidence in him—an unspeakable advantage in the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always watch himself carefully, lest he contradict his old pretensions; as he acts an unnatural part, he must put a continual restraint upon himself. The man who acts sincerely, has the easiest task in the world; he follows nature, and thus is put to no trouble about his words and actions; he has no need to invent pretences beforehand, or to make excuses afterwards, for anything he has said or done. Insincerity is a troublesome matter to manage; the many things that a hypocrite has to attend to, make his life a very perplexed and intricate affair. Truth is always consistent with itself, needs nothing to help it out, is always at hand, and sits upon the lips. A lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good. A liar requires a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another.

Sincerity is thus the most compendious wisdom, and the most excellent instrument for the despatch of business, creating confidence in those we have to deal with, saving the labour of many inquiries, and bringing affairs to an issue in few words. On the other hand, whatever convenience may be found in falsehood or dissimulation, it is soon at an end; whilst its inconveniences are perpetual, bringing a man under everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, or trusted when he means honestly; nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood. All other arts will fail us; truth and integrity can alone bear us out to the last.

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## CHURCHYARD IN A SUMMER EVENING.

P. B. SHELLEY.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere  
Each vapour that obscured the sun-set's ray;  
And pallid evening twines its beaming hair  
In duskiest braids around the eye of day.  
Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,  
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards departing day,  
 Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea;  
 Light, sound, and motion, own the potent sway,  
 Responding to the charm with its own mystery.  
 The winds are still, or the dry churchyard grass  
 Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aerial Pile! whose pinnacles  
 Point from one shrine, like pyramids of fire,  
 Obey'st in silence their sweet solemn spells,  
 Clothing in hues of heaven thy distant spire,  
 Around whose less'ning and invisible height  
 Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres;  
 And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,  
 Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,  
 Breathed from their beds all living things around,  
 And, mingling with the still night and mute sky,  
 Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized, and softened, death is mild  
 And terrorless as this serenest night:  
 Here could I hope,—like some inquiring child  
 Sporting on graves,—that death did hide from sight  
 Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep  
 That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

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## WASTE OF LIFE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL.D.

ALLOW me to introduce to you a gentleman of good estate. He was bred to no business, and could not contrive to waste his hours agreeably. He had no relish for any of the proper works of life, and no taste for the improvement of his mind. In general, he spent ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed; he dosed away two or three more on his couch; and as many were dissolved in liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour. In this manner, he wore off ten

years of his life, from the time that the paternal estate fell into his hands.

One evening that he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn. Casting a glance backwards, he began to reflect on his manner of life. He thought of the number of human beings that had been sacrificed to support him, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with these offerings. "One week with another," said he, "a dozen feathered creatures have given up their lives to prolong mine,—amounting, in ten years, to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have fallen yearly, with as many large cattle, that I might daily have the choicest parts of them upon my table. Thus a thousand of the flock have been slain in ten years, besides what game the forest supplied. Some thousands of fishes have been robbed of life for my repast. A measure of corn hardly suffices for a month; and this would make the quantity amount to more than six score bushels; whilst many hogsheads of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink. There is not the meanest creature, among all those I have devoured, that has not answered the purpose of its creation better than I. It was made to support man, and it has done so. Every crab and oyster, every grain of corn, that I have eaten, had filled its place in the ranks of being with more propriety and honour than I have done."

In short, he carried out his reflections with such a severity and force of reason, as constrained him to change his whole system of living, and apply himself, at the age of more than thirty, to the attainment of useful knowledge. He afterwards lived many years, with the character of a worthy man and an excellent Christian; and when he died, the tears of his country were dropped on his tomb. But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write *miracle* upon it.

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## NOSE AND EYES.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,—  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.



So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,  
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;  
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“ In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,  
 And your lordship,” said Tongue, “ will undoubtedly find  
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,  
 Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.”

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—

“ Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,  
 As wide as the ridge of the nose is,—in short,  
 Designed to sit to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose  
 (’Tis a case that has happened and may be again)  
 That the visage or countenance had not a nose,  
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,  
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then shifting his side, as the lawyer knows how,  
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;  
 But what were his arguments few people know,  
 For the world did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,  
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—  
 That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
 By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

## EARTHQUAKE AT CONCEPCION, SOUTH AMERICA.

### FITZROY AND KING’S VOYAGES.

AT ten in the morning of the 20th of February 1835, very large flights of sea-fowl were noticed, passing over the city of Concepcion, from the sea-coast towards the interior ; and in the minds of old inhabitants, well acquainted with the climate of Concepcion, some surprise was excited by so unusual and simultaneous a change in the habits of those birds, no signs of an approaching storm being visible, nor any expected at

that season. At forty minutes after eleven, a shock of an earthquake was felt, slightly at first, but increasing rapidly. During the first half minute, many persons remained in their houses; but then the convulsive movements were so strong, that the alarm became general, and they all rushed into open spaces for safety. The horrid motion increased; people could hardly stand; buildings waved and tottered—suddenly an awful overpowering shock caused universal destruction—and in less than six seconds the city was in ruins. The stunning noise of falling houses; the horrible cracking of the earth, which opened and shut rapidly and repeatedly in numerous places; the desperate heart-rending outcries of the people; the stifling heat; the blinding, smothering, clouds of dust; the utter helplessness and confusion; and the extreme horror and alarm, can neither be described nor fully imagined.

This fatal convulsion took place about a minute and a-half or two minutes after the first shock; and it lasted for nearly two minutes, with equal violence. During this time no one could stand unsupported; people clung to each other, to trees, or to posts. Some threw themselves on the ground; but there the motion was so violent that they were obliged to stretch out their arms on each side, to prevent being tossed over and over. The poultry flew about, screaming wildly. Horses and other animals were greatly frightened, standing with their legs spread out, and their head down, trembling excessively.

After the most violent shock ceased, the clouds of dust which had been raised by falling buildings, began to disperse; people breathed more freely, and dared to look around them. Ghastly and sepulchral was the sight. Had the graves opened and given up their dead, their appearance could scarcely have been more shocking. Pale and trembling, covered with dust and perspiration, they ran from place to place, calling for relations and friends; and many seemed to be quite bereft of reason.

Women washing in the river near Concepcion, were startled by the sudden rise of the water—from their ankles to their knees—and at the same moment felt the beginning of the convulsion. Of nine men who were repairing the inside of a church, seven were killed, and two severely hurt. One of these poor fellows was half-buried in the ruins, during five days, with a dead body lying across him, through which it was necessary to cut, for his release. A mother, escaping

with her children, saw one fall into a hole ; a wall close to her was tottering ; she pushed a piece of wood across the hole, and ran on ; the wall fell, covering the hole with masses of brick-work ; but, next day, the child was taken out unhurt. Another woman missed a child ; she saw that a high wall was tottering, but ran for her son, and brought him out. As she crossed the street, the wall fell, but they were safe ; when the tremendous crash came, the whole street, which she had just crossed, was filled up with part of the ruins of the cathedral. Besides a waving or undulatory movement, vertical, horizontal, and circular, or twisting motions, were felt. An angular stone pinnacle was particularly noticed, which had been turned half round, without being thrown down, or leaving its base.

Persons riding at the time of the great shock, were stopped short ; some, with their horses, were thrown to the ground ; others dismounted, but could not stand. So little was the ground at rest after the great destruction, that between the 20th of February and the 4th of March, more than three hundred shocks were counted.

About half an hour after the shock, when the greater part of the population had reached the heights—the sea having retired so much that all the vessels at anchor, even those which had been lying in seven fathoms water, were aground, and every rock and shoal in the bay was visible—an enormous wave was seen forcing its way through the western passage which separates Quiriquina Island from the mainland. This terrific swell passed rapidly along the western side of the Bay of Concepcion, sweeping the steep shores of everything moveable within thirty feet, vertically, from high water-mark. It broke over, dashed along, and whirled about the shipping, as if they had been light boats ; overflowed the greater part of the town, and then rushed back with such a torrent, that every moveable which the earthquake had not buried under heaps of ruins was carried out to sea. In a few minutes, the vessels were again aground, and a second great wave was seen approaching, with more noise and impetuosity than the first ; but though this was more powerful, its effects were not so considerable—simply because there was less to destroy. Again the sea fell, dragging away quantities of woodwork and the lighter materials of houses, and leaving the shipping aground.

For several days the sea was strewed with wreck, not

only in the Bay of Concepcion, but outside, in the offing. The shores of Quiriquina Island were covered with broken furniture and woodwork of all kinds; so that for weeks afterwards, parties were constantly at work, collecting and bringing back property. During the three days succeeding that of the ruin, the sea ebbed and flowed irregularly, and very frequently—rising and falling for some hours after the shock, two or three times in an hour.

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## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand, he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought!

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FRANCIS JEFFREY.

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE whole tone of Mr Jeffrey's conversation was so pitched, that a *proser*, or a person at all ambitious to *make an effect*, would have found himself most grievously out of place. I have never, I believe, heard so many ideas thrown out by any man in so short a space of time, and apparently with such entire negation of exertion. His conversation acted upon me like a charm. His thoughts were at once so striking, and so just, that they took, in succession, entire possession of my imagina-

tion. It was quite impossible to listen to him for a moment, without recalling all the best qualities of his composition; and yet I suspect his conversation was calculated to leave any one with even a higher idea of his mind—at least of its fertility—than the best of his writings. I have heard some men display more profoundness of reflection, and others a much greater command of the conversational picturesque; but I never before witnessed anything to be compared with his blending apparently inconsistent powers in the whole strain of his discourse. Such a power of throwing away every useless part of the idea to be discussed, and then, such a happy redundancy of imagination, to present the essential part in every relation and point of view—and all this connected with so much knowledge of the world, and such a thorough scorn of mystification, that it was really a very wonderful intellectual coalition. The largeness of the views suggested by his understanding, and the shrewdness with which his sound and close judgment seemed to scrutinize them after they were suggested—these alone were sufficient to make his conversation one of the most remarkable things in the world. But then he invested all this with such a play of fancy, wit, and sarcasm, as rendered him one of the most fascinating of companions.

The animal spirits of the man were absolutely miraculous. When one considers what a life of exertion he had led for the last twenty years; how his powers had been kept on the rack for so long a time, with writing, and concocting, and editing reviews on the one hand, and with briefs, and speeches, and journeys, and trials, and cross-questionings, and the whole labyrinth of barristership on the other—one could not help being thunderstruck on finding that he had still reserved so large a fund of energy which he could afford and delight to lavish, when the comparative repose of his mind would be more than enough to please and satisfy every one. His vigour seemed to be a perfect widow's cruise, bubbling for ever upwards, and refusing to be exhausted—swelling and spreading, till all the vessels of the neighbourhood were saturated with the endless irrigation of its superfluous richness.

## THE DUEL.

THOMAS HOOD.

IN Brentfield town, of old renown,  
There lived a Mister Bray,  
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,—  
And so did Mr Clay.

Said Mr Bray to Mr Clay,  
“You choose to rival me,  
And court Miss Bell ; but there your court  
No thoroughfare shall be.

“Unless you now give up your suit,  
You may repent your love ;  
I, who have shot a pigeon match,  
Can shoot a turtle dove.”

Said Mr Clay to Mr Bray,  
“Your threats I quite explode ;  
One who has been a volunteer,  
Knows how to prime and load.

“And so I say to you unless  
Your passion quiet keeps,  
I, who have shot and hit bulls’ eyes,  
May chance to hit a sheep’s.”

Now gold is oft for silver changed,  
And that for copper red ;  
But these two went away to give  
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,  
This pleasant thought to give—  
When they were dead, they thus should have  
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long  
The seconds then forbore,  
And having taken one rash step,  
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan  
Against the deadly strife,  
By putting in the prime of death  
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes ;  
But when they took their stands,  
Fear made them tremble, so they found  
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr C. to Mr B.,  
" Here one of us may fall,  
And like St Paul's Cathedral, now  
Be doomed to have a ball.

" I do confess I did attach  
Misconduct to your name ;  
If I withdraw the charge, will then  
Your ramrod do the same ?"

Said Mr B., " I do agree—  
But think of Honour's Courts !  
If we go off without a shot,  
There will be strange reports.

" But look, the morning now is bright,  
Though cloudy it begun ;  
Why can't we aim above, as if  
We had called out the sun ?"

So up into the harmless air,  
Their bullets they did send ;  
And may all other duels have  
That upshot in the end !



## VISIT TO A DERVISH.

## CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

I HAD received a letter written in Arabic, of which I was anxious to procure a translation, and after many inquiries, found that there was but a single person in Smyrna to whom I could apply for it with any chance of success. This was a venerable dervish, whose wisdom and knowledge were supposed never to be at fault. A friend of mine thought it highly improbable that he would consent to receive the visit of a lady—an event which certainly never could have occurred in his life before; but as my anxiety was principally to obtain a translation of my letter, I was quite willing to wait till this should be accomplished. We soon reached his abode, a small solitary house on the outskirts of the town, and my companion went up the narrow stair, and disappeared; but in a few minutes he came back, laughing heartily, and told me that the old dervish was in the highest state of excitement at the idea of being visited by a European lady, and that he would willingly translate my letter, if I would only come in and let him see me. Two negro slaves held up the curtain which hung before the door, and I entered the “sanctum” of the wise man. It was a room of a moderate size, with a large recess at one end, three sides of which were of glass. Several steps, covered with a splendid Persian carpet, raised this part of the room above the rest, and it was almost filled by a high divan, on which the dervish was seated in great state. He wore the conical cap and flowing robes of his sect; and really his long beard, streaming down to his waist, and his solemn countenance, impressed me with a very sufficient idea of his vast wisdom. A large box stood beside him, filled with old curious parchments; and the divan, as well as the platform beneath, was strewn with books of all kinds. In the lower part of the room there were a great many astronomical instruments, and various extraordinary-looking machines, of which I could not even divine the use. The only other inhabitant of the room was a younger dervish, who, though seated on the same ottoman, evidently felt much awed in the presence of his superior, and sat stroking his beard in silence. The sage decidedly thought it beneath his dignity to exhibit any astonishment at my appearance, and he returned my salutations in a most majestic manner. A chair was placed for me in the outer part of

the room, as he could not allow the infidel to approach nearer, or even to ascend the steps which led to his seat.

After the usual complimentary speeches, coffee was brought, which I was forced to swallow, much against my will, as it was without sugar, and excessively thick. He then took out his writing materials—which he wore, according to the eastern custom, in his belt—and received my letter from the younger dervish, to whom it had been transmitted by my friend, with all due formality. He read it, then solemnly bowed to me, as an indication that he understood it; he next proceeded to take a small sheet of paper, which he laid on the palm of his hand, and began to write, using a pen made of a reed. It seemed to me impossible to form a single letter in this position; but in the course of a few minutes he presented me with a translation of the manuscript in Persian, Syriac, and Turkish, and the writing of each separate character was a perfect model. This was all I required, as it was easy to obtain a translation from the Turkish. But the good dervish seemed to think I ought now to make myself agreeable to him; and he commenced a conversation through the medium of my friend, who acted as interpreter. First he asked me questions innumerable about myself, my family, and my whole history, past and present. Having then ascertained that I belonged to that very distant and barbarous island of Great Britain, he composedly begged that I would give him a distinct account of the government, laws, religion, and institutions of that country, with which, he assured me, he was wholly unacquainted. My companion laughed outright at my look of despair at this exorbitant demand; and as we could distinguish from the window the steamer which was to carry me away, with its chimney already smoking, he pointed it out to the dervish, as a reason for terminating our visit immediately.

The dervish seemed very reluctant to let me go; but I at last rose, and having made him a flowery speech, which he heard most graciously, I prepared to go out. He then turned with considerable energy to my companion, and asked him to bid me stop one moment. I complied. Extending one hand towards me, while he raised the other to heaven, the old man uttered, in a most impressive manner, what seemed to me to be a short prayer, to which the younger dervish listened with the greatest reverence; and when he had concluded, my friend translated it word for word to me. It was a blessing, solemn and fervent, which he had called down upon me.

The solemn manner in which his prayer was offered by the good old man, made no small impression on me, and I was not sorry to carry such a blessing away with me, when, a few hours after, we left Smyrna with a calm sea and a fair wind, on our way to the Dardanelles.

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MAY.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong:  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep.  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday;—  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
Shepherd Boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
While the earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May morning,  
And the children are pulling,  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm.

## SLAVE EMANCIPATION.

ANDREW THOMSON, D.D.

[A public meeting having been held in 1830, to petition for the gradual abolition of slavery, Dr Thomson moved, as an amendment, that emancipation should be immediate, and triumphantly accomplished his object. In 1833, slavery was abolished by the British Legislature.]

TAKING into account the circumstances of the free blacks—their number, their wealth, their loyalty, their general character—every one must see that we may safely look to that portion of the West Indian community, as standing between the colonists and all danger that may be apprehended from the emancipation of the slaves; and coupling this with other considerations, it does appear to me that we have the amplest security for that measure—how soon soever it may be carried—being as bloodless and peaceable as our hearts could desire. I have no fear—no, not the shadow of it—that any of the dreaded mischiefs will ensue from the course of proceeding that we are pressing on the Legislature. In my conscience I deem them all chimerical, and got up chiefly for the purpose of deterring us from insisting on that act of simple but imperative justice, which we call upon the British Parliament to perform.

But if you push me, and still urge the argument of insurrection and bloodshed—for which you are far more indebted to fancy than to fact—then I say, be it so. I repeat that maxim, taken from a heathen book, but pervading the whole Book of God, *Fiat justitia—ruat cælum*. Righteousness, Sir, is the pillar of the universe. Break down that pillar, and the universe falls into ruin and desolation. But preserve it, and, though the fair fabric may sustain partial dilapidation, it may be rebuilt and repaired—it *will* be rebuilt and repaired, and restored to all its pristine strength, and magnificence, and beauty. If there must be violence, let it even come; for it will soon pass away;—let it come and rage its little hour; since it is to be succeeded by lasting freedom, and prosperity, and happiness. Give me the hurricane rather than the pestilence. Give me the hurricane, with its thunder, and its lightning, and its tempest;—give me the hurricane, with its partial and temporary devastations, awful though they be;—give me the

hurricane, with its purifying, healthful, salutary effects ;—give me that hurricane, infinitely rather than the noisome pestilence, whose path is never crossed, whose silence is never disturbed, whose progress is never arrested, by one sweeping blast from the heavens ; but which walks peacefully and sullenly through the length and breadth of the land, breathing poison into every heart, and carrying havoc into every home, enervating all that is strong, defacing all that is beautiful, and casting its blight over the fairest and happiest scenes of human life— which, from day to day, and from year to year, with intolerant and interminable malignity, sends its thousands and its tens of thousands of hapless victims into the ever-yawning and never-satisfied grave !

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## THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

W. MOTHERWELL.

“ ONWARD, my camel !—On, though slow ;  
Halt not upon these fatal sands !  
Onward my constant camel go—  
The fierce simoon hath ceased to blow,  
We soon shall tread green Syria’s lands !

“ Droop not my faithful camel ! Now  
The hospitable well is near !  
Though sick at heart, and worn in brow,  
I grieve the most to think that thou  
And I may part, kind comrade, here.

“ O’er the dull waste a swelling mound—  
A verdant paradise—I see ;  
The princely date-palms there abound,  
And springs that make it sacred ground  
To pilgrims like to thee and me !”

The patient camel’s filmy eye,  
All lustreless, is fixed in death !  
Beneath the sun of Araby  
The desert wanderer ceased to sigh,  
Exhausted on its burning path.

Then rose upon the wilderness  
The solitary driver's cry ;  
Thoughts of his home upon him press,  
As, in his utter loneliness,  
He sees his burden-bearer die.

Hope gives no echo to his call—  
Ne'er from his comrade will he sever !  
The red sky is his funeral pall ;  
A prayer—a moan—'tis over, all—  
Camel and lord now rest for ever !

A three hours' journey from the spring  
Loved of the panting caravan—  
Within a little sandy ring—  
The camel's bones lie whitening,  
With thine, old, unlamented man !

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PETRA.

GEORGE STEPHENS.

PETRA, the excavated city, the long-lost capital of Edom, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a *rock* ; and, through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock.

In front of the great temple—the pride and beauty of Petra—I saw a narrow opening in the rocks. A full stream of water was gushing through it, and filling up the whole mouth of the passage. Mounted on the shoulders of one of my Bedouins, I got him to carry me through the swollen stream at the mouth of the opening, and to set me down on a dry place a little above, whence I began to pick my way, occasionally taking to the shoulders of my follower, and continuing to advance more than a mile. I should have gone on to the end of the ravine, but my Bedouin suddenly refused me the farther use of his shoulders. He had been some time objecting and begging me to return, and now positively refused to go any farther ; and, in fact, turned himself about. I was anxious to proceed ; but I did not like

to wade up to my knees in the water, nor did I feel very resolute to go where I might expose myself to danger, as he seemed to intimate. Without any disposition to explore farther, I turned towards the city; and it was now that I began to feel the powerful and indelible impression that must be produced on entering, through this mountainous passage, the excavated city of Petra.

In coming upon the great temple, I remember that my servant, when he first obtained a glimpse of it, clapped his hands and shouted in ecstasy. Neither the Coliseum at Rome—grand and interesting as it is—nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.

The whole temple—its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches—is cut out from, and forms part of, the solid rock; and this rock, at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print, towers several hundred feet above, its face cut smooth to the very summit, and the top remaining wild and misshapen as Nature made it.

Ascending several broad steps, we entered under a colonnade of four Corinthian columns, about thirty-five feet high, into a large chamber of some fifty feet square and twenty-five feet high. The outside of the temple is richly ornamented, but the interior is perfectly plain, there being no ornament of any kind upon the walls or ceiling. On each of the three sides is a small chamber for the reception of the dead; and on the back wall of the innermost chamber I saw the names of several travellers. I was the first American who had ever been there. I confess that I felt what, I trust, was not an inexcusable pride, in writing upon the innermost wall of that temple the name of an American citizen.

In the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than three thousand persons. Above the corridor is a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petra.

Though I had no small experience in exploring catacombs and tombs, these were so different from any I had seen, that I found it difficult to distinguish the habitations of the living from the chambers of the dead. The architectural decorations of the front were everywhere handsome; and in this they differed materially from the tombs in Egypt. One of

the dwellings particularly attracted my attention. It consisted of one large chamber, having on one side, at the foot of the wall, a stone bench, about a foot high and two or three broad, in form like the divans in the East at the present day ; at the other end were several small apartments, hewn out of the rock, with partition-walls left between them, like stalls in a stable ; and these had probably been the sleeping apartments of the different members of the family. There were no paintings or decorations of any kind within the chamber ; but the rock out of which it was hewn, like the whole stony rampart that encircled the city, was of a beauty that I never saw elsewhere, being of a dark ground, with veins of white, blue, red, purple, and sometimes scarlet and light orange, running through it in rainbow streaks. Within the chambers, where there had been no exposure to the action of the elements, the freshness and beauty of the colours in which these waving lines were drawn, gave an effect hardly inferior to that of the paintings in the tombs of the kings at Thebes. From its high and commanding position, and the unusual finish of the work, this house—if so it may be called,—had, no doubt, been the residence of one who had strutted his hour of brief existence among the wealthy citizens of Petra.

The shades of evening were gathering around us, as we stood for the last time on the steps of the theatre. Perfect has been the fulfilment of the prophecy in regard to this desolate city. In the same day, and by the voice of the same prophets, came the separate denunciations against the descendants of Israel and Edom, declaring against both a complete change of their temporal condition ; but while the Jews have been dispersed in every country under heaven, and are still, in every land, a separate and unmixed people, “the Edomites have been cut off for ever, and there is not any remaining of the house of Esau.”

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## FRIENDSHIP.

ROBERT POLLOK.

MUCH beautiful, and excellent, and fair,  
Was seen beneath the sun ; but nought was seen



More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,  
 Than face of faithful friend ; fairest when seen  
 In darkest day : and many sounds were sweet,  
 Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear ;  
 But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend ;—  
 Sweet always, sweetest, heard in loudest storm.  
 Some I remember, and will ne'er forget ;  
 My early friends, friends of my evil day ;  
 Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;  
 Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;  
 My counsellors, my comforters and guides ;  
 My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;  
 Companions of my young desires ; in doubt,  
 My oracles ; my wings in high pursuit.

O ! I remember, and will ne'er forget,  
 Our meeting-spots, our chosen sacred hours,  
 Our burning words that uttered all the soul ;  
 Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;  
 Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope  
 Exulting, heart embracing heart entire !  
 As birds of social feather helping each  
 His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,  
 And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,  
 With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares ;  
 And talked the speech, and eat the food of heaven !  
 These I remember, these selectest men,  
 And would their names record ; but what avails  
 My mention of their name ? Before the Throne  
 They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,  
 For all are friends in heaven !

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## BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

[The battle of Cannæ was fought A.U.C. 538, A.C. 216, between the Carthaginians under Hannibal, and the Romans under Varro.]

At daybreak the Roman red ensign, the well-known signal for battle, was seen flying over Varro's head-quarters. Hannibal drew out his army opposite to the enemy ; and when he saw the wide open plain around him, and looked at his numerous and irresistible cavalry, and knew that his in-

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fantry, however inferior in numbers, were far better and older soldiers than the great mass of their opponents, he felt that defeat was impossible. In this confidence his spirits were not cheerful merely, but even mirthful; he rallied one of his officers jestingly, who noticed the overwhelming numbers of the Romans; those near him laughed; and, as any feeling at such a moment is contagious, the laugh was echoed by others; and the soldiers, seeing their great general in such a mood, were satisfied that he was sure of victory.

The Carthaginian army faced the north, so that the early sun shone on their right flank, while the wind, which blew strong from the south, but without a drop of rain, swept its clouds of dust over their backs, and carried them full into the faces of the enemy.

Meanwhile the masses of the Roman infantry were forming their line. The sun on their left flashed obliquely on their brazen helmets, now uncovered for battle, and lit up the waving forest of their red and black plumes, which rose upright from their helmets a foot and a half high.

For some reason, which is not explained in any account of the battle, the Roman infantry were formed in column rather than in line, so that though nearly double the number of the enemy, they yet formed a line of only equal length with Hannibal's.

The skirmishing of the light-armed troops, as usual, precluded the battle: the Balearian slingers slung their stones like hail into the ranks of the Roman line, and severely wounded the consul Æmilius himself. Then the Spanish and Gallic horse under the command of Hasdrubal charged the Romans front to front, and maintained a standing fight with them, many leaping off their horses and fighting on foot, till the Romans, outnumbered and badly armed, without cuirasses, with light and brittle spears, and with shields made only of ox-hide, were totally routed, and driven off the field. Hasdrubal chased the Romans along the river till he had almost destroyed them; and then, riding off to the right, he joined the Numidian horse, and charged fiercely upon the rear of the Roman infantry.

He found its huge masses already weltering in helpless confusion, crowded upon one another, totally disorganised, and fighting each man as he best could, but struggling on against all hope, by mere indomitable courage. The right and left converging towards the centre, the whole Roman army became one dense column, which forced its way on-

wards by the weight of its charge, till its advance had carried it into the midst of that of Hannibal. Whilst its head was struggling against the Gauls and Spaniards, its long flanks were fiercely assailed by the Africans, who, facing about to the right and left, charged it home, and threw it into utter disorder. In this state, when they were already falling by thousands, Hasdrubal, with his victorious horsemen, broke with thundering fury upon their rear. Then followed a slaughter such as has no recorded equal, except that of the Persians in their camp, when the Greeks forced it after the battle of Plataea. Unable to fight or fly, with no quarter asked or given, the Romans and Italians fell before the swords of their enemies, till, when the sun set upon the field, there were left out of eighty thousand no more than three thousand men alive and unwounded. The consul *Æmilius*, the proconsul *Servilius*, the late master of the horse *Minucius*, two *quæstors*, twenty-one military tribunes, and eighty senators, lay dead amidst the carnage.

One of Hannibal's generals, seeing what his cavalry had done, said to him, "Let me advance instantly with the horse, and do thou follow to support me; in four days from this time thou shalt sup in the capitol." There are moments when rashness is wisdom; and it may be that this was one of them. But Hannibal came not; and if panic had for one moment unnerved the iron courage of the Romans, on the next their inborn spirit revived; and their resolute will, striving beyond its present power, created, as is the law of our nature, the power it required.

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## AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail! thou noble land,  
Our Fathers' native soil;  
O stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,  
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er!

Though ages long have passed  
 Since our Fathers left their home,  
 Their pilot in the blast,  
 O'er untravelled seas to roam,—  
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !  
 And shall we not proclaim  
 That blood of honest fame,  
 Which no tyranny can tame  
 By its chains ?

While the language, free and bold,  
 Which the bard of Avon sung,  
 In which our Milton told  
 How the vault of heaven rung,  
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;  
 While this, with reverence meet,  
 Ten thousand echoes greet,  
 And from rock to rock repeat  
 Round our coast.

While the manners, while the arts,  
 That mould a nation's soul,  
 Still cling around our hearts,  
 Between let ocean roll ;  
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun :  
 Yet still, from either beach,  
 The voice of blood shall reach,  
 More audible than speech,  
 " We are one ! "

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## THE ISLAND

ANONYMOUS.

" Oh had I some sweet little isle of my own."—MOORE.

IF the author of the Irish Melodies had ever had a little isle so much his own as I have possessed, he might not have found it so sweet as the song anticipates. It has been my fortune, like Robinson Crusoe, to be thrown on such a desolate spot, and I felt so lonely, though I had a follower, that

I wish *Moore* had been there. I had the honour of being in that tremendous action off Finisterre, which proved the end of the earth to many a brave fellow. I was ordered with a boarding party forcibly to enter the Santissima Trinidad, but in the act of climbing into the quarter-gallery, which, however, gave no quarter,—was rebutted by the but-end of a marine's gun, who remained the quarter-master of the place. I fell senseless into the sea, and should no doubt have perished in the waters of oblivion, but for the kindness of John Monday, who picked me up to go adrift with him in one of the ship's boats. All our oars were carried away,—that is to say, we did not carry away any oars; and while shot was raining, our feeble hailing was unheeded. In short, as Shakspeare says, we were drifted off by “the current of a heady fight.” As may be supposed, our boat was anything but the jolly-boat, for we had no provisions to spare in the middle of an immense waste. We were, in fact, adrift in the cutter, with nothing to cut. We had not even junk for junketing, and nothing but salt-water, even if the wind should blow fresh. Famine indeed seemed to stare each of us in the face,—that is, we stared at one another. We were truly in a very disagreeable pickle, with oceans of brine and no beef, and, I fancy, we would have exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of flesh. No bread rose in the east, and in the opposite point we were equally disappointed. We could not compass a meal any how, but got mealy-mouthed, notwithstanding. We could see the sea-mews to the eastward, flying over what Byron calls the Gardens of Gull. We saw plenty of grampus, but they were useless to all intents and purposes, and we had no bait for catching a bottle-nose.

Time hung heavy on our hands, for our fast days seemed to pass very slowly, and our strength was rapidly sinking, from being so much afloat. Still we nourished Hope, though we had nothing to give her. But at last we lost all prospect of land, if one may so say when no land was in sight. The weather got thicker as we were getting thinner; and though we kept a sharp watch, it was a very bad look-out. We could see nothing before us but nothing to eat and drink. At last the fog cleared off, and we saw something like land right a-head, but, alas! the wind was in our teeth as well as in our stomachs. We could do nothing but keep her near, and as we could not keep ourselves full, we luckily suited the

course of the boat ; so that, after a tedious beating about—for the wind not only gives blows, but takes a great deal of beating—we came to an island. Here we landed, and our first impulse on coming to dry land was to drink. There was a little brook at hand to which we applied ourselves till it seemed actually to murmur at our inordinate thirst. Our next care was to look for some food, for though our hearts were full at our escape, the neighbouring region was dreadfully empty. We succeeded in getting some natives out of their bed, but with some difficulty got them open ; a common oyster-knife would have been worth the price of a sceptre. Our next concern was to look out for a lodging, and at last we discovered an empty cave, reminding me of an old inscription at Portsmouth, “The hole of this place to let.” We took the precaution of rolling some great stones to the entrance, for fear of last lodgers,—that some bear might come home from business, or a tiger to tea. Here, under the rock, we slept without rocking, and when, through the night’s failing, the day broke, we saw, with the first instalment of light, that we were upon a small desert isle, now for the first time an Isle of Man.

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## SOLITUDE.

H. K. WHITE.

It is not that my lot is low,  
That bids the silent tear to flow ;  
It is not grief that bids me moan,—  
It is, that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,  
When the tired hedger hies him home ;  
Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
When the pale star looks on its breast.

Yet, when the silent evening sighs,  
With hallowed airs and symphonies,  
My spirit takes another tone,  
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,  
It floats upon the water's bed ;  
I would not be a leaf, to die  
Without recording sorrow's sigh !

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,  
Tell all the same unvaried tale ;  
I've none to smile when I am free,  
And when I sigh, to sigh with me !

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me, and loves me too :  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone.

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## EARLY RISING.

ANONYMOUS.

EARLY rising is one of those good and proper habits which few, except invalids, dare openly to impugn—it has everything to recommend it, and nothing to retard it in public estimation, except that it is opposed to ease and self-indulgence—and yet how few people are there who systematically persevere in the habit ! It promotes health, punctuality, morals, and despatch both in study and business ; and yet it is not observed—a result which, we apprehend, arises from the very simple reason, that we do not pay the attention that we ought to all or any of these matters. At some stage of existence most persons have risen early, or resolved to do it ; but custom has become to them a second nature, and they contentedly plod on in their old way ; while others still cherish the idea of reform, although for the last few years, they have tried the experiment for a morning or two, and as regularly broken through it.

One half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it has often struck us that loiterers in bed would be surprised were they to see the revelations of morning life. At dawn of morn, an indescribable freshness floats over creation, which is discoverable at no other period of the day ; and, redolent with the buoyancy of healthy repose, the step is firm

and elastic, the eye clear, the mind unclouded, and the whole man generous and noble. In such a state, ordinary scenes would be enjoyed with high relish ; but the "incense-breathing" of the infant day, like all other kinds of infant beauty, has a sweetness of its own.

We may be mistaken, but we do not think that great crimes have usually been committed in the morning, which is a consideration of some importance. But not to dwell on that, or on the landscape beauty of vernal day, seeing that the one inquiry pertains to the statist and the other to the poet, we affirm that there is a pleasantness in the bustle of morning life which has a peculiar charm. The labourers go sturdily to their work, and do not drag their limbs as at night. At the sea side, the din of departing and arriving steam-boats is exhilarating ; and the waters seem instinct with life as they sparkle in crystal expanse, or as they are ploughed into green and white furrows by the sharp prows of the vessels which glide merrily on their surface. All operative undertakings have their attractions ; while to those who cultivate science, the rocks, flowers, shells, trees, birds, and fishes, are all so many different objects, in the great museum of nature, which invite the wanderer to study and improvement. Golf, cricket, and archery, have healthy charms for the young and the robust ; and, indeed, except bird-nesting and bird-shooting, we know none of the usual occupations of the morning which are objectionable. All these, however, are for recreation ; and those who have business should mind it in the morning—although we cannot help saying that there must be something wrong where a man works more than twelve hours a day, as, with proper regard to method, and to the discharge of relative duty, he should be perfectly able, on an average, to get through all necessary business within that period.

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### DIRGE OF WALLACE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,  
And chanted their holiest hymn ;  
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,  
Her eye was all sleepless and dim !



And the Lady of Elderslie wept for her Lord,  
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,  
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,  
And the raven had flapped at her window-board,  
To tell of her warrior's doom!

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,  
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,  
That a trumpet of death, on an English tower,  
Had the dirge of her champion sung!  
When his dungeon-light looked dim and red  
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,  
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;  
No weeping there was when his bosom bled—  
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear  
Was true to that knight forlorn:  
And hosts of a thousand were scattered, like deer,  
At the blast of the hunter's horn:  
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field  
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;  
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield—  
And the sword that seemed fit for Archangel to wield  
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though her Wallace wight  
For his long-loved country die,  
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight  
Than Wallace of Elderslie!  
But the day of his glory shall never depart,  
His head unentombed shall with glory be palmed,  
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;  
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,  
A nobler was never embalmed!

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## HUMOUROUS EXTRACTS.

SYDNEY SMITH.

**LITERARY PROCRASTINATION.**—A great deal of talent is lost on the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only

remained obscure, because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort ; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances : it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards ; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age,—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice.

HUMOUR.—To see a young officer of eighteen years of age come into company in full uniform, and with such a wig as is worn by grave and respectable clergymen advanced in years, would make everybody laugh, because it certainly is a very unusual combination of objects, and such as would not atone for its novelty by any particular purpose of utility to which it was subservient. It is a complete instance of incongruity. Add ten years to the age of this incongruous officer, the incongruity would be very faintly diminished ;—make him eighty years of age, and a celebrated military character of the last reign, and the incongruity almost entirely vanishes : I am not sure that we should not be rather more disposed to *respect* the peculiarity than to laugh at it. As you increase the incongruity, you increase the humour ; as you diminish it, you diminish the humour. If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh ; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath.

Here, every incident heightens the humour of the scene—the gaiety of his dress, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage! But if, instead of this, we were to observe a dustman falling into the mud, it would hardly attract any attention, because the opposition of ideas is so trifling, and the incongruity so slight.

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## LA PÉROUSE.

FRANCES BROWN.

[La Pérouse was a French navigator who undertook a voyage of discovery to the South Seas in 1785. He was heard of in 1788, but not afterwards; and it has since been ascertained that the two vessels comprising the expedition, were lost on different islands of the New Hebrides,—all hands having perished.]

His country's banner to the gale  
The sea-bound warrior gave,  
And gathered to his spreading sail  
The noble, wise, and brave :  
And hope went with the young and gay,  
Who left their sunny shore  
For isles of promise far away,—  
But ne'er were heard of more !

Yet far their ocean chief had been,  
In sunlight, storm, and gloom,—  
On every shore his flag was seen—  
But who hath seen his tomb !  
The stars of night and dews of morn  
Earth's seasons still restore,—  
But the land looked long for their return—  
They ne'er were heard of more !

Oh ! had they found, mid trackless sea,  
Some glorious land, enshrined,  
Where lived no lingering memory  
Of all they left behind !—  
For many a brave bark sought, in vain,  
Their wandering to explore,—  
By day or night, on land or main,  
They ne'er were heard of more !

Time passed away—on darkest hair  
 It brought the snow of years,—  
 Till faith had ceased her fruitless prayer,  
 And love forgot her tears :  
 And wasted heart and weary hand  
 The grave alike closed o'er,—  
 Dark things were known of every land—  
*They ne'er were heard of more !*

Alas ! their land, beyond the waves,  
 Hath felt both sword and flame,—  
 And given her brave to stranger-graves,  
 Who left her deathless fame !—  
 But still, though tried and tempest-tost  
 As none have been before,  
 She keeps the memory of the lost,—  
 Who ne'er were heard of more !

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### THE LIFE OF THE EARTH.

SIR D. BREWSTER.

MARK our planet's power of locomotion in its diurnal movement, and in its annual course, the dignity of its march, the fidelity with which it keeps its appointments, and the even tenor of its way as it wheels its ethereal round. Behold the variety of its dress, the verdant drapery of spring, the flowery robe of summer, the russet mantle of autumn, and the eider-down of its snowy coverlet. See the flash of its eye in the auroras, and fire-columns in the volcanic flame, or in the lightning's blaze. Hear its gentle voice in the murmurs of its granite rocks, the tinkling of its driven sand, the murmurs of its waters, or its louder strain in the roar of its foaming breakers, and the awful diapason of its subterraneous thunder. Listen to its breathing in the gaseous elements, which exhale from its pores, or in the suffocating vapours which rush from its burning lungs.

Nor is this *earth-life* a mere name to please the imagination and scare the judgment. The globe, which it animates, has a real dynamical existence, instinct with vital power, sustained from perennial resources, and wielding inexhaustible energies. No created arm is needed to

repair its mechanism, no human skill to direct its operations. The mighty steam power, which works the wonders of our age, is but man's tool, useless unless he guides it, dead unless he feeds it. But the locomotive giant, which carries us on its shoulders, is framed by an abler artist, and poised by a mightier arm. It affords to man's mortal being a pilgrim home—at first a cradle, at last a grave. It is the nursery, too, of his race, the gymnasium for the development of his intellectual powers, the elysium of his enjoyments. But while thus the self-supplied store-house for his physical wants, it is tributary also to his spiritual necessities. It is the grand penitentiary of the moral world, in which are bred the spirits, and secreted the hearts, of its inmates; and, according to the efficacy of its discipline, it may prove either the gloomy prison car which conducts to judgment, or the triumphal chariot which transports to victory.

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## THE OSTRICH.

MARY HOWITT.

Not in the land of a thousand flowers;  
Not in the glorious spice-wood bowers;  
Not in fair islands by seas embraced,  
Lives the wild ostrich, the bird of the waste.

Come to the desert—his dwelling is there,  
Where the breath of the simoom is hot in the air—  
To the desert, where never a green blade grew,  
Where never its shadow a broad tree threw,  
Where sands rise up, and in columns are wheeled  
By the winds of the desert, like hosts in the field;  
Where the wild ass sends forth a dissonant bray,  
And the herds of the wild horse speed on through the day—  
The creatures unbroken, with manes flying free,  
Like the steeds of the whirlwind, if such there may be.

Yes, there in the desert, like armies for war,  
The flocks of the ostrich are seen from afar,  
Speeding on, speeding on o'er the desolate plain,  
While the fleet mounted Arab pursueth in vain!

But 'tis joy to the traveller who toils through the land,  
The egg of the ostrich to find in the sand ;  
'Tis sustenance for him when his store is low,  
And weary with travel he journeyeth slow  
To the well of the desert, and finds it at last  
Seven days' journey from that he hath passed.

Or go to the Caffreland,—what if you meet  
A print in the sand, of the strong lion's feet !  
He is down in the thicket, asleep in his lair ;  
Come to the desert, the ostrich is there—  
There ! where the zebras are flying in haste,  
The herd of the ostrich comes down o'er the waste—  
Half running, half flying—what progress they make !  
Twang the bow ! not the arrow their flight can o'ertake !  
Strong bird of the wild, thou art gone like the wind,  
And thou leavest the cloud of thy speeding behind ;  
Fare thee well ! in thy desolate region, farewell ;  
With the giraffe and lion, we leave thee to dwell !

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#### CHAPTER IN GOLDSMITH'S EARLY LIFE.—No. I.

[Having saved thirty pounds while tutor in a family, Goldsmith purchased a spirited horse, and set out on a travelling excursion. After several weeks' absence, he returned penniless, mounted on a sorry pony which he had nicknamed Fiddle-back. His mother having been displeased, the following humorous letter was sent to her by way of apology.]

MY Dear Mother,—If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddle-back, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight, and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks ; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country ; and my friend the captain never enquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I

employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious ; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddle-back, and bade adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles ; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. "We shall," said he, "enjoy the delights both of city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse."

However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and, therefore, parted with the half of all my store ; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her ! However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog ; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his nightcap, nightgown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to perfect his recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole

soul ; I opened to him all my distresses ; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket ; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands like one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening ; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologised that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house ; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful ; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark*. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp, that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

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## A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

R. HERRICK.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell ;  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather proof ;  
Under the spars of which, I lie  
Both soft and dry.



Where thou, my chamber still to ward,  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and kee;  
Me, while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my fate,  
Both void of state ;  
Yet is the threshold of my door  
Worn by the poor,  
Who hither come, and freely get  
Good words or meat.  
Like as my parlour, so my hall,  
And kitchen small ;  
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar,  
Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coal I sit,  
And glow like it.  
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,  
The pulse is thine,  
And all those other bits that be  
There placed by thee.  
The worts, the purslain, and the mess  
Of water cress,  
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent :  
And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved beet,  
To be more sweet.  
'Tis thou that crownest my glittering hearth  
With guiltless mirth ;  
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand,  
That sows my land :  
All this, and better, dost thou send  
Me, for this end ;  
That I should render for my part,  
A thankful heart,  
Which, fired with incense, I resign  
As wholly thine :  
But the acceptance—that must be,  
O Lord, by thee.

## CHAPTER IN GOLDSMITH'S EARLY LIFE.—No. II.

THE Lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible ; accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution ; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. “To be sure,” said he, “the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends ; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of the foolish expedition you have made.” Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown. I begged to borrow a single guinea, which, I assured him, should be repaid with thanks. “And you know, sir,” said I, “it is no more than I have done for you.” To this he firmly answered, “Why, look you, Mr Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you ; sell your horse, and I will furnish you a much better one to ride on.” I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag ; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. “Here he is,” said he ; “take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother’s with more safety than such a horse as you ride.” I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate ; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself ; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no farther communication with my hospitable friend ; but at the solicitation of both, I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives : one, that I was preju-

diced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor ; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I never should re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies ; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls for his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord ; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them ; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. Every day I endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home ; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

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### THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

MRS SOUTHEY.

TREAD softly—bow the head—  
In reverent silence bow—  
No passing bell doth toll,  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,  
With lowly reverence bow ;  
There's one in that poor shed—  
One by that paltry bed,  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
 Lo! death doth keep his state :  
 Enter—no crowds attend—  
 Enter—no guards defend  
*This* palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold  
 No smiling courtiers tread ;  
 One silent woman stands  
 Lifting with meagre hands  
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—  
 An infant wail alone ;  
 A sob suppressed—again  
 That short deep gasp, and then  
 The parting groan.

Oh ! change—oh ! wondrous change—  
 Burst are the prison bars—  
 This moment *there*, so low,  
 So agonized, and *now*  
 Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !  
 There lies the soulless clod ;  
 The sun eternal breaks—  
 The new immortal wakes—  
 Wakes with his God.

## GREEKS AND TURKS.

AUBREY DE VERE.

IN few parts of the world is there to be found so comely a race as the modern Greeks. They possess, almost always, fine features, invariably fine heads and flashing eyes ; and their forms and gestures have a noble grace about them,

which in less favoured climes is seldom to be met with, even among the higher ranks. A Greek never stands in an ungraceful position; indeed his bearing often deserves to be called majestic; but his inward gifts seldom correspond with his outward aspect. The root of the evil is, that the Greeks are a *false* people. Seldom, even by accident, do they say the thing that is; and never are they ashamed of being detected in a lie. Such a character hardly contains the elements of moral amelioration. Experience is lost upon it. Those who are false to others are false to themselves also; neither time nor suffering can teach them a lesson which ingenuity and self-love are not able to evade. They are also greatly deficient in industry. They do not care to improve their condition; their wants are few, and they will do little work beyond that of picking up the olives which fall from the tree. These the women carry home in baskets, almost all the labour falling on them, while the men idle away their unhallowed holiday, in telling stories, walking in procession, or showing as much diplomacy, in some bargain about some trifle, as an ambassador could display in settling the affairs of Europe.

I visited, with equal surprise and satisfaction, an Athenian school, which contained 700 pupils, taken from every class of society. The poorer classes were gratuitously instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the girls in needlework likewise. The progress which the children had made was very remarkable; but what particularly pleased me was that air of bright alertness and good-humoured energy which belonged to them, and which made every task appear a pleasure. The greatest punishment which can be inflicted on an Athenian child is exclusion from school, though but for a day. About seventy of the children belonged to the higher classes, and were instructed in music, drawing, the modern languages, the ancient Greek, and geography. I was much struck by their oriental cast of countenance, their dark complexions, their flashing eyes, and that expression at once apprehensive and meditative which is so much more remarkable in children than in those of a more mature age.

The slow and heavy oxen, that commonly draw the carriages, do not differ more from the agile horses of Attica than do the Turks from the Athenians, a contrast by which I was, no doubt, the more impressed on account of my recent residence at Athens. In place of the merry laugh, the flashing

eye, and the elastic gait, there was in each Turk whom I met an expression of melancholy self-possession, which could hardly have been more pronounced had he been invariably under the influence of opium. In place of any active game, the everlasting pipe, long or short, crooked or straight, was the resource of those who had no other occupation, and of many who had. Buying and selling, bargaining and conversing, seemed to be carried on in a state of somnambulism. Pleasure itself seemed a serious thing, and conserve of roses was handed to the customer with an air of heavy sedateness. "Eat," seemed the silent address of the Mussulman, "eat, O true believer, before you die!"

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### THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

[Fought in 1315 between the Austrians and the Swiss.]

MRS HEMANS.

THE wine month shone in its golden prime,  
And the red grapes clustering hung,  
But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,  
Than the vintage music rung—  
A sound through vaulted cave,  
A sound through echoing glen,  
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;  
'Twas the tread of steel-girt men!

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,  
'Mid the ancient rocks was blown,  
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war  
With a thousand of their own.  
And through the forest glooms,  
Flashed helmets to the day,  
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,  
Like pine-boughs in their play.

And a band, the noblest band of all,  
Through the rude Morgarten strait,  
With blazoned streamers, and lances tall,  
Moved onward in princely state.

They came, with heavy chains,  
For the race despised so long ;  
But, amid his Alp domains,  
The herdsman's arm is strong !

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn,  
When they entered the rock defile,  
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn,  
Their bugles rung the while ;  
But on the misty height,  
Where the mountain people stood,  
There was stillness as of night,  
When storms at distance brood :

The pass was filled with their serried power,  
All helmed, and mail-arrayed ;  
And their steps had sounds like a thunder shower,  
In the rustling forest shade.  
There were prince and crested knight,  
Hemmed in by cliff and flood,  
When a shout arose from the misty height,  
Where the mountain people stood.

And the mighty rocks come bounding down,  
Their startled foes among,  
With a joyous whirl from the summit throne—  
Oh ! the herdsman's arm is strong !  
They came like Lauwine hurled,  
From Alp to Alp in play,  
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,  
And the pines are borne away.

The larch-woods crashed on the mountain side,  
For the Switzers rushed from high,  
With a sudden charge on the flower and pride  
Of the Austrian chivalry :  
Like hunters of the deer,  
They stormed the narrow dell,  
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,  
Was the arm of William Tell !

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,  
When the Austrian turned to fly,  
The brave, in the trampling multitude,  
Had a fearful death to die!  
The leader of the war  
At eve unhelmed was seen,  
With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,  
And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills,  
Went back from the battle toil,  
To their cabin homes, 'midst the deep green hills,  
All burdened with royal spoil.  
There were songs and festal fires  
On the soaring Alps that night,  
When children sprang to greet their sires  
From the wild Morgarten fight.

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### BURKE'S ADDRESS TO THE BRISTOL ELECTORS.

[Burke represented Bristol from 1774 to 1780. He announced himself as a candidate at the election in the latter year, but withdrew on a poll being demanded.]

I DECLINE the election.—It has ever been my rule through life, to observe a proportion between my efforts and my objects. I have never been remarkable for a bold, active, and sanguine pursuit of advantages that are personal to myself.

I have not canvassed the whole of this city in form. But I have taken such a view of it as satisfies my own mind, that your choice will not ultimately fall upon me. Your city, Gentlemen, is in a state of miserable distraction; and I am resolved to withdraw whatever share my pretensions may have had in its unhappy divisions. I have not been in haste; I have tried all prudent means; I have waited for the effect of all contingencies. If I were fond of a contest, by the partiality of my numerous friends (whom you know to be among the most weighty and respectable people of the city), I have the means of a sharp one in my hands. But I thought it far better, with my strength unspent, and my reputation unimpaired, to do, early and from foresight, that which I might be obliged to do from necessity at last.



I am not in the least surprised, or in the least angry, at this view of things. I have read the book of life for a long time, and I have read other books a little. Nothing has happened to me, but what has happened to better men, and in times and in nations quite as good as the age and country that we live in. To say that I am no way concerned, would be neither decent nor true. The representation of Bristol was an object on many accounts dear to me; and I certainly should very far prefer it to any other in the kingdom. My habits are made to it; and it is in general more unpleasant to be rejected after long trial, than not to be chosen at all.

But, Gentlemen, I will see nothing except your former kindness, and I will give way to no other sentiments than those of gratitude. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you have done for me. You have given me a long term, which is now expired. I have performed the conditions, and enjoyed all the profits to the full; and I now surrender your estate into your hands without being in a single tile or in a single stone impaired or wasted by my use. I have served the public for fifteen years. I have served you in particular for six. What is passed is well stored: it is safe, and out of the power of fortune. What is to come, is in wiser hands than ours; and He, in whose hands it is, best knows whether it is best for you and me that I should be in Parliament, or even in the world.

It has been usual for a candidate who declines, to take his leave by a letter to the sheriffs; but I received your trust in the face of day; and in the face of day I accept your dismissal. I am not,—I am not at all ashamed to look upon you; nor can my presence discompose the order of business here. I humbly and respectfully take my leave of the sheriffs, the candidates, and the electors; wishing heartily that the choice may be for the best, at a time which calls, if ever time did call, for service that is not nominal. It is no plaything you are about. I tremble when I consider the trust I have presumed to ask. I confided, perhaps, too much in my intentions. They were really fair and upright; and I am bold to say, that I ask no ill thing for you, when on parting from this place, I pray that whomsoever you choose to succeed me, he may resemble me exactly in all things, except in my abilities to serve, and my fortune to please you.

## SUNSET.

W. CLAPPERTON.

How sweet, my friend, it is to rove,  
Now when the gorgeous sun, descending,  
Pours streams of gold on hill and grove,  
To nature richest beauty lending!

Yon clouds against the west that lie,  
How bright their ample skirts are glowing!  
While fancy views their magic dye,  
And still some mimic form bestowing—

In mountains now beholds them tost,  
Or palaces, the gaze delighting;  
Or golden dells; or rocks embost;  
Or fairy groves the most inviting—

Where happiness is ever found;  
Where human woes, and tears, and sighing,  
Can never come—but joys abound,  
And soft the rosy hours are flying.

Meet emblem of that heaven so bright,  
Where saints their choral hymns are swelling—  
O may we stretch at last our flight,  
And find, my friend, that happy dwelling!

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POETRY OF SCIENCE.

GEORGE WILSON, M.D.

If you will believe some, whose zeal is not according to knowledge, science is antagonistic to poetry. The diamond is for the chemist no better than lamp black. The sapphire and the ruby only crystallized clay. The Medicean Venus, and the Apollo Belvidere, "the statue that enchants the world," "the god of the unerring bow," are interesting to him only

as grand stalactites, curious solely because each of them contains twenty-two parts of carbonic acid, and twenty-eight of lime. A thunder storm has for him neither terror, nor beauty, nor sublimity. It is only the union of so much positive and negative electricity. If you go with him to his laboratory, he will show you it all with his glass machine or his voltaic battery. It is true it will be on a somewhat smaller scale. "The fire and cracks of sulphurous roaring" will be rather dim and faint, and the "thunder, that deep and dreadful organ pipe," will be somewhat shrill. But you can set off against this, that you may sit comfortably at the fireside, and see and hear it all, without risk of danger from the lightning, or any fear of wetting from the thunder-plump.

That sea, which in other men's minds gives birth to so many deep and unspeakable emotions—that sea which recalls to all others, Miriam's rejoicing song when Pharaoh and his host "sank as lead in the mighty waters"—that sea which the ten thousand Greeks welcomed with so glad and exulting a shout, when, foot-sore and weary, they beheld it again—that sea which wrecked a Spanish Armada, and saved us from becoming the prey of the spoiler—that sea whereon the fleets of the nations have careered; which carried the ship of Columbus to a new hemisphere, and wafted Vasco de Gama round the Cape of Storms; which bore the little May flower and the Puritan fathers to the unshackled freedom of the New World, and has floated so many other vessels from Noah's Ark down to the Queen's Fairy steamer—that sea, with its Archimedes-screw steamboats, and its missionary barques, its goodly merchant ships, and gallant men-of-war; with its battles of the Nile, and its battles of the Baltic, its glories of Camperdown, and mournful triumph of Trafalgar. Shakspeare's "wild and wasteful ocean," Coleridges "silent sea," Shelley's "sunny sea," Wordsworth's "everlasting sea," Byron's "deep sea," with "music in its roar," Campbell's sea, where "our flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"—the Bride of Venice, whom poetry, and painting, and sculpture, and music, have never grown weary of adorning. What is this "great sea" to the chemist? Why, only a great pool or puddle, filled with a solution of table salt and Epsom salts.

To these declarations, that the "looks and thoughts" of the chemist, like those of Milton's Mammon before he fell from his first estate, are "always downward bent, admiring

more the riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, than aught divine or holy," what can I answer? I would reply, "I am a chemist. Hath not a chemist eyes? Hath not a chemist hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as the poet is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us, will we not revenge?" The revenge we take, is to affirm that between the true poet and the true philosopher, there never has been, or can be, cause of feud. It has been the poetaster on the one hand, the dabbler in science on the other, who have involved the lovers of truth and of beauty in a most needless and foolish dispute.

All things in nature are like Janus, two-faced, and have a double aspect for us. In the one, they are plain facts calmly apprehended by the cool intellect; in the other, they are truths which set heart and brain on fire.

A hallelujah chorus, considered in the one aspect, is the result of certain aerial pulses, set in motion by the vibration of tubes of wood and of metal; is the sum of certain effects produced by a stream of wind modulated by levers, and wires and stops, and valves, and keys and pedals, moved by the fingers and feet of the performer, and accompanied by the voices of singing men and singing women. Considered in the other light, it is a glorious combination of sounds the most melodious and harmonic, which stir our souls from their inmost depths, and fill our hearts with awe and wonder. In like manner, the sea is in one sense only so much water saturated with salts; in another it is the mirror and image of the Eternal; and we cannot find words adequate even to so much as the naming of the indescribable feelings which it kindles within us.

Poetry and science then stand in direct contrast, but not in opposition to each other. The aim of science is truth. The desire of poetry is beauty; and in a glorious sense, all truth is beautiful, and all beauty is true. It is not necessary to destroy the truth, before we can discern the beauty,—to bid farewell to the beauty, before we can discover the truth. Poetry no more requires that science shall be annihilated before it can flourish, than music asks that painting shall be abolished, in order that it may come into being.

## NIGHT THOUGHTS.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,—  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;  
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.  
Silence, how dead,—and darkness how profound!  
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;  
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse  
Of life stood still; and nature made a pause—  
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

Silence and darkness, solemn sisters, twins  
From ancient Night—who nurse the tender thought  
To reason, and on reason build resolve—  
That column of true majesty in man—  
Assist me! I will thank you in the grave.  
But what are ye?

Thou who didst put to flight  
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,  
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;  
Even thou, whose word from solid darkness struck  
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul—  
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,  
As misers to their gold, while others rest.  
Oh, lead my mind through scenes of life and death,  
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire;  
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song.  
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will,  
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve  
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time,  
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours.  
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.

How much is to be done? My hopes and fears  
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss,  
 A dread eternity: how surely mine!

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
 How passing wonder He who made him such—  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity,  
 An heir of glory, a frail child of dust,  
 Helpless immortal, insect infinite,  
 A worm, a god!—I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost: how reason reels!  
 Oh, what a miracle to man is man!

## BENEFITS OF CIVILIZATION.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

If a man despair of reaping the fruits of his labour, he will not undertake it to benefit his enemies. For the development of industry, the union of means and will is required. The means may be destroyed, and yet the will be not only not paralyzed, but not even weakened. With regard to a nation, its *means* never can be destroyed; long before its final term, the mischief must have reached the *will* of its inhabitants.

The disposition for industry, in men accustomed to it, is excited by so many stimulants, that it resists a multitude of losses; a passing calamity, however great, cannot quench its spirit. After wars that impoverished nations, industry has sprung up again, like a robust oak, after a tempest, covering itself with new leaves. The freezing up of industry demands nothing less than the operation of some permanent domestic cause—such as a severe tyranny, bad legislation, an intolerant religion that repels men from each other, or a minute superstition which terrifies them. The first act of violence will produce some degree of apprehension; the second outrage will spread alarm. Prudent men will contract their enterprises, with a view to abandon an uncertain career. The attacks are repeated: the dispersion augments; those who fly are not replaced; those who remain fall into a state of languor. It is thus that the field of industry, beaten upon by storms, becomes at last a desert.

Asia-Minor, Greece, and Egypt, countries so great in ancient times—what have they become under the despotism of the Turk? The palaces are changed to cabins, and the cities to small towns, the government possessing only two secrets for governing—to drain and to brutalize its subjects. Wasted, barren, and almost abandoned, these finest countries in the world can now scarcely be recognised. For these evils we need not seek remote causes, such as civil wars or invasions; these might have dissipated the wealth, put the arts to flight, and destroyed the cities; but the ports and roads that have been filled up would have been re-opened, the manufactures revived, the towns rebuilt, and all ravages repaired in the course of time, if the men had continued to be men. They are not so; in those unhappy countries, despair,—the slow but fatal effect of insecurity,—has paralyzed all the active powers of their souls. If we trace the history of the contagion, we shall see that its first effects fell on the richest part of society. Superfluity vanished by little and little. But abundance is never so distinct from bare subsistence, that the one can be injured without a dangerous attack upon the other; whilst some lose only what is superfluous, others lose what is necessary.

A more pleasing and no less instructive picture may be traced of the progress of security, and its companion prosperity. In North America, savage life is placed by the side of civilization. The interior of this region presents a frightful solitude; dense forests or barren tracts, stagnant waters, noxious exhalations, venomous reptiles—such is the land when left to itself. Barbarous hordes, without fixed habitation, traversing these deserts in pursuit of their prey, always filled with implacable rivalry, meet only to attack and destroy each other; so that the wild beasts are not so dangerous to man as man to himself. But on the borders of these solitudes, what a different prospect! One could almost believe that he sees, at one view, the two empires of good and evil. The forests have given place to cultivated fields; the morass is dried up—is become solid land—is covered with meadows, pastures, domestic animals, cheerful and healthy habitations; cities have risen upon regular plans; roads are traced between them; everything shows that men are drawing near to one another—that they no longer dread or murder each other. The ports are filled with vessels receiving the products of the soil, and serving to exchange its riches; a mul-

titude, living in peace and abundance, have succeeded to the nations of hunters who were always struggling between war and famine. What has produced these wonders? What has here renovated the earth? What has given to man this dominion over embellished and fruitful nature? The benevolent genius is security—*security* has wrought out this great metamorphosis.

If violent causes—such as a revolution, a schism, a conquest—produce the overthrow of property, it is a sad calamity. However, industry is a vigorous plant that resists numerous loppings, and in which the genial sap rises again at the return of spring. But if property be overthrown with the direct intention of establishing an equality of fortune, the evil is irreparable; society must relapse into the savage state from which it arose. If equality ought to reign to-day, it ought to reign always. The same violence by which it was established, could alone preserve it. It would require an army of inquisitors and executioners—deaf to favouritism, to complaint, to pleasure, to personal interest—in short, endowed with all virtues, and engaged in a service that would destroy them all. It would require in them watchfulness to smooth down whatever rose above the legal level, to supply the lack of those who had dissipated their portion, and to strip those who by means of labour had augmented theirs. In such a state of things, prodigality would be wisdom, and none but madmen would be diligent. This pretended remedy for all evils would thus be found a deadly poison—a burning cautery, consuming everything, till it reached the last principles of life. The sword of the enemy, in its wildest fury, is a thousand times less to be dreaded; for that causes only partial evils, which time can efface, and industry repair.

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### EPITAPH

ON THE TOMBSTONE ERECTED OVER THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA'S  
LEG AT WATERLOO.

GEORGE CANNING.

HERE rests—and let no saucy knave  
Presume to sneer and laugh,  
To learn that mouldering in the grave  
Is laid—a British *calf*.



And here five little ones repose,  
Twin-born with other five,  
Unheeded by their brother *toes*,  
Who now are all *alive*.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,  
Rest here of one commanding,  
Who, though his wits he might retain,  
Lost half his understanding.

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,  
Poured bullets thick as hail,—  
Could only in this way be taught  
To give the foe *leg-bail*;

And now in England, just as gay  
As in the battle brave,  
Goes to the rout, review, or play,  
*With one foot in the grave*.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite;  
For he will still be found,  
Should England's sons engage in fight,  
Resolved to *stand his ground*.

For Fortune's pardon I must beg—  
She meant not to disarm;  
And when she lopped the hero's leg,  
She did not seek his *h-arm*;

And but indulged a harmless whim;  
Since he could walk with one,  
She saw two legs were lost on him,  
Who never meant to *run*.

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## ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC.

ANONYMOUS.

ONE morning, earlier than the usual time of rising, the steward awakened us with the news that icebergs were close at hand. This was charming intelligence, for, so late in the

season, they are but rarely met with. We were all soon on deck, and for a worthy object. One was a grand object, with two great domes, each as large as that of St Paul's; the lower part was like frosted silver. Where the heat of the sun had melted the surface, and it had frozen again, in its gradual decay it had assumed all sorts of angular and fantastic shapes, reflecting from its green, transparent mass, thousands of prismatic colours, while, below, the gentle swell dallied with its cliff-like sides. The action of the waves had worn away a great portion of the base over the water into deep nooks and caves, destroying the balance of the mass. While we were passing, the crisis of this tedious process chanced to arrive; the huge white rock tottered for a moment, then fell into the calm sea with a sound like the roar of a thousand cannon, the spray rose to a great height into the air, and large waves rolled round, spreading their wide circles over the ocean, each ring diminishing till at length they sank to rest. When the spray had fallen again, the glittering domes had vanished, and a long, low island of rough ice and snow lay on the surface of the water.

There is something impressive and dismal in the fate of these cold and lonely wanderers of the deep. They break loose, by some great effort of nature, from the shores and rivers of the unknown regions of the north, where for centuries, perhaps, they have been accumulating, and commence their dreary voyage, which has no end but annihilation. For years they may wander in the Polar Sea, till some strong gale or current bears them past its iron limits; then, by the predominance of winds and waters to the south, they float past the desolate coasts of Newfoundland. Already the summer sun makes sad havoc on their strength, melting their lofty heights; but each night's frost binds up what is left, and still on, on glides the great mass, slowly, solemnly. You cannot perceive that it stirs; the greatest storm does not rock it, the keenest eye cannot discover a motion; but, moment by moment, day by day, it passes to the south, where it wastes away and vanishes at last.

In June and July they are most numerous in these seas, and there is often much danger from their neighbourhood in the dark, moonless nights; but the thermometer, if consulted, will always indicate their approach; it fell eight degrees when we neared the iceberg which I have now described, and the cold was sensibly felt.

## EVENING SERVICE.

JOHN BOWRING, LL.D.

THE cold wind strips the yellow leaf,  
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us !  
All nature wears her garb of grief,  
While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased,—and busy men  
Are to their beds of silence creeping ;  
The pale, cold moon looks out again  
On the tired world so softly sleeping.

O ! in an hour so still as this,  
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,  
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—  
To meek devotion's holy feeling ;

And rise to thee—to thee, whose hand  
Unrolled the golden map of heaven ;  
Mantled with beauty all the land ;  
Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might  
The laws of countless worlds disposes ;  
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light—  
Their beauty to the blushing roses :

Thou, Ruler of our destiny !  
With million gifts hast thou supplied us,  
Hid from our view futurity,  
Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Though dark may be earth's vale and damp,  
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,  
And immortality's pure lamp  
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene  
Sweet tones from heaven are softly speaking ;  
Celestial music breathes between,  
The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade  
Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadness ;  
And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,  
Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

This joy be ours !—our weeks shall roll—  
And let them roll—our bark is driven  
Safe to its harbour—and our soul  
Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

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## CHRISTIANITY THE SAFEGUARD OF FREEDOM.

LORD ERSKINE.

I CALL for reverence to the Scriptures,—not from their *merits*, unbounded as they are, but from their *authority* in a christian country. For my own part, I have been ever devoted to the truths of Christianity ; and my belief in the gospel is by no means owing to the prejudices of education—though I was religiously educated by the best of parents—but it has arisen from the fullest reflection of my riper years. It forms, at this moment, the great consolation of a life which, as a shadow, passes away ; and, without it, I should consider my long course of health and prosperity—too long, perhaps, to be good for any man—only as the dust that the wind scatters, and rather as a snare than a blessing.

I am well aware that, by a *free press*, all the errors of mankind, from age to age, have been dispelled. I recollect that the world, under the banners of Christianity, has struggled through persecution to the noble eminence on which it stands at this moment, shedding the blessings of humanity and science on the nations of the earth. As infallibility and perfection belong neither to human individuals nor to human establishments, it is the policy of all free nations, and peculiarly of our own, to permit unbounded freedom of discussion,

and even the detection of errors in the constitution of the government itself. By well-intentioned, modest, and dignified communication of sentiments and opinions, all nations have been improved, and milder laws and purer religions have been established. This rational and legal course of improvement has been recognized and ratified by our laws. The English constitution does not stop short in the toleration of religious *opinions*, but liberally extends it to *practice*; so that decorum be observed, which every state must exact from its subjects, though it impose no restraint upon any intellectual composition, fairly, honestly, and decently addressed to the consciences and understandings of men. The changes produced by the reciprocation of light and intelligence, make their way by the irresistible power of truth.

You find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings; all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature—our Newton, our Locke, our Milton—though divided by distant ages and clashing opinions—join in one sublime chorus to celebrate the truths of Christianity. Under what other auspices than those of Christianity, have the subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been re-asserted? By what zeal, but that of devout Christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated? Under what other sanctions, even in our own day, have liberty and happiness been spreading to the utmost corners of the earth? The people of Britain are a religious people, and with the blessing of God, so far as it is in my power, I will lend my aid to keep them so.

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## THE STUDENT OF NATURE.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Move not the man, who, from the world escaped,  
In still retreats and flowery solitudes,  
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, through the revolving year;  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;  
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

He, when young spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshened soul ; her genial hours  
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.  
In summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, of these  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;  
Or what she dictates writes : and oft an eye,  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

When autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends  
With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams  
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.  
Even winter wild to him is full of bliss :  
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,  
Disclosed and kindled by refining frost,  
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.  
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
O'er land and sea the imagination roams ;  
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers.  
The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace  
Of prattling children, twisted round his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth  
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;  
For happiness and true philosophy  
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.  
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life  
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !

## THE HURRICANE.

J. J. AUDUBON.

I HAD left the village of Shawaney, situate on the banks of the Ohio. The weather at first was pleasant; but as my horse was jogging quietly along, I suddenly remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake; but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to halt near a brook, and dismount to quench my thirst.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. Rising to my feet, and looking toward the south-west, I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Turning instinctively towards the direction in which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, the noblest trees of the forest bending their lofty heads, and, unable to stand against the blast, fall into pieces. First the branches broke off with a crackling noise, then the upper part of the trunks went down, and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground.

So rapid was the progress of the storm that, before I could think of taking measures to secure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bowing and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust, that moved through the air, was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with

fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins. This space, which marked the path of the tempest, was about a fourth of a mile in breadth. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataract of Niagara; and as it howled along in the tract of the desolating tempest, produced in my mind a feeling which it is impossible to describe.

The force of the hurricane was now over, though millions of twigs and small branches were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue; and there was diffused through the atmosphere an extremely disagreeable sulphurous odour.

Having sustained no material injury, I waited in amazement until nature assumed her wonted aspect. After some moments, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, while I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I was told, to my surprise, that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner that excited great surprise.

Many wondrous tales were told of this hurricane. Some log-houses were overturned, and the inmates destroyed. One person was conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half broken tree. But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall content myself by saying that the valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briers and bushes, entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is a resort to which ravenous animals betake themselves when pursued by man. I have traced the path of the storm for a distance of about 800 miles, and throughout it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.



## OSWALD.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The mountain ash  
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove  
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head,  
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine  
Spring's richest blossoms. In his native vale,  
Such and so glorious did this youth appear :  
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,  
And through the impediment of rural cares,  
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone ;  
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,  
In him the spirit of a hero walked  
Our unpretending valley. How the quoit  
Whizzed from the stripling's arm ! If touched by him,  
The inglorious football mounted to the pitch  
Of the lark's flight, or shaped a rainbow curve  
Aloft in prospect of the shouting field !  
The indefatigable fox had learned  
To dread his perseverance in the chase.  
With admiration would he lift his eyes  
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand  
Was loath to assault the majesty he loved,  
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak  
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glade,  
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,  
The sporting sea-gull dancing with the waves,  
And cautious waterfowl from distant climes,  
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the mere,  
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

To him, a soldier snatched away, were paid  
A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour  
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—  
A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;  
And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,  
From some commanding eminence had looked  
Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen  
A glittering spectacle ; but every face  
Was pallid—seldom hath that eye been moist

With tears, that wept not then ; nor were the few  
Who from their dwellings came not forth to join  
In this sad service, less disturbed than we.  
They started at the tributary peal  
Of instantaneous thunder which announced,  
Through the still air, the closing of the grave ;  
And distant mountains echoed with a sound  
Of lamentation never heard before.

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## EXCAVATION AT NINEVEH.

A. H. LAYARD, LL.D.

THE north-west palace was the most interesting portion of the ruins, and to it our researches were principally directed : as it was not only the most ancient building yet explored in Assyria, but—as it had not been exposed to fire, like other edifices—the sculptures, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, which it contained, were still admirably preserved. A certain symmetry was to some extent observed in the plan of the building, particularly in the arrangement of the chambers to the east,—those at each extremity corresponding in form and size, and both leading into small rooms which do not communicate with any other part of the edifice. Each slab, however, in one chamber, was occupied by only one figure—a gigantic winged divinity or priest ; whilst in the other the slabs are divided into two compartments. Amongst the colossal figures was that of a winged female deity or priestess, bearing a garland in one hand, and raising the other as if in some act of adoration. Around her neck are suspended, in the form of a double necklace, the star-shaped ornaments. In front of the female figure, and forming part of the pavement, was a slab with a hole through the centre. On raising it, an earthen pipe, eight inches in diameter and two feet in length, was found, communicating with a drain running underneath ; the whole being lined and cemented with bitumen. In the central chamber all the groups were similar ; and in the outer large chamber they were chiefly remarkable for the variety and elegance of the ornaments on the robes of the king and his attendants. Three sides alone were found entire of the great central hall ; which, from its size, was probably an open court, and not roofed in. It appears to have been nearly

square,—the dimensions being ninety-five feet by eighty-five feet; but the western wall has been completely destroyed, and the slabs were perhaps carried away to be used in constructing the south-west palace. Three entrances are still standing; one formed by winged lions and the other two by winged bulls.

Behind the great court to the south was a cluster of small chambers leading one into another; one of these chambers being a sort of *cul de sac*, and remarkable for the discovery near the entrance of a number of ivory ornaments of considerable beauty and interest. The most interesting are the remains of two small tablets, one nearly entire, the other much injured. Upon them are represented two sitting figures, holding in one hand the Egyptian sceptre, or symbol of power. Between them is a cartouche containing a name or words in hieroglyphics, and surmounted by a feather, such as is found in monuments of the eighteenth and subsequent dynasties of Egypt. The chairs, robes of the figures, hieroglyphics in the cartouche, and feather above it, were enamelled with a blue substance let into the ivory; and the whole ground of the tablet, as well as of the cartouche, and part of the figures, was originally gilded, remains of the gold leaf still adhering. Several small heads in frames, supported by pillars or pedestals, most elegant in design and elaborate in execution, show not only a considerable acquaintance with the art, but an intimate knowledge of the method, of working in ivory. Found with them were oblong tablets, upon which are sculptured, with great delicacy, standing figures, with one hand elevated, and holding in the other a stem or staff surmounted by a flower or ornament, resembling the Egyptian lotus. Scattered about were winged sphinxes, the head of a lion of singular beauty, but which unfortunately fell to pieces; human heads, hands, legs, and feet; bulls, flowers, and scroll-work.

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## THE MOON.

THOMAS MOORE.

SWEET Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,  
By any spell my hand could dare  
To make thy disk its ample page,  
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;

How many a friend, whose careless eye  
 Now wanders o'er that starry sky,  
 Should smile upon thy orb to meet  
 The recollection kind and sweet,  
 The reveries of fond regret,  
 The promise never to forget,  
 And all my heart and soul would send  
 To many a dear-loved, distant friend.  
 Even now, delusive hope will steal  
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,  
 Soothing as yonder placid beam

Pursues the murmurers of the deep,  
 And lights them with consoling gleam,  
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep.  
 Oh! such a blessed night as this,  
 I often think, if friends were near,  
 How should we feel and gaze with bliss  
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here!  
 The sea is like a silvery lake,  
 And o'er its calm the vessel glides,  
 Gently, as if it feared to wake  
 The slumber of the silent tides.  
 The only envious cloud that lowers  
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,  
 Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,  
 And, scowling at this heaven of light,  
 Exults to see the infant storm  
 Cling darkly round his giant form!

## EMIGRATION TO AFRICA.—A CARICATURE.

ANONYMOUS.

DEAR BROTHER,—Here we are, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash Flatts—the majestic Mudiboo winding through the midst—with the magnificent range of the Squab Mountains in the distance.

We have fixed our settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage and all our iron work, but by great good fortune we saved

Mrs Paisley's grand piano and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log huts and one of clay, which however, on the second day, fell in to the ground-landlords. We have now built it up again ;—all things considered, we are as comfortable as we could expect—and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the old metropolis. We have one of the log houses to ourselves—or at least shall have when we have built a new hog-stye. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and for the present the pigs are in the parlour. As yet our rooms are rather usefully than elegantly furnished. We have gutted the Grand Upright, and it makes a convenient cupboard,—the chairs were burned at our bivouacs, but we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and felling. Mrs Paisley grumbles a little, but it is her custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts. She complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of stiff visits.

The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs Paisley is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed to attract those reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them howling and roaring round the fence every night from dusk till daylight, but we have only been inconvenienced by one lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied ; but ever since he comes to us, as regular as clock-work, for his mutton ; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, as we were provided with muskets, but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen garden. We did try to trap him into a pit-fall ; but after twice catching Mrs Paisley, and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all ; and to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows and barricaded the door.

We have lost only one of our number since we came ; namely, Diggory, the market gardener, from Glasgow, who

went out one morning to botanise, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding, as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chippendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but did not return; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after them these two days. I have just despatched Mudge, the herdsman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its existence.

In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things are no better in England than when I left, that you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African paradise.

P.S.—Since writing the above, you will be concerned to hear that the body of poor Diggory has been found, horribly mangled by wild beasts. The fate of Chippendale, Gregory, and Mudge, is no longer doubtful. The old lion has brought the lioness, and the sheep being all gone, they have made a joint attack upon the bullock-house. The Mudiboo has overflowed, and Squampash Flatts are a swamp. We are coming back as fast as we can.

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## LARK AND NIGHTINGALE.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,  
That bids a blithe good-morrow;  
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,  
To the soothing song of sorrow.  
Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?  
And is she sad or jolly?  
For ne'er on earth, was sound of mirth  
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,  
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;  
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,  
And the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,  
The nightingale is trilling;  
With feeling bliss, no less than his,  
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh  
Peers through her lavish mirth;  
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,  
And hers is of the earth.  
By night and day, she tunes her lay,  
To drive away all sorrow;  
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,  
And woe may come to-morrow.

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## NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA.

CAPTAIN CHARLES STURT.

CONTINUING our journey one morning, we at first kept on the banks of a creek, and at about a quarter of a mile from where we had slept, came upon a numerous tribe of natives. A young girl, sitting by the fire, was the first to observe us as we were slowly approaching her. She was so excessively alarmed, that she had not the power to run away; but threw herself on the ground and screamed violently. We now observed a number of huts, out of which the natives issued, little dreaming of the spectacle they were to behold. But the moment they saw us, they started back; their huts were in a moment in flames, and each with a fire-brand ran to and fro with hideous yells, thrusting them into every bush they passed. I walked my horse quietly towards an old man, who stood more forward than the rest, as if he intended to devote himself for the preservation of his tribe. I had intended speaking to him, but, on a nearer approach, I remarked that he trembled so violently that it was impossible to expect that I could obtain any information from him; and as I had not time for explanations, I left him to form his own conjectures as to what we were, and continued to move towards a thick brush, into which they did not venture to follow us.

As we were travelling through a forest, we surprised a hunting party of natives. Mr Hume and I were consider-

ably in front of our party at the time, and he only had his gun with him. We had been moving along so quietly, that we were not for some time observed by them. Three were seated on the ground, under a tree, and two others were busily employed on one of the lower branches, cutting out honey. As soon as they saw us, four of them ran away; but the fifth, who wore a cap of emu feathers, stood for a moment looking at us, and then very deliberately dropped out of the tree to the ground. I advanced towards him, but before I got round a bush that intervened, he had darted away. I was fearful that he was gone to collect his tribe, and, under that impression, rode quickly back for my gun to support Mr Hume. On my arrival, I found the native was before me.

He stood about twenty paces from Mr Hume, who was endeavouring to explain what he was; but seeing me approach, he immediately poised his spear at him, as being the nearest. Mr Hume then unslung his carabine, and presented it; but, as it was evident my re-appearance had startled the savage, I pulled up, and he immediately lowered his weapon. His coolness and courage surprised me, and increased my desire to communicate with him. He had evidently taken both man and horse for one animal, and as long as Mr Hume kept his seat, the native remained upon his guard; but when he saw him dismount, after the first astonishment had subsided, he stuck his spear into the ground, and walked fearlessly up to him. We easily made him comprehend that we were in search of water; when he pointed to the west, as indicating that we should supply our wants there. He gave his information in a frank and manly way, without the least embarrassment, and when the party passed, he stepped back to avoid the animals, without the smallest confusion. I am sure he was a very brave man; and I left him with the most favourable impressions, and not without hope that he would follow us.

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### THE VOYAGER'S REGRET.

MRS FLETCHER.

THEY are thinking far away  
Of their loved ones on the water;  
The mother of her son,  
The father of his daughter;



And a theme of awe and wonder,  
If little ones there be,  
Are those parted far asunder  
By the wide and unknown sea.

The hoarse roar of the billow  
Is ever in my ear,  
For close, close lies my pillow  
To the watery desert drear ;  
Yet distant tones are nearer,  
The greeting, song, or sigh,  
Of those than empires dearer ;  
And tears rush to my eye.

A prisoner on the ocean,  
How oft my cabin-room  
On this wilderness of motion,  
Reminds me of a tomb !  
Yet through its windows streaming,  
Flash daybreaks rich as noon ;  
And on my couch comes gleaming  
Full oft a sunlike moon.

And stars the night-sky brighten,  
Unseen, unknown before ;  
Alas ! regret they heighten  
For those beheld no more !  
For constellations vanished  
Though lovelier come on,  
The heart's star of the banished,  
The Polar Star, is gone.

Strange birds the blue air cleaving  
Attract the wanderer's sight,  
And stranger creatures weaving  
Their path, through waves as bright ;  
But I—grown sick with pining  
After the things that *were*—  
Over the deep reclining,  
But see 'mid strange or fair,  
My sister's sweet face shining !—  
My father's thin grey hair !

## CASE OF WARREN HASTINGS.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

[Macaulay's description of this trial will be found at page 5. Sheridan was one of the managers, and the following is extracted from the peroration of his address.]

WHILST I point out the prisoner at the bar as a proper object of punishment, I beg leave to observe, that I do not wish to turn the sword of justice against that man, merely because an example ought to be made; such a wish is as far from my heart as it is incompatible with equity and justice. If I call for punishment upon Mr Hastings, it is because I think him a great delinquent, and the greatest of all those who, by their rapacity and oppression, have brought ruin on the natives of India, and disgrace upon the inhabitants of Great Britain.

Whilst I call for justice upon the prisoner, I wish also to do him justice. I should be sorry that the weight and consequence of the Commons of Great Britain, in whose name the prosecution has been set on foot, should operate to his prejudice. Indeed, whilst he has such upright judges as your Lordships, it is impossible that anything can injure him but the clearest and most unequivocal proofs of guilt. It is not the peering suspicion of apprehending guilt—it is not any popular abhorrence of its wide-spread consequences—it is not the secret consciousness in the bosom of the judge, which can excite the vengeance of the law, and authorise its infliction! No: in this good island, as high as it is happy, because as just as it is free, all is definite, equitable, and exact; the laws must be satisfied before infliction ensues; and, ere a hair of the head can be plucked, LEGAL GUILT must be established by LEGAL PROOF!

Justice is not a halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod;—it is not the portentous phantom of despair;—it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords.

In the happy reverse of all these, I turn from this disgusting caricature to the real image. Justice I have now before me, august and pure; the abstract idea of all that

would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirations of men—where the mind rises, where the heart expands—where the countenance is ever placid and benign—where her favourite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate—to hear their cry and to help them, to rescue and relieve, to succour and save;—majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted without pride; firm without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

On that justice I rely; deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculations—not in words, but on facts. . You, my Lords, who hear me, I conjure by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature—our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves with the most exalted bliss possible, or conceivable for our nature,—the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind, since the creation of the world!

My lords, I have done.

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## THE CORAL INSECT.

MRS SIGOURNEY.

TOIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main,  
Toil on,—for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;  
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,  
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;  
Ye're a puny race, thus boldly to rear  
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,  
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;  
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;

The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;  
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

By why do you plant 'neath the billows dark  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?  
There are snares enough on the tented field,  
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;  
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;  
There's a poison-drop in our purest cup,  
There are foes that watch for our cradle-breath,  
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

Ye build,—ye build,—but ye enter not in,  
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin ;  
From the land of promise ye fade and die,  
Ere its verdure gleams on your weary eye ;  
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid  
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid ;  
Ye slumber unmark'd 'mid the desolate main,  
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

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### THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

COUNT DE BUFFON.

THIS is the largest and noblest of all those birds that have received the name of eagle. The length of the female is three feet and a-half ; the extent of her wings, eight and a-half ; she weighs from sixteen to eighteen pounds ; but the male—as, among birds of prey, he is generally smaller than the female—seldom weighs more than twelve pounds. Her bill is three inches long, and of a deep blue ; and the eye of a very brilliant hazel colour. The sight and the sense of smelling are very acute. The head and neck are clothed with narrow, sharp-pointed feathers, of a deep brown colour, bordered with tawny ; but those on the crown of the head, in very old birds, turn grey. The whole body, above as well as beneath, is of a dark brown ; and the feathers of the back are finely clouded with a deeper shade of the same. The

wings, when clothed, reach to the end of the tail. The quill feathers are of a chocolate colour, the shafts white. The tail is of a deep brown, irregularly barred and bloated with an obscure ash-colour, and usually white at the roots of the feathers. The legs are yellow, short, and very strong, being three inches in circumference, and feathered to the feet. The toes are covered with large scales, and armed with the most formidable claws, the middle talons being two inches long.

In general, these birds are found in mountainous and ill-peopled countries, and breed among the loftiest cliffs. They choose the places remotest from man, upon whose possessions they seldom make their depredations, being contented rather to follow the wild game of the forest, than to risk their safety in order to satisfy their hunger.

It requires great patience and much art to tame an eagle. Even though taken young, still it is a dangerous domestic, often turning its force against its master.

Of all animals the eagle flies highest, and on this account he was called by the ancients the Bird of Jove. Of all birds, also, he has the quickest eye; but his sense of smelling is far inferior to that of the vulture. He never pursues, therefore, but in sight. When he has seized his prey, he stoops from his height, as if to examine its weight, always laying it on the ground before he carries it off. His wing is very powerful; yet, as there is but little suppleness in the joints of his legs, he finds it difficult to rise when he alights; however, if not instantly pursued, he finds no difficulty in carrying off geese and cranes. He also carries away hares, lambs, and kids; and he often destroys fawns and calves, to drink their blood, carrying a part of their flesh to his retreat. Infants, when left unattended, have been destroyed by these rapacious creatures.

The eagle is thus at all times a formidable neighbour; but peculiarly so when bringing up its young. It is then that the female, as well as the male, exerts all her strength and industry to supply the eaglets. Smith, in his history of Kerry, says that a poor man in that country got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of food. He protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings, and retarding the flight of the young.

In order to extirpate these pernicious birds, there is a law in the Orkney Islands, which entitles any person that kills

an eagle to a hen out of every house in the parish in which the plunderer is killed.

The nest of the eagle is usually built in the most inaccessible cliff of the rock, and often shielded from the weather by some jutting crag that hangs over it. Sometimes, however, it is wholly exposed to the winds, as well sideways as above; for the nest is flat, though built with great labour. It is said that the same nest serves the eagle during life; and indeed the pains bestowed in forming it, seems to betoken as much. It is asserted that, as soon as the young ones are somewhat grown, the mother kills the most feeble, or the most voracious. If this do happen, it must be occasioned by the necessities of the parent, who is incapable of providing for its support, and is content to sacrifice a part to the welfare of the majority.

The plumage of the eaglets is not so strongly marked as when they come to be adult. They are at first white, then incline to a yellow, and at last to a light brown. Age, hunger, long captivity, and diseases, make them whiter. It is affirmed that they live above a hundred years, and that they at last die, not of old age, but from the beak turning inward upon the under mandible, and thus preventing their taking any food. Certainly they are just as remarkable for their longevity as for their power of sustaining a long absence from food.

## THE WIND IN THE WOODS.

ANONYMOUS.

'Tis a pleasant sight, on a vernal day,  
 When shadow and sun divide the heaven,  
 To watch the south wind wake for play;—  
 Not on the sea, where ships are riven,—  
 Not on the mountain, 'mid rain and storm,  
 But when earth is sunny, and green, and warm.  
 O woodland wind, how I love to see  
 Thy beautiful strength in the forest tree !

Lord of the oak, that seems lord of the wild,  
 Thou art shaking his crown and thousand arms  
 With the ease of a spirit, the glee of a child,  
 And the pride of a woman who knows her charms;—

The poplar bends like a merchant's mast,  
His leaves, though they fall not, are fluttering fast ;  
And the beech, and the lime, and the ash-crowned hill,  
Stirs to its core at thy wandering will.

The pines that uprear themselves dark and tall,  
Black knights of the forest so stately and old,  
They must bow their heads when they hear thy call,  
Ay, bow like the lily, those Norsemen bold :  
And every tree of the field or the bower,  
Or single in strength, or many in power,  
Quiver and thrill from the leaf to the stem,  
For the unseen wind is the master of them !

It is gallant play ; for the sun is bright,  
And the rivulet sings a merrier song ;  
The corn in the meadow waves dark and light  
As the trees fling shade, or the breeze is strong.  
And over the hills, whether rocky or green,  
Troops of the noon-day ghosts are seen ;  
The lovely shadows of lovelier clouds,  
With the gleam of the mountains amongst their crowds.

The birds as they fly scarce use their wings,  
They are borne upon those of the wind to-day ;  
Their plumes are ruffled, like all green things,  
And flowers, and streams, by his noisy play.  
One hour—and valley, and wood, and hill,  
May be sleeping and shining all bright and still ;  
Not a wave, not a leaf, not a spray in motion,  
Of all which now looks like a vernal ocean ;—  
Beautiful that ;—yet I love to see  
Thy strength, O wind, in the forest tree !

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## THE SWORD.

LAURENCE STERNE.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension,  
and feel in their turn what distress and poverty are—I stop  
not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of

E——, in Britany, into decay. The Marquis of E—— had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve and still show to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretion had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity; but he had two boys who looked up to him for light—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the mounting was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Britany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom; but in Britany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended by his two sons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force; he took his sword from his side—"Here," said he, "take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in a condition to reclaim it."

The president accepted the Marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house—and departed. The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition; I call it solemn—it was so to me. The Marquis entered the court with his whole family; he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line, next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice.

There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family, he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a sword he had once given up. He looked attentively a long



time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I thought I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

“I shall find,” said he, “some other way to get it off.”

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardian of it—and, with his wife and daughter and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

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## MISSIONARIES TO GREENLAND.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THAT sound bespeaks salvation on her way,  
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;  
’Tis heard where England’s eastern glory shines,  
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.  
And still it spreads. See Germany send forth  
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north;  
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy  
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,  
And plant successfully sweet Sharon’s rose  
On icy plains and in eternal snows.

Oh blessed within the enclosure of your rocks,  
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;  
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,  
That show reversed the villas on their side;  
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,  
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard;  
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell  
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;  
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,  
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,  
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,  
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;  
Beckons the legions of his storms away  
From happier scenes to make your lands a prey;  
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,  
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.

Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvied isle !  
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile ;  
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds  
In chains of error our accomplished minds,  
That decks with all the splendour of the true,  
A false religion, is unknown to you.  
Nature, indeed, vouchsafes for our delight  
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night ;  
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer  
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here ;  
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies  
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,  
That shoot into your darkest caves the day  
From which our nicer optics turn away.

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VIRTUE.

RICHARD PRICE, D.D.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value, and of indispensable obligation ; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable ; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth ; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem—the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state ; but virtue will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning vanish away, all the arts of life be soon forgot ; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and

renders them our allies and friends. But, what is of unspeakably greater consequence, it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds. The further any being is advanced in excellence, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence. To say no more: It is the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature.

Such is the importance of virtue. Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it? There is no argument or motive at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn everything that can come in competition with it. Remember that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure everything. Lose this, and all is lost.

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### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like foot-prints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass ;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“ Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born ! ”  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;  
Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh,

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

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## THE LAPLANDERS.

J. GOLDSMITH.

AGRICULTURE is but little attended to in Lapland. The inhabitants are chiefly divided into fishers and mountaineers.

The former build their habitations near some lake, from which they draw their subsistence. The others seek their support on the mountains, possessing herds of rein-deer, more or less numerous. They are excellent herdsmen, and rich in comparison with the fishermen. Some of them possess from five hundred to a thousand rein-deer, which they mark and divide into classes, so that they instantly perceive whether any one is strayed, though they are not able to count so high a number as that to which their flock amounts. Those who have but a small flock give to every individual a proper name.

Besides looking after the rein-deer, the fishery, and the chase, the men employ themselves in the construction of their canoes, sledges, and harness. The business of the women consists in making nets, in drying fish and flesh, in milking the rein-deer, in making cheese, and tanning hides; but the men look after the kitchen, in which the women are seldom allowed to interfere. The principal articles of commerce among the Laplanders are white, black, and grey fox-skins, grey squirrels, and sables, which they willingly exchange for cloth, tobacco, and spirituous liquors.

The rein-deer have been wisely reduced by the Laplander to a state of domestication and servitude, and in these creatures alone he finds almost all his wants supplied: they feed and clothe him; with their skins he covers his tents, and makes his bed; of their milk he makes cheese, and uses the whey for his drink. Every part of this valuable animal is converted to some use; its sinews to make bow-strings, springs for catching birds, and threads for sewing; its horns the Laplander sells, to be converted into glue; its skin also, and its tongue, which is accounted a great delicacy, are sent to the southern parts of Europe, and procure him toys and luxuries.

The rein-deer carries the Laplander in his journeys; it is yoked to a sledge, made very light, by means of a strap, which goes round its neck, and comes between its legs; the rider guides the animal with a cord, which he fastens round the horns. In general, they can go about thirty miles without halting, and without any great or dangerous effort. The food which this faithful domestic lives upon is moss; and while the fields are clothed with this, the Laplander envies neither the fertility nor verdure of the southern landscape. Wrapt up in his deer-skins, he defies the severity of his native climate; and in the midst of snows, fearless and at his ease,

he drives his herds along the desert, and subsists where another would perish, while his cattle root up their frugal fare from under the snow.

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## THE SHIPWRECK.

LORD BYRON.

THERE were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
Was more robust and hardy to the view ;  
But he died early ; and when he was gone,  
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw  
One glance on him, and said, " Heaven's will be done !  
I can do nothing ;" and he saw him thrown  
Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;  
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;  
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
As if to win a part from off the weight  
He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed :  
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,  
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,  
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,  
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
Into his dying child's mouth ; but in vain !

The boy expired—the father held the clay,  
And looked upon it long ; and when at last  
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay  
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,

He watched it wistfully, until away  
    'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast ;  
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down  
    Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
    Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.  
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,  
    And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,  
And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had Fear  
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—  
    Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—  
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,  
    As eager to anticipate their grave ;  
And the sea yawned around her, like a hell,  
    And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,  
    Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,  
    Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,  
    Accompanied by a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

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## PERUVIAN SILVER MINES.

ANONYMOUS.

THE ground whereon Cerro de Pasco is built is a perfect network of silver veins, to get at which the earth has been opened in every direction. Many of the inhabitants work the mines in their own cellars ; but this, of course, is on a small scale, and there are not more than five hundred openings, meriting, by reason of their depth and importance, the

name of shafts. All, however, whether deep or shallow, are worked in a very senseless, disorderly, and imprudent manner—the sole object of their owners being to obtain, at the least possible expense, and in the shortest possible time, the utmost amount of ore. Nobody ever thinks of arching or walling the interior of the excavations, and consequently the shafts and galleries frequently fall in, burying under their ruins the unfortunate Indian miners. Not a year passes without some terrible catastrophe of this kind. For incurring these terrible risks, and for a species of labour of all others the most painful and wearisome, the Indians are wretchedly paid. The mining Indians are the most depraved and degraded of their race. When a mine is in *boya*, that is to say, at periods when it yields uncommonly rich metal, more labourers are temporarily taken on. When this occurs in several mines at one time, the population of Cerro de Pasco sometimes doubles and trebles itself. Pilfering is practised to a considerable extent by the miners. One man told us how he had managed to appropriate the richest piece of ore he ever saw. He tied it on his back, and pretended to be so desperately ill, that the corporal allowed him to leave the mine. Wrapped in his cloak, he was carried past the inspectors by two confederates, and the treasure was put in safety.

The population of the town is the most motley imaginable. There is scarcely a country in the world that has not its representatives in it. When, owing to the richness of a *boya*, the Indian finds himself possessed of an unusual number of dollars, he squanders them in the most ridiculous manner, like a sailor with a year's pay in his pocket. A watchmaker told us, that once an Indian came to him to buy a gold watch. He handed him one, with the remark, that the price was twelve gold ounces (two hundred and four dollars), and that it would probably be too dear for him. The Indian took the watch, paid for it, and then dashing it upon the ground, walked away, saying, that the thing was of no use to him.

Although acquainted for centuries past with innumerable rich veins of ore, the knowledge of which has been handed down from father to son, the Indians obstinately persist in keeping them secret. Numerous and romantic are the tales told of this determined concealment, and of the prudence and watchfulness of the Indians.

A Franciscan monk, had gained, by his kindness, the affections of the Indians, who constantly brought him small



presents of cheese and poultry. One day, being embarrassed for money, he confided his difficulties to an Indian. The latter promised to help him, and the next evening brought him a large sackful of the richest silver ore. The same was repeated several times; but the monk, not satisfied, did not cease to importune his friend to show him the place whence he took the treasure. The Indian at last agreed to do so. In the night-time, he came with two companions to the dwelling of the Franciscan, blindfolded him, put him on his shoulders, and carried him, alternately with his comrades, a distance of some leagues into the mountains. Here the monk was set down, and found himself in a small shallow shaft, where his eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the silver. When he had gazed at it long enough, and loaded himself with the ore, he was carried back as he had been brought. On his way, he unfastened his rosary, and from time to time let a bead drop, trusting by this means to find out the mine. He had been but a few hours in bed when he was disturbed by the entrance of his guide. "Father," said the Indian quietly, "you have lost your rosary." And he presented him with a handful of the beads.

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LOVE.

ROBERT POLLOK.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood ;  
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,  
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand ;  
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed,  
In silent contemplation, to adore  
Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf  
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground ;  
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.  
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,  
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,  
Conversing with itself.  
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon  
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,  
As if she saw some wonder walking there.  
Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,

When, by a hermit-thorn that on the hill  
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,  
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer.  
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place  
Of love, before his country's voice had called  
The ardent youth to fields of honour, far  
Beyond the wave : and hither now repaired  
Nightly the maid, by God's all-seeing eye  
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—  
Her lover's safety and his quick return.  
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face ;  
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,  
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time  
On yonder willows by the stream of life.  
On her the moon looked stedfastly ; the stars,  
That circle nightly round the eternal Throne,  
Glanced down well pleased ; and Everlasting Love  
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

Returned from long delay,  
With glory crowned, of righteous actions won,  
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought  
The youth, and found it at the happy hour.  
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,  
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.  
All holy images seemed too impure  
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,  
Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,  
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought,  
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,  
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself,  
The plighted partner of his future life.  
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered  
In woody chambers of the starry night,  
Spirits of love about them ministered,  
And God, approving, blessed the holy joy !

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## RED DEER AT BAY.

WILLIAM SCROPE.

WHEN a stag is closely pursued by dogs, and feels that he cannot escape, he flies to the best position he can, and de-

fends himself to the last extremity. This is called *going to bay*. If he is badly wounded, or very much overmatched in speed, he has little choice of ground ; but if he finds himself stout in the chase, and is pursued in his native mountains, he will select the most defensible spot he has it in his power to reach, and woe be to the dog that approaches him rashly. His instinct always leads him to the rivers, where his long legs give him a great advantage over the deer-hounds. Firmly he holds his position, while they swim powerless about him ; they would die from cold and fatigue before they could make the least impression on him. Sometimes he will stand upon a rock in the midst of the river, making a most majestic appearance ; and in this case it will always be found that the spot on which he stands is not approachable on his rear. In this situation he takes such a sweep with his antlers, that he could exterminate a whole pack of the most powerful lurchers.

On one occasion we saw one magnificent creature standing on a narrow projecting ledge of rock within the cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract. The upper fall plunged down behind him, and the water, coming through his legs, dashed the spray and mist around him, and then, at one leap, went plump down to the abyss below ; the rocks closed in upon his flanks, and there he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold.

At the very edge of the precipice, the dogs were baying him furiously. One rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm, but in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. We all drew in our breath, and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place. The suspense was painfully exciting, for the dogs were wholly at his mercy ; and, as he menaced with his antlers, they retreated backwards within an inch of instant destruction. Whenever the deer turned aside his antlers to gore one, another seized the moment to fly at his throat ; but the motions of the hart were so rapid, that the hound was ever compelled to draw back to the verge of the precipice. The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab ; and, in avoiding it, one poor dog at length lost his footing, his hind-legs passed over the ledge of the rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself. In struggling with his fore-legs, he appeared to advance a little, and then to slip back again, gasping pain-

fully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind-feet, and, to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever.

The dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them. Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening appeared—the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall—the ball passed through the back of the deer's head, and down he dropped on the spot without a struggle. The dogs now rushed forward and seized him by the throat;—so firm was their grasp, that they were with difficulty choked off. The men came cautiously on the ledge of the rock, and began to take out the huge creature, two at his fore-legs and two at his hind quarters; and thus they lifted him out from the course of the torrent, and laid him at length upon the moss.

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## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

ANONYMOUS.

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou  
Hast power to aid and bless;  
Whose aching heart and burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor  
Whose eye with want is dim;  
Whom hunger sends from door to door;—  
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,  
Whose years are at their brim,  
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;—  
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft  
Of every earthly gem;  
Widow and orphan, helpless left;—  
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,  
 Fettered in thought and limb;  
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;—  
 Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form  
 Less favoured than thine own,  
 Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,  
 Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;  
 Perhaps thou canst redeem  
 The breaking heart from misery;—  
 Go share thy lot with him.

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## VISIT BY AN AMERICAN TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

J. T. HEADLEY.

THE sky was darkly overcast, and not a breath of air disturbed the ominous hush of the atmosphere, which always precedes rain, as we started for the greatest battle-field of Europe. We had been shown the house in which the ball was held the night before the battle. I could imagine the sudden check to the "sound of revelry," when, over the exciting notes of the viol, came the dull booming of cannon.

We followed the route taken by Wellington and his suite from Brussels, and trotting through the forest of Soignies, came upon the little hamlet of Waterloo, situated a short distance from the field.

I have trod many battle-fields of ancient and modern glory, but never one with the strange feelings with which I wandered over this; for here the star of Bonaparte set for ever. To understand the description, imagine two slightly elevated semicircular ridges, or as they might more properly be termed, slopes, curving gently towards each other like a parenthesis, and you have the position of the two armies. On the summit of one of these slopes was arrayed the French army, and on the other the English. The night of the 17th of June was dark and stormy. The rain fell in torrents, and

the two armies lay down in the tall rye, drenched with rain, to wait the morning that was to decide the fate of Europe and of Napoleon. From the ball-room at Brussels, many an officer had been summoned in haste to the field, and shivering and cold, was compelled to pass the night in mud and rain in his elegant attire. The artillery had cut up the ground, so that the mud was shoe-deep, while the tall rye lay crushed and matted beneath the feet of the soldiers. The morning of the 18th opened with a drizzling rain; and the two armies, benumbed with cold and soaking wet, rose from their damp beds to the contest. Eighty thousand French soldiers were seen moving in magnificent array on the crest of the ridge, as they took their several positions for the day. Upwards of seventy thousand of the allied forces occupied the ridge or eminences opposite them,—formed mostly into squares.

And I was standing on this awful field, waving with grain, just as it did on that mild morning. As my eye rested on this and that spot, where deeds of valour were done, I saw, in imagination, those magnificent armies struggling for a continent, and heard the roar of cannon, the shock of cavalry, and the rolling fire of infantry; and beheld the waving of plumes and torn banners amid the smoke of battle that curtailed them; what wonder is it that, for the moment, I forgot the awful waste of human life in the excitement and grandeur of the scene? Under the moon's reproving light you see flashing swords, and glittering uniforms, and torn plumes, and heaps of mangled men. More than 50,000 cumber the field, while thousands of wounded horses, still alive, rend the air with their shrill cries. Ghastly wounds greet the eye at every turn, while ever and anon comes the thunder of distant cannon on the night air, telling where Blucher still continues the work of destruction.

Even Wellington, as he slowly rode over the field by moonlight, *wept*. The heart trained in the camp, and schooled in the life of the soldier, could not endure the sight. As my imagination rested on this picture, I no longer felt sympathy for Napoleon, as he fled a fugitive through the long night, while the roar of cannon behind him told where his empire lay trampled to the earth.

His wild heart sleeps at last, and nature smiles again around Waterloo, and the rich grain waves as carelessly as if nothing had happened. That Providence which never sleeps, fixed the limits of that proud man, and finally left the "deso-

lator desolate," to eat out his own heart on the rock of St Helena

The field is covered with monuments to the dead ; a huge pyramid, surmounted by a lion, rises from the centre of the plain. One monument tells where the Scots Greys stood and were cut down, almost to a man,—another points to the grave of Shaw, who killed nine Frenchmen before he fell. The little church in the village of Waterloo is filled with tablets. One struck me forcibly. On it was recorded the death of a man belonging to Wellington's suite. He was only eighteen years of age, and this was his twentieth battle.

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## REGARD DUE TO THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS.

L. HUNTLEY.

THERE is a plant that in its cell  
All trembling seems to stand,  
And bends its stalk and folds its leaves  
From each approaching hand.

And thus there is a conscious nerve  
Within the human breast,  
That from the rash and careless hand  
Sinks and retires distress.

The pressure rude, the touch severe,  
Will raise within the mind  
A nameless thrill, a secret tear,  
A torture undefined.

Oh, you who are by nature formed  
Each thought refined to know !  
Repress the word, the glance that wakes  
That trembling nerve to woe.

And be it still your joy to raise  
The trembler from the shade,  
To bind the broken and to heal  
The wound you never made.

Whene'er you see the feeling mind,  
Oh, let this care begin ;  
And though the cell be ne'er so low,  
Respect the guest within.

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## THE ATMOSPHERE.

THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

THE pressure of the whole atmosphere upon the earth is computed to be equivalent to that of a globe of lead, 66 miles in diameter ; in other words, the whole mass of the air which surrounds the globe compresses the earth with a force or power equal to that of five thousand millions of millions of tons. This amazing pressure is, however, essentially necessary for the preservation of the present constitution of our globe, and of the animated beings which dwell on its surface. It prevents the heat of the sun from converting water, and all other fluids, into vapour ; and preserves the vessels of all organized beings in due tone and vigour. Were the atmospheric pressure entirely removed, the elastic fluids contained in the finer vessels of men and other animals would inevitably burst them, and life would become extinct. Most of the substances on the face of the earth, particularly liquids, would be dissipated into vapour.

Besides these, the atmosphere possesses a great variety of other admirable properties, of which the following may be mentioned. It is the vehicle of smells, by which we become acquainted with the qualities of the food which is set before us, and learn to avoid those places which are damp, unwholesome, and dangerous. It is the medium of sounds, by means of which knowledge is conveyed to our minds. Its undulations, like so many couriers, run for ever backwards and forwards, to convey our thoughts to others, and theirs to us, and to bring news of transactions which frequently occur at a considerable distance. A few strokes on a large bell, through the ministration of the air, will convey signals of distress, or of joy, in a quarter of a minute, to the population of a city containing a hundred thousand inhabitants. It transmits to our ears all the harmonies of music, and expresses every passion of the soul ; it swells the notes of the nightingale, and



distributes alike to every ear the pleasures which arise from the harmonious sounds of a concert. It produces the blue colour of the sky, and is the cause of the morning and evening twilight, by its property of bending the rays of light, and reflecting them in all directions. It forms an essential requisite for carrying on all the processes of the vegetable kingdom, and serves for the production of clouds; rain, and dew, which nourish and fertilize the earth. In short, it would be impossible to enumerate all the advantages we derive from this noble appendage to our world. Were the earth divested of its atmosphere, or were only two or three of its properties changed or destroyed, it would be left altogether unfit for the habitation of sentient beings. Were it divested of its undulating quality, we should be deprived of all the advantages of speech and conversation, of all the melody of the feathered songsters, and of all the pleasures of music; and, like the deaf and dumb, we could have no power of communicating our thoughts but by visible signs. Were it deprived of its reflective powers, the sun would appear in one part of the sky of a dazzling brightness, while all around would appear as dark as midnight, and the stars would be visible at noon-day. Were it deprived of its refractive powers, instead of the gradual approach of the day and the night, which we now experience, at sun-rise we should be transported, all at once, from midnight darkness to the splendour of noon-day; and, at sunset, should make a sudden transition from the splendours of day to all the horrors of midnight, which would bewilder the traveller in his journey, and strike the creation with amazement. In fine, were the oxygen of the atmosphere completely extracted, destruction would seize on all tribes of the living world, throughout every region of earth, air, and sea.

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### THE WEE MAN—A ROMANCE.

THOMAS HOOD.

[Mr Moore's first work was published under the title of "Little's Poems," and to this the following lines refer.]

It was a merry company,  
 And they were just afloat,  
 When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,  
 Came up and hailed the boat.

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“ Good-morrow to ye, gentle folks,  
And will you let me in ?  
A slender space will serve my case,  
For I am small and thin.”

They saw he was a dwarfish man,  
And very small and thin ;  
Not seven such would matter much,  
And so they took him in.

They laughed to see his little hat,  
With such a narrow brim ;  
They laughed to note his dapper coat,  
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,  
When, gravely, one and all,  
At once began to think the man  
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,  
His hat a broader brim ;  
His leg grew stout, and soon plumped out  
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went  
More rough the billows grew,—  
And rose and fell, a greater swell,  
And he was swelling too !

And lo ! where room had been for seven,  
For six there scarce was space !  
For five !—for four !—for three !—not more  
Than two could find a place !

There was not even room for one !  
They crowded by degrees—  
Ay—closer yet, till elbows met,  
And knees were jogging knees.

“ Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,  
The wave will else come in !”  
Without a word, he gravely stirred  
Another seat to win.

“ Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,  
 You must not sit a-lee ! ”  
 With smiling face, and courteous grace,  
 The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,  
 His back became so wide,  
 Each neighbour wight, to left and right,  
 Was thrust against the side.

And how they chided with themselves  
 That they had let him in !  
 To see him grow so monstrous now,  
 That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,  
 They grew so scared and hot,—  
 “ I’ the name of all that’s great and tall,  
 Who are ye, sir, and what ? ”

Loud laughed the Gogmagog, a laugh  
 As loud as giant’s roar—  
 “ When first I came, my proper name  
 Was Little—now I’m *Moore* ! ”

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RICH AND POOR.

RICHARD WHATELY, D.D.

BESIDES those who work for their living, there are others who do not live on their labour at all, but are rich enough to subsist on what they, or their fathers, have laid up. There are many of these rich men, indeed, who do hold laborious offices, as magistrates or members of parliament. But this is at their own choice. They do not labour for their subsistence, but live on their property.

There can be but few such persons, compared with those who are obliged to work for their living. But though there can be no country where all, or the greater part, are rich enough to live without labour, there are several countries where all are poor. And in those countries where all are

forced to live by their labour, the people are much worse off than most of the labourers are in this country. In savage nations, almost every one is half-starved at times, and generally half-naked. But in any country in which property is secure, and the people industrious, the wealth of that country will increase; and those who are the most industrious and frugal, will gain more than such as are idle and extravagant, and will lay by something for their children, who will thus be born to property.

Young people who make good use of their time, and who are quick at learning, and grow up industrious and steady, may, perhaps, be able to earn more than enough for their support, and so have the satisfaction of leaving some property to their children. And if these, again, should, instead of spending this property, increase it by honest diligence, prudence, and frugality, they may in time raise themselves to wealth. Several of the richest families in the country have risen in this manner from a low station. It is, of course, not to be expected that *many* poor men should become rich; nor ought any man to set his heart on being so; but it is a cheering thought, that no one is shut out from the hope of bettering his condition, and providing for his children.

And would you not think it hard that a man should not be allowed to lay by his savings for his children? But this is the case in some countries; where property is so ill secured, that a man is liable to have all his savings forced from him, or seized upon at his death. And there all the people are miserably poor, because no one thinks it worth while to attempt saving anything.

There are some countries which were formerly very productive and populous, but which now, under tyrannical governments, have become almost deserts. In former times, Barbary produced silk; but now most of the mulberry trees (on whose leaves the silk-worms feed) are decayed; and no one thinks of planting fresh trees, because he has no security that he shall be allowed to enjoy the produce.

Can it be supposed that the poor would be better off if all the property of the rich were taken away and divided among the poor, and no one allowed to become rich for the future? The poor would then be much worse off than they are now. They would still have to work for their living, as they do now; for food and clothes cannot be had without *somebody's* labour. But they would not work so profitably as they do

now, because no one would be able to keep up a large manufactory or farm, well stocked, and to advance wages to workmen, for work which does not bring in any return for, perhaps, a year or two. Every one would live, as the saying is, "from hand to mouth," just tilling his own little patch of ground, enough to keep him alive, and not daring to lay by anything; because, if he were supposed to be rich, he would be in danger of having his property taken away and divided.

And if a bad crop, or a sickly family, brought any one into distress—which would soon be the case with many—what could he do after he had spent his little property? He would be willing to work for hire; but no one could afford to employ him, except in something that would bring in a very speedy return. For even those few who might have saved a little money, would be afraid to have it known, for fear of being forced to part with it. They would hide it somewhere in a hole in the ground, which used formerly to be a common practice in this country, and still is, in some others, where property is very insecure. Under such a state of things, the whole country would become poorer and poorer every year; for each man would labour no more than just enough for his immediate supply; he would also employ his labour less profitably than now, for want of a proper division of labour; and no one would attempt to lay by anything. In consequence of all this, the whole produce of the land and labour of the country would become much less than it is now; and we should soon be reduced to the same general wretchedness and distress which prevails in many half-savage nations.

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## THE SILENT GLEN.

HENRY NEELE.

THIS silent glen, this silent glen,  
Oh how I love its solitude!  
Far from those busy haunts of men,  
Far from the heartless multitude;  
No eye save nature's sovereign beam;  
No breath, but heaven's, to break the dream;  
No voice, but yonder babbling stream,  
Dares on the ear intrude.

The peace—the peace of graves is here ;  
O that it would but last !  
But man lives like the waning year,  
Till joy's last leaf is past :  
His bliss, like autumn plants, of power  
To flourish for a transient hour,  
Ere the bud ripens to a flower,  
Dies on the wintry blast.

Yon alder tree—see how she courts  
The zephyrs as they stray ;  
Yet every breeze with which she sports  
Scatters a leaf away :  
So man will wreaths of pleasure crave,  
Though with each flower a thorn she gave,  
And the last leaves him in the grave,  
To coldness and decay !

How fearfully that hollow blast  
Raved round the mountains hoar ;  
Ruffled the wave, in fury passed  
The heath—and was no more !  
Such is the fame of mortal man—  
In pride and fury it began,  
Yet sooner even than life's brief span,  
The empty noise was o'er.

And even to those for whom is spread  
Joy's banquet richly crowned,  
This world is but a gorgeous bed,  
Where—in fast slumber bound,  
Pomp's gaudy trappings spread beneath—  
They dream away life's fleeting breath,  
Till night comes closing in, and death  
Draws his dark drapery round.

## DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, A.D. 1603.

DAVID HUME.

SOME incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent she had unwarily given to his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the Queen's attachment to him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies could employ against him. She was moved by this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, assuring him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, afford him a patient hearing, and lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the Queen. The Countess was prevailed on by her husband not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, urged by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution.

The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected by the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the Queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The Queen, astonished at this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying Countess in her bed; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation: she even refused food and sustenance; and, throwing herself on the floor, remained sullen

and immoveable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring existence an insufferable burden. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal:—sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions that her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of the remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice, that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil, the secretary, requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without farther struggle, in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

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## PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THOMAS MOORE.

'Twas midnight dark,  
The seaman's bark,  
Swift o'er the waters bore him,  
When, through the night,  
He spied a light  
Shoot o'er the wave before him.  
"A sail! a sail!" he cries;  
"She comes from the Indian shore,  
And to-night shall be our prize,  
With her freight of golden ore:



Sail on ! sail on !"  
When morning shone  
He saw the gold still clearer ;  
But, though so fast  
The waves he passed,  
That boat seemed never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,  
And still the same  
Rich bark before him floated ;  
While on the prize  
His wishful eyes  
Like any young lover's doated :  
" More sail ! more sail !" he cries,  
While the waves o'ertop the mast ;  
And his bounding galley flies,  
Like an arrow before the blast.  
Thus on, and on,  
Till day was gone,  
And the moon through heaven did hie her,  
He swept the main,  
But all in vain,  
That boat seemed never the nigher.

And many a day  
To night gave way,  
And many a morn succeeded :  
While still his flight,  
Through day and night,  
That restless mariner speeded.  
Who knows—who knows what seas  
He is now careering o'er ?  
Behind the eternal breeze,  
And that mocking bark, before !  
For oh, till sky  
And earth shall die,  
And their death leave none to rue it,  
That boat must flee  
O'er the boundless sea,  
And that ship in vain pursue it !

## REMAINS OF ANCIENT CITIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

J. T. STEPHENS.

[The cities of Copan and Quirigua are situate in the valley of the Motagua, which falls into the Bay of Honduras; the ruins of Patinamit on the upper waters of the same river; and the cities of Palenque, Ocosingo, and Quexaltenango, on tributaries of the Usumasinta, which falls into the Gulf of Mexico.]

In order to reach the city of Copan, our guide cleared a way with his cutlass; and we passed a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column about fourteen feet high, and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all the four sides, from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed—the face evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an idol; and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest, at once and for ever, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities; and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art—proving, like newly discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the continent of America were not savages. With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, with a constant and vigorous use of his cutlass, conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance; some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians.

We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts

they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees that at first we could not make out its form; but which, on clearing the way, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all the sides, almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented with sculpture; and on the south side, about half-way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace, a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height from the ground, were two gigantic wild cotton trees of India, above twenty feet in circumference, extending their half-naked roots fifty or a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches. We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded; there were no associations connected with the place; the city was desolate. No remnant of this race hangs round the ruins, with traditions handed down from father to son, and from generation to generation. It lay before us like a shattered bark in the midst of the ocean, her masts gone, her name effaced, her crew perished, and none to tell whence she came, how long on her voyage, or what caused her destruction.

The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city, were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time; some with little ones wound in their long arms, walked out to the end of boughs, and, holding on with their hind feet, or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity; and with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race, guarding the ruins of their former habitations.

## NIGHT.

J. MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;  
How sweet when labours close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose ;  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is and truth that seems,  
Blend in fantastic strife ;  
Ah ! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;  
To plough the classic field,  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield ;  
Till all is ours that sages taught,  
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep,  
To wet with unseen tears  
Those graves of memory, where sleep  
The joys of other years ;  
Hopes that were angels in their birth,  
But perished young, like things of earth !

Night is the time to watch,—  
On ocean's dark expanse,  
To hail the Pleiades, or catch  
The full moon's earliest glance,  
That brings unto the home-sick mind  
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time to muse ;  
Then from the eye the soul  
Takes flight, and with expanding views  
Beyond the starry pole,

Descries athwart the abyss of night  
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray !  
Our Saviour oft withdrew  
To desert mountains far away—  
So will his followers do ;  
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,—  
From sin and suffering cease ;  
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
To parting friend—such death be mine !

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## THE PRESENT AGE.

W. E. CHANNING, D.D.

IN looking at our age, I am struck, immediately, with one commanding characteristic, and that is, the tendency in all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now we hear of the many ; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, the envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them ; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it, has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely.

If we look at the various movements of our age, we shall

see in them this tendency to universality. Look, first, at science and literature. Where is science now? Is it locked up in a few colleges, or royal societies, or inaccessible volumes? Are its experiments mysteries for a few privileged eyes? Are its portals guarded by a dark phraseology, which, to the multitude, is a foreign tongue? No; science has now left her retreats, her shades, her selected company of votaries, and with familiar tone begun the work of instructing the race. Through the press, discoveries and theories, once the monopoly of philosophers, have become the property of the multitude. Its professors, heard, not long ago, in the university, or some narrow school, now speak in the mechanics' institute. The doctrine, that the labourer should understand the principles of his art, should be able to explain the laws and processes which he turns to account; that instead of working as a machine, he should join intelligence to his toil—is no longer listened to as a dream. Science, once the greatest of distinctions, is becoming popular. A lady gives us conversations on chemistry, revealing to the minds of our youth vast laws of the universe, which, fifty years ago, had not dawned on the greatest minds. Lyceums spring up almost everywhere, for the purpose of mutual aid in the study of natural science. The characteristic of our age, then, is not the improvement of science, rapid as this is, so much as its extension to all men.

The same characteristic will appear, if we inquire into the use now made of science. Is it simply a matter of speculation? a topic of discourse? an employment of the intellect? One of the distinctions of our time is, that science has passed from speculation into life. It is sought as a mighty power, by which nature is not only to be opened to thought, but to be subjected to our needs. It is conferring on us that dominion over earth, sea, and air, which was prophesied in the first command given to man by his Maker; and this dominion is now employed, not to exalt a few, but to multiply the comforts and ornaments of life for the multitude of men. Science has become an inexhaustible mechanician; by her forges, and mills, and steam cars, and printers' presses, she is bestowing on millions, not only comforts, but luxuries which were once the distinction of a few.

Another illustration of the tendency of science to universality, may be found in its aims and objects. Science has burst all bonds; it is aiming to comprehend the universe;

and thus it multiplies fields of inquiry for all orders of minds. There is no province of nature which it does not invade. Not content with exploring the darkest periods of human history, it goes behind the birth of the human race, and studies the stupendous changes which our globe experienced, in order to become prepared for man's abode. Not content with researches into visible nature, it is putting forth all its energies to detect the laws of invisible and imponderable matter. Difficulties only provoke it to new efforts. It would lay open the secrets of the polar ocean, and of untrodden barbarous lands. Above all, it investigates the laws of social progress, of arts, of institutions, of government, and of political economy, proposing as its great end the alleviation of all human burdens, the weal of all the members of the human race.

I have hitherto spoken of science; and what is true of science is still more true of literature. Books are now placed within reach of all. Works, once too costly except for the opulent, are now to be found on the labourer's shelf. Genius sends its light into cottages. The great names of literature are become household words among the crowd. Every party, religious or political, scatters its sheets on all the winds. We may lament the small comparative benefit as yet accomplished by this agency; but this ought not to surprise or discourage us. Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance. It is an undoubted fact, that, silently, books of a higher order are taking the place of the worthless. Happily, the instability of the human mind works sometimes for good, as well as evil; men grow tired at length even of amusements. Works of fiction cease to interest them, and they turn from novels to books which, having their origin in deep principles of our nature, retain their hold of the human mind for ages.

The remarks now made on literature, might be extended to the fine arts. It is said, that the spirit of the great artists has died out; but the taste for their works is spreading. By the improvements of engraving, and the invention of casts, the genius of the great masters is going abroad. Their conceptions are no longer pent up in galleries open to but few; they meet us in our homes, and are the household pleasures of millions. Works designed for the halls and eyes of emperors, kings, and nobles, find their way, in no poor representations, into humble dwellings, and sometimes give a consciousness of kindred powers to the child of poverty.

Thus, we see in the intellectual movements of our times,

the tendency to expansion ; and this must continue. It is not an accident, an explicable result, or a violence to nature ; it is founded in eternal truth. Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge ; and its nature is sinned against, when it is doomed to ignorance. The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labour, than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, ploughmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and his works, and to perform wisely the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of Nature about to be accomplished ; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending ; and without this, all outward political changes would be but children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

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## GRACE DARLING.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ALL night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,  
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—  
Half a vessel :—half—no more ; the rest  
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance  
Daughter and sire through optic glass discern,  
Clinging about the remnant of this ship,  
Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight !  
For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more  
Than for their fellow-sufferers gulphed,  
Where every parting agony is hushed,  
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
“ But courage, father ! let us out to sea—  
A few may yet be saved.” The daughter's words,  
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,



Dispel the father's doubts ; nor do they lack  
The noble-minded mother's helping hand  
To launch the boat ; and, with her blessing cheered,  
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
Together they put forth, father and child !  
Each grasps an oar, and, struggling, on they go—  
Rivals in effort ; and, alike intent  
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
And shattered, and re-gathering their might ;  
As if the wrath and trouble of the sea  
Were by the Almighty's sufferance prolonged,  
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—  
May brighten more and more !

True to the mark,

They stem the current of that perilous gorge,  
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,  
Though danger, as the wreck is neared, becomes  
More imminent. Not unseen they approach ;  
And rapture, with varieties of fear  
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
Foretaste deliverance : but the least perturbed  
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring  
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—  
One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,  
Or, be the visitant other than she seems,  
A guardian spirit sent from pitying heaven,  
In woman's shape ! But why prolong the tale,  
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
Armed to repel them ? Every hazard faced  
And difficulty mastered with resolve  
That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
This last remainder of the crew are all  
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
Within the sheltering lighthouse. Shout, ye waves !  
Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds !  
Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join !  
And would that some immortal voice, a voice  
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude

Breathes out from flock or couch, through pallid lips,  
 Of the survivors, to the clouds might bear—  
 Blended with praise of that parental love,  
 Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew  
 Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,  
 Though young, so wise, so meek, so resolute—  
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
 Yea, to celestial choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name.

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## PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

ANONYMOUS.

THE whole of the inside of the young king's palace, from the floor to the peak of the roof, a height of at least forty feet, is covered with a sort of wainscoting of a rich chestnut colour, made of the stems of a small mountain vine, tied horizontally together as closely as possible. It has the effect of being all of one piece, and imparts an air of richness to the room, not dissimilar to that of the tapestry of more polished audience-chambers. The floor also is a novelty, and an experiment here, consisting—in place of the ground strewn with rushes or grass, as was formerly the case—of a pavement of stone and mortar, spread with a cement of lime, having all the smoothness and hardness of marble. Upon this, beautifully variegated mats were spread, forming a carpet as delightful and appropriate to the climate as could have been selected. Large windows at either side, and the folding-doors of glass at each end, are hung with draperies of crimson damask; besides which, the furniture consists of handsome pier tables, and large mirrors; of a line of glass chandeliers suspended through the centre, with lustres and candelabra of bronze, affixed to the pillars lining the sides and ends of the apartment; and of portraits in oil of the late king and queen, taken in London, placed at the upper end, in rich frames.

The eagerness for instruction is so great that all the little boys in the school are, daily, during their play-hours, in requisition as masters. Three chiefs—men of magnificent stature and lofty bearing—came early this morning to obtain

a teacher. They could engage none but a child, six years of age, lisping over its spelling book. Finding, however, that he could tell his letters, one of them caught him up by the arm, mounted the little fellow upon his own broad shoulder, and carried him off in triumph, exclaiming, "This shall be my teacher!" The lads themselves take great delight in reciting their simple lessons to the older folks, and helping their fathers and mothers to say their A, B, C.

An interesting account is given of a meeting called to send out a missionary, of their own number, to the Marquesas Islands. About 1,200 persons were assembled on the occasion. After several short addresses by the missionaries, Auna, a principal chief, formerly a priest of Hiro, the god of thieves, stood up in the midst of the meeting. His lofty stature and commanding presence, his countenance beaming with benignity and intelligence, filled every bosom with emotions of awe, delight, and expectation. He looked round with an air of anxiety and embarrassment, and at first—perhaps for the first time in his life—hesitated in the utterance of his sentiments on a public occasion. At length, with a noble modesty, he began—"It is a good thing that some of us should go to carry Christianity to those people who are yet in the same ignorance, wickedness, and misery, as we ourselves were but a few years ago. It is our duty, then, to take to the Marquesas that good word of God which has been sent to us from Britain by the hands of missionaries, and which has been made so great a blessing to us. I have, therefore, a little speech to make to the meeting, which is this,—if I and my wife might be so favoured as to be sent on this errand to the heathen at Marquesas—but perhaps we are not worthy—yet, if we could be thought suitable for this great and good work, both my wife and I would be very happy."

When he had thus spoken, he sat down, with most affecting humility, waiting for the decision of the assembly. Hautia, the president, immediately rose, and said, "Auna is the man to go!" Others exclaimed, "Auna is the man!" A chief then stood up, and observed, that he also had a little speech on the subject, which was, that Auna was not only the man to go, because he could himself both teach many things, and set the example of all he taught, but because Auna was "a two-handed man;" he had a good wife who would help her husband in every work, and would also teach

the women to read and to pray, to clothe themselves decently, to make their own dresses, manage their families, and bring up their children in the right way. This being universally assented to, Auna and his wife were appointed, as it were, by acclamation.

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## THE SNOW FLAKE.

GOULD.

- “Now, if I fall, will it be my lot  
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,  
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot?  
And then will my course be ended?”  
’Twas thus a feathery snow-flake said,  
As down through the measureless space it strayed,  
Or as, half by dalliance, half afraid,  
It seemed in mid air suspended.
- “O no,” said the Earth, “thou shalt not lie,  
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,  
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky;  
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping:  
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form;  
Thou’lt not be a part of the wintry storm,  
But revive when the sun-beams are yellow and warm,  
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.
- “And then thou shalt have thy choice to be  
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,  
In the jasmine bloom, the anemone,  
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;  
To melt and be cast in a glittering bead,  
With pearls that the night scatters over the mead,  
In the cup where the bee and the firefly feed,  
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.
- “Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,  
To shine in the Iris, I’ll let thee arise,  
And appear in the many and glorious dyes  
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.

But true fair thing, as my name is Earth,  
 I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,  
 When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,  
 And never regret descending !”

“ Then I will drop,” said the trusting flake ;  
 “ But bear in mind that the choice I make  
 Is not in the flowers, on the dew to awake,  
 Or the mist that shall pass with the morning ;  
 For things of thyself, they expire with thee ;  
 But those that are lent from on high, like me,  
 They rise and will live, from thy dust set free,  
 To the regions above returning.

“ And if true to thy word, and just thou art,  
 Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,  
 Unsullied by thee, thou will let me depart,  
 And return to my native heaven ;  
 For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,  
 From time to time, in thy sight to glow ;  
 So thou may'st remember the flake of snow,  
 By the promise that God hath given.”

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## STUDY OF GRAMMAR.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

MERE soundness of mind, without any mental acquirements, is possessed by millions ; it is an ordinary possession ; and it gives a man no fair pretensions to merit, because he owes it to accident, and not to anything done by himself. But knowledge, in any art or science, being always the fruit of observation, study, or practice, gives, in proportion to its extent and usefulness, the possessor a just claim to respect. We do, indeed, often see all the outward marks of respect bestowed upon persons merely because they are rich or powerful ; but these, while they are bestowed with pain, are received without pleasure. They drop from the tongue or beam from the features, but have no communication with the heart. They are not the voluntary offerings of admiration or of gratitude ; but are extorted from the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, of

poverty, of meanness, or of guilt. Nor is respect due to honesty, fidelity, or any such qualities; because dishonesty and perfidy are crimes. To entitle a man to respect, there must be something of his own doing, beyond the bounds of his well-known duties and obligations.

Therefore, I now call upon all, desirous of becoming objects of respect, to apply their minds to the acquiring of that kind of knowledge which is inseparable from an acquaintance with books; for, though knowledge in every art and science is, if properly applied, worthy of praise in proportion to its extent and usefulness, there are some kinds of knowledge that are justly considered as of a superior order, not only because the possession of them is a proof of more than ordinary industry and talent, but because the application of them has naturally a more powerful influence in the affairs and on the condition of our friends, acquaintances, neighbours, and country.

The particular path of knowledge to be pursued may be left to individual choice; but, as to knowledge connected with books, there is a step to be taken before one can fairly enter upon any path. In the immense field of this kind of knowledge, innumerable are the paths, and grammar is the gate of entrance to them *all*. And, if grammar is so useful in the attaining of knowledge, it is absolutely necessary in order to enable the possessor to communicate, by writing, that knowledge to others, without which communication the possession must be comparatively useless to himself in many cases, and, in almost all cases, to the rest of mankind.

The actions of men proceed from their *thoughts*. In order to obtain the co-operation, the concurrence, or the consent, of others, we must communicate our thoughts to them. The means of this communication are *words*; and grammar teaches us *how to make use of words*. Therefore, in all the ranks, degrees, and situations of life, a knowledge of the principles and rules of grammar must be useful; in some situations it must be necessary to the avoiding of really injurious errors; and in no situation, which calls on man to place his thoughts upon paper, can the possession of it fail to be a source of self-gratulation, or the want of it a cause of mortification and sorrow.

## PATRIOTISM.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AFTER due pause, they bade him tell,  
Why he, who touched the harp so well,  
Should thus, with unrewarded toil,  
Wander a poor and thankless soil,  
When the more generous Southern Land  
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The aged Harper—howsoe'er  
His only friend, his harp, was dear—  
Liked not to hear it ranked so high  
Above his flowing poesy :  
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer  
Misprised the land he loved so dear ;  
High was the sound, as thus again  
The bard resumed his minstrel strain :—

“ Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
If such there breathe, go mark him well ;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand !

Still as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way ;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek ;  
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan."

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## A WALK ON THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

CAPTAIN THOMAS SKINNER.

A LITTLE above Hurdwar, so celebrated for its great fair, lies the valley of Dhoon, which, in all respects, deserves the name of beautiful. It lies between the Himalaya Mountains and a low range that bounds the plains. It has every variety of scenery, and the Ganges and Jumna flow through it. The road into the valley is a very fine one, cut over the Ganges in the bosom of the hills, and protected by masonry on the outward side. The road was for some time level ; it then wound over a richly-wooded hill, making one of the most beautiful passes I ever beheld, not excepting even the magnificently wild one within a short distance of Kandy in Ceylon, which I had always considered the most superb piece of Eastern scenery in the world. The view from this pass, however, far exceeded it. It was bounded by the Himalaya Mountains—the snowy range, white and clear as possible. The sun had not long risen, and I could gaze, without being dazzled, at all the beauties it illuminated. Below and above, the road was thickly wooded, and displayed a great variety of foliage ; while the creepers, which are so numerous and so rich in this country, wound about the rocks and the trees in the loveliest manner.

We began to find our travelling the most laborious and



novel that could be imagined. After scrambling up the face of a rocky hill this morning, we were forced to slide down a polished surface of stone, with not a place to rest the foot on, and the comfortable prospect of an uninterrupted fall of many feet, should we swerve from our course. No description can convey an idea of the usual style of a day's journey over the Himalaya. Lines of irregular peaks towering one above the other, and in every relation possible to each other, oblige you to be constantly climbing up or sliding down. In every depth we find a roaring torrent to pass, and on every height an almost inaccessible rock to scale.

We are now placed opposite a strange-looking village, perched upon the summit of a high rock, overhanging the stream. It seems unconnected with the mountains about it, as if torn from them by some convulsion of nature. Behind it rises a wood; below, the Jumna flows round several islands; and among the tall trees of some of them browse many deer—they form, in fact, many miniature parks. I regret that such beautiful scenes could not be removed to a country where they might be more frequently visited. I have beheld nearly all the celebrated scenery of Europe, which poets and painters have immortalised, and of which all the tourists in the world have been enamoured, but I have seen it surpassed in these unfrequented and almost unknown regions. Although I have seen the Alps; although I have witnessed the sun rise from the summit of Mount Etna—certainly one of the grandest objects in Europe—my awe and astonishment, so far from being diminished by such scenes, exceed all I felt when I first saw

“ Hills peep o’er hills, and alps on alps arise ! ”

I was almost sorry that I could not cast off the ties of the lower world, and remain an inhabitant of these mountains.

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## THE HOLLY TREE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see

The holly tree?

The eye that contemplates it well, perceives

Its glossy leaves

M

Ordered by an intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
    Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
    Can reach to wound ;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
    And moralise :  
And in this wisdom of the holly tree  
    Can emblems see  
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear  
    Harsh and austere,  
To those who on my leisure would intrude  
    Reserved and rude,  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
    Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
    Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
    So bright and green,  
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display  
    Less bright than they ;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among  
    The thoughtless throng,  
So would I seem amid the young and gay  
    More grave than they,  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly tree.

## THE CAVE OF DAHRA.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THERE is a cave in the world with a dread legend—travellers, in future times, will toil up the hot ridges of the Atlas Mountains, to see the Cavern of Dahra, where a whole tribe of Arabs were foully murdered—and how? Were they half-naked savages, in deadly feud with another tribe as barbarous as themselves? Were the murderers some nameless African clan, obscure in the world's history as those they put to death? Was the whole catastrophe one of those which inevitably must occur, when savage wars against savage? No: it occurred in a struggle between civilised man and semi-savage man; and, foul disgrace! the civilised were the murderers—the savage the victims. It occurred in a war between the invaders of a country, and the inhabitants, who fought for their old possessions—their property, and their rights; and, foul blot,—the assailants piled up the faggots, and the defenders perished! It occurred in a war, waged by the French nation, which arrogates to itself the position of leader of European civilisation—which claims the title of the most civilised, the most enlightened, the most polished people of the earth. The Arabs pretend to no such distinction: they form roving clans of uncivilised men, living a primitive pastoral life, in caverns and tents: yet it was the enlightened, the polished, the humane aggressors, who roasted some eight hundred of the savages, for the crime of defending their own country,—of daring, in legitimate warfare, to resist the legions which would have wrested it from them.

The murder was no deed of a few minutes, no sudden outbreak of wrath, no massacre prompted by fiery longings for revenge. The cavern, into which the Arabs retreated, was a vast one; it had many chinks and crannies, and it was long ere the stifling smoke and baking fire did their work.

The Frenchmen heard the moans and shrieks, and the tumult of despair, as dying men and women turned furiously on each other, and sought to free themselves from lingering agony by more sudden death: they heard the strokes of the yatagan and the pistol-shots, which told that suicide, or mutual destruction, was going on in the darkness of the

cavern: they heard all this renewed at intervals, and continued hour after hour, but still they coolly heaped straw upon the blaze, tranquilly fed the fire, until all was silent but its own roaring; and burnt, maimed, and convulsed corpses, blackened, some of them calcined, by the fire, remained piled in mouldering rotting masses in the cave, to tell that a few hours before a tribe of men, women, and children, had entered its dreary portals.

And now, great nation, what think ye Europe says of you? You plume yourselves on being the most mighty, the most advanced people of the earth, the very focus of light, intelligence, and humanity. The false glare of military glory which continually bedazzles you, shows massacre and rapine decked in the colours of good deeds. The itch of conquest seems to make you confound good and evil. If fight you will—fight like civilised soldiers; not like lurking savages. Mow down your enemies—if you must have war—in the fair field. Face them foot to foot, and hand to hand; but for the sake of your fame—for the sake of the civilisation you have attained, stifle not defenceless wretches in caverns—massacre not women and children by the horrible agency of slow fire.

## PEACE AND WAR.

P. B. SHELLEY.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love had spread  
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;  
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,  
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene

Where musing solitude might love to lift  
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
 Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
 So cold, so bright, so still.—

Ah ! whence yon glare  
 That fires the arch of heaven ?—That dark red smoke  
 Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched  
 In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow  
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round !  
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals  
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,  
 Startling pale midnight on her starry throne !  
 Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar,  
 Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb ;  
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
 The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men  
 Inebriate with rage :—loud, and more loud  
 The discord grows ; till pale death shuts the scene,  
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws  
 His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men  
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
 In proud and vigorous health ; of all the hearts  
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there ;  
 How few survive, how few are beating now !  
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause ;  
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,  
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The grey morn  
 Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous smoke  
 Refore the icy wind slow rolls away,  
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
 Along the spangling snow. There tracts of blood  
 Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path  
 Of the outsallying victors : far behind,  
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood.  
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—  
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day  
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

## COLONIAL SLAVERY

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

[From Speech at a public meeting in London, in 1831.]

No man can more sincerely abhor, detest, and abjure slavery than I do. I hold it in utter detestation, however men may attempt to palliate or excuse it by differences of colour, creed, or clime. In all its gradations, and in every form, I am its mortal foe. The speech of an opponent on this question has filled me with indignation. "What," said this party, "*would you come in between a man and his freehold!*" I started as if something unholy had trampled on my father's grave, and I exclaimed with horror, "A freehold in a human being!" I know nothing of this individual; I give him credit for being a gentleman of humanity; but if he be so, it only makes the case the stronger; for the circumstance of such a man upholding such a system showed the horrors of that system in itself, and its effect in deceiving the minds of those who are connected with it, wherever it exists. We are told that the slave is *not fit* to receive his freedom—that he could not endure freedom without revolting. Why, does he not endure slavery without revolting? With all that he has to bear, he does not revolt now; and will he be more ready to revolt when you take away the lash? Foolish argument!

But I will take them up on their own ground—the ground of *gradual* amelioration and preparation. Well; are not eight years of education sufficient to prepare a man for anything? Seven years are accounted quite sufficient for an apprenticeship to any profession, or for any art or science; and are not eight years enough for the negro? If eight years have passed away without preparation, so would eighty if we were to allow them so many. There is a time for everything—but it would seem there is no time for the emancipation of the slave. Mr Buxton most ably and unanswerably stated to the House of Commons the awful decrease in population; that, in fourteen colonies, in the course of ten years, there had been a decrease in the population of 45,801—that is, in other words, 45,801 human beings had in that period been murdered by this system—their bodies gone to the grave

—their spirits before their God. In the eight years that they have had to educate their slaves for liberty, but which have been useless to them—in those eight years, one-twelfth have gone into the grave, murdered! Every day, ten victims are thus despatched! While we are speaking, they are sinking—while we are debating, they are dying! As human, as accountable beings, why should we suffer this any longer? Let every man take his own share in this business. I am resolved, if sent back to Parliament, that I will bear my part. I purpose fully to divide the House on the motion, *that every negro child born after the 1st January 1832, shall be free.* They say, O do not emancipate the slaves suddenly; they are not prepared, they will revolt! Are they afraid of the insurrection of the infants? Or, do they think that the mother will rise up in rebellion as she hugs her little freeman to her breast, and thinks that he will one day become her protector? Or, will she teach him to be her avenger? O no! there can be no such pretence. \* \* \* \*

I will carry with me to my own country the recollection of this splendid scene. Where is the man that can resist the argument of this day? I go to my native land under its influence; and, let me remind you, that land has this glory, that no slave-ship was ever launched from any of its numerous ports. I will gladly join any party to do good to the poor negro slaves. Let each extend to them the arm of his compassion; let each aim to deliver his fellow-man from distress. I shall go and tell my countrymen that they must be first in this race of humanity.

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TO A LADY,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A FULL-BLOWN ROSE DURING A  
SNOW STORM.

THOMAS GILLESPIE, LL.D.

THE rose blushed forth in Sharon's vale,  
And bloomed in Eden beauteously;  
It drank the breath of southern gale;  
It proved the warmth of summer sky;  
But o'er thy growth no summer rose,  
But drifted lay the untrodden snows.

The rose of England sprang of yore,  
In lily and in crimson hue ;  
Its blood was dipped in human gore,  
And sullied were its leaves to view :  
But thou hast spread amidst the storm  
In stainless purity thy form.

Sweet innocence ! by mercy fed  
With light and warmth, and shelter meet,  
Whilst winter all his horrors sped  
In drifted snow and driving sleet ;  
Thus have I seen in maiden form  
A beauteous nursling of the storm.

Sweet purity ! no grosser breath  
Of fervid winds, and scorching skies,  
Taught thee to spring from mother earth,  
And 'midst impurities arise ;  
But thou hast sprung, a lovely thing,  
Nor proved the genial breath of spring.

Sweet messenger of triumph due  
O'er death and all his wintry pride !  
He cannot quench one living hue,  
Which Heaven hath destined to abide  
Undimmed 'mid nature's dire decay,  
To blossom in eternal day.

I'll fix thee here beside my heart,  
To calm its pulse, and check its play,  
To heal its wounds and sooth its smart,  
And chase each rankling thought away ;  
For surely nought of earthly care  
May mar its peace when thou art there.

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AUTUMN.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

LET the young go out, under the descending sun of autumn,  
into the fields of nature, Their hearts are now ardent with



hope—with the hope of fame, of honour, of happiness ; and, in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all things give enjoyment. Let the scenes which they now witness, moderate but not extinguish their ambition ; while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of hope ; while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess, and the time allotted for their employment, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world ; and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

Let the busy and the active pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality ; fame and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises ; and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too easily engendered. Let them withdraw themselves for a time from the agitation of the world ; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, that begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene which, with all its power, has yet no reproach ; it tells them that such is also the fate to which they must come ; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low ; that the illusions of time must pass ; and “ that the spirit must return to Him who gave it.” It reminds them, with gentle voice, of that innocence in which life began, and for which no prosperity of vice can make any compensation ; that angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and to “ swear that time shall be no more,” seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men they ought to be, who must meet that decisive hour.

There is an eventide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being ; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence

of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare for the mighty change you are soon to undergo.

If it be thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the Book of Salvation; and, while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand that can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those “green pastures, and those still waters,” where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

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### THE BUTTERFLY.

BERNARD BARTON.

BEAUTIFUL creature! I have been  
Moments uncounted watching thee,  
Now flitting round the foliage green  
Of yonder dark, embowering tree;  
And now again in frolic glee,  
Hovering around those opening flowers,  
Happy as nature's child should be,  
Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

For thou, delightful creature, who  
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,  
Becom'st a symbol fair and true,  
Of hopes that own no mortal term;  
In thy proud change we see the germ  
Of man's sublimer destiny,  
While holiest oracles confirm  
The type of immortality!

A change more glorious far than thine,  
Even I, thy fellow-worm, may know,  
When this exhausted frame of mine  
Down to its kindred dust shall go;

When the anxiety and wo  
 Of being's embryo state, shall seem  
 Like phantoms, flitting to and fro  
 In some confused and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,  
 With all thy nature asks supplied,  
 A few brief summer days, and thou  
 No more amid these haunts shalt glide,  
 As hope's fair herald—in thy pride  
 The sylph-like genius of the scene,  
 But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,  
 Shalt be—as thou hadst never been !

So man's immortal part, when time  
 Shall set the chainless spirit free,  
 May seek a brighter, happier clime,  
 Than fancy e'er could feign for thee ;  
 Though bright her fairy bowers may be,  
 Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,  
 And sad experience mourns to see  
 Each hope it trusted in decayed.

Sport on, then, lovely summer fly,  
 With whom began my votive strain !—  
 Yet purer joys their hopes supply,  
 Who, by faith's alchemy, obtain  
 Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,  
 Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,  
 Through earthly losses heavenly gain,  
 And life immortal through the tomb.

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SEVILLE.

F. H. STANDISH.

Down the river you enjoy a charming walk, having the shade of trees above, and, on one side the river, a view of the garden of a convent; on the other, the orange-groves of another convent, and a botanic garden—until you arrive at a large plantation, that has three centre drives, besides walks which

skirt the river, and intersect the others. I have sometimes, in a warm spring day, tarried beneath the shade of these trees at noon, and could fancy myself in a wilderness of some new world. The venerable elms, which existed ages before this ground was planned for its present use, rose gnarled, knotted, and covered with dark green foliage, over my head; between them appeared the tender pomegranates, over which the sun threw its rays like the sparkling of the sea wave; gigantic heads of Spanish broom, with its yellow flowers, spotted each opening, and the compact orange here and there showed forth its fragrant white flower. The citron trees, of a palish yellow, afforded another contrast; and below were violets, snapdragons, and an endless variety of wild plants, mingled with calmias, oleanders, and beds of fragrant red poppies. The thrushes, nightingales, blackbirds, and wrens, were sometimes heard alternately, as if each waited for its associates, and occasionally warbled and chirped in chorus. The whole air seemed impregnated with the insect tribe; beetles, ladybirds, flies of all sizes, buzzed about in the gleams of sunshine between the branches of the trees. The tongue of man alone was mute; his form was not seen, nor was his presence missed: for nature was all instinct with life, and creation so busied in its own projects, that I could not help contrasting the little world before me with the great one in which we live.

The population of Seville, in the year 1823, amounted to 81,875 souls. The number of persons, of both sexes, in religious houses, was about 2000, and there were 387 public beggars. Owing to a bad government, and excessive duties, scarcely any trade is carried on in Spain, except as a contraband one. Fair and unfortunate country! the curse of fallen opulence weighs it down—who can tell when to rise again? Seville contains forty convents for men, and twenty-nine for women, besides four foundling hospitals, for the education of children who are poor and friendless. The *buildings* exist, indeed, but most of the communities of these places have been dispersed. It is impossible to stray among these abandoned cloisters without feeling regret at their desolation; to see thistles and weeds grow between the joints of a pavement once neat and polished, and the wild fig-tree forcing its insidious roots into architraves and mouldings, formerly brilliant in beauty, and inviting to the pencil of the painter, the mind of the poet, and the fervour of the devotee. In neglected aisles, is seen an occasional statue,

dark with age, whose calling and influence are past; a tomb is robbed of its tenant, and the glory transferred to it by the recollection of his life, spent in devotion or in arms, exists no more.

To enjoy the romance of Seville, it must be visited by night. A walk through the streets, when the burning sun has set, and the moon risen, presents a scene of luxurious novelty, peculiar to this extraordinary city. Then the guitar sends forth its tender and tremulous notes, and the fragrance of the rose and jasmine is on the gale. Through the green-grated iron doors of the houses, all the varied lights of the courts are seen, and each is filled with a diversified group. The sky above appears clear as in broad day, while numberless convent-towers cut upon its pale blue surface, and in the tortuous streets the long dark shadows of a passenger are cast on the white walls of the irregular habitations. Here an abutment throws a line of shade on a building; there a tower darkens all below; while the broad flash of light glares upon half a street. In the deep stillness of all around, the mind enters within itself, no longer disturbed by the business of the day; it has leisure for reflection; and the venerable antiquities around recalling the many years that have passed over them, the imagination depicts another and an earlier age, when the treasures of America floated to these shores, and the Spanish name caused terror to all Europe. In a still more extended range, it may figure to itself the iron visages of the Goths, and the turbaned Arabs. Boiling and impetuous, but kind and docile, the veins of the Andalusians are still filled with the life-drops of their African ancestors. Clanship still exists in Spain; a point of honour in the great, is to support the weak, even in conduct contrary to law.

The houses of this town are perhaps the most picturesque in the world. You enter them from a porch to a court, round which are marble columns, and these are found not only in the principal, but even in ordinary, habitations. The arches between the columns support galleries or rooms above. It is usual to inhabit the ground-floor in summer, and the upper story in winter: in the former season a canvas veil is placed over the whole court during the heat of the day, and removed at night, when the family collect together to receive friends, under the galleries or in the courts, whilst flowers are placed round a fountain, which generally plays in the centre, the courts being often paved with marble. The lamps

that hang around the walls in symmetrical arrangement, the bubbling of the water, the fragrance of the flowers, the mystical green branches springing up in every direction from large earthen pots, give an appearance of romance, which, added to the broken lights, the irregular architecture of the buildings, and the white Ionic columns of marble, present in every house a varying subject for the painter. To the sides of the walls are attached mirrors, that reflect all around, and pictures, amongst which were once found works of art that would delight the connoisseur. Now, indeed, from the all-invading gold of foreigners, and the want of taste in the natives, the places of the best have been supplied by coloured lithographs of the French and English schools. It has been calculated that 80,000 marble columns exist in Seville ; but there assuredly must be a much larger number, for many are buried in the walls, others covered with plaster, and on an average every house possesses six.

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### WHAT IS LIFE ?

JOHN CLARE.

AND what is life ?—An hour-glass on the run,  
 A mist retreating from the morning sun,  
 A busy, bustling, still repeated dream.—  
 Its length ?—A minute's pause, a moment's thought.  
 And happiness ?—A bubble on the stream,  
 That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

What is vain hope ?—The puffing gale of morn,  
 That of its charms divests the dewy lawn,  
 And robs each flow'ret of its gem, and dies ;  
 A cobweb hiding disappointment's thorn,  
 Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And thou, O trouble !—nothing can suppose,  
 (And sure the power of wisdom only knows),  
 What need requireth thee :  
 So free and liberal as thy bounty flows,  
 Some necessary cause must surely be.

But disappointments, pains, and every woe  
 Devoted wretches feel,  
 The universal plagues of life below,  
 Are mysteries still 'neath fate's unbroken seal.

And what is death ? is still the cause unfound ?  
 That dark, mysterious name of horrid sound ?  
 A long and lingering sleep, the weary crave.  
 And peace ? where can its happiness abound ?  
 No where at all, save heaven, and the grave.

Then what is life ?—When stripped of its disguise,  
 A thing to be desired it cannot be ;  
 Since everything that meets our foolish eyes  
 Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.

'Tis but a trial all must undergo ;  
 To teach unthankful mortals how to prize  
 That happiness vain man's denied to know,  
 Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

## ARABIAN PHILOSOPHY.

## ALGAZEL.

[Aboû Hâmid Mohammed Algazel, Professor of Theology at Bagdad, was born in the city of Tous, A. D. 1068.]

I SAID to myself: My aim is simply to know the truth of things ; consequently, it is indispensable for me to ascertain what is *knowledge*. Now it was evident to me that *certain knowledge* must be that which explains the object to be known, in such a manner that no doubt could remain, and that in future all error respecting it must be impossible. Not only would the understanding then need no effort to be convinced of certainty ; but security against error is in so close a connection with knowledge, that even were an apparent proof of its falsehood brought forward, it would still cause no doubt, no suspicion of error, that was possible. Thus, when I have acknowledged ten to be more than three, if any one were to say, " On the contrary, three is more than ten ; and, to prove

the truth of my assertion, I will change this rod into a serpent;" and if he *were* to change it, my conviction of his error would remain unshaken. His manœuvre would only produce in me admiration of his ability; I should not doubt my own *knowledge*.

Then was I convinced that all knowledge, respecting which I had not this certainty, could inspire me neither with confidence nor assurance; and knowledge without assurance is not knowledge.

On examination, I found myself divested of all that could be said to have this quality, unless the perceptions of the senses were to be considered such. I then said to myself: Now, having fallen into this despair, the only hope of acquiring incontestible convictions, is by the perception of the senses and by necessary truths. *Their* evidence seemed to me indubitable. I began, however, to examine the objects of sensation and speculation, to see if they could possibly admit of doubt. Then doubts crowded upon me, in such numbers that my uncertainty became complete. Whence results the confidence I have in sensible things? The strongest of all our senses is sight; and yet, looking at a shadow, and perceiving it to be fixed and immoveable, we judge it to be deprived of movement; nevertheless, experience teaches us that, when we return to the same place an hour after, the shadow is displaced; for it does not vanish suddenly, but little by little, so as never to be at rest. If we look at the stars, they seem as small as money-pieces; but mathematical proofs convince us that they are larger than the earth. These and other things are judged by the senses, but rejected as false by reason. I abandoned the senses, therefore; having seen all my confidence in their truth shaken.

Perhaps, said I, there is no assurance but in the notions of reason—such as, ten is more than three; the same thing cannot have been created, and yet have existed from all eternity; to exist, and not to exist, at the same time, is impossible.

The senses replied: What assurance have you that your confidence in first principles is not of the same nature as your confidence in us? When you relied on us, reason stepped in and gave us the lie; had not reason been there, you would have continued to rely upon us. Well, may there not exist some other judge superior to reason, who, if he appeared, would refute the judgments of reason in the same way that



reason refuted us? The non-appearance of this judge does not prove his non-existence.

I strove in vain to answer the objection; and my difficulties increased when I came to reflect upon sleep. I said to myself: During sleep you give to visions a reality and consistence, and you have no suspicion of their untruth. On awakening, you are made aware that they were nothing but visions. What assurance have you that all you feel and know, when awake, does actually exist? It is all true as respects your condition at that moment; but it is nevertheless possible that another condition should present itself, which should be, to your awakened state, that which your awakened state now is to your sleep; so that, in respect to this higher condition, your waking is but sleep.

I was thus forced to return to the admission of intellectual notions as the basis of all certainty—however, not by systematic reasoning, but by a flash of light which God sent into my soul. For whoever imagines that truth can only be rendered evident by proofs, places narrow limits to the wide compassion of the Creator.

I was convinced that we can only aspire to happiness in this world by subduing the soul; and that the most important of all things is to extirpate from it the attachment to this world, and humbly to direct our thoughts to our eternal home.

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### TO A WATERFOWL.

W. C. BRYANT.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side.

There is a power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land ;  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
So shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

## FIRST DISCOVERERS AND COLONISTS OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

### EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE great renown of Columbus—a renown indeed richly deserved—has obscured the history of the first discoverers of the American *Continent* ; and the romantic exploits of the Spanish captains have so occupied the attention of mankind, that the equally daring, though not equally successful, deeds of the English adventurers are comparatively unknown. England, nevertheless, which has given a people to the northern continent of America, and spread her language over it, sent forth Cabot, who was its first discoverer. “ In the new career of western adventure,” says the American historian, Mr Bancroft, “ the American continent was first discovered,

under the auspices of the English, and the coast of the United States by a native of England. In the history of maritime enterprise in the New World, the achievements of John and Sebastian Cabot are, in boldness, success, and results, second only to those of Columbus. Yet the Cabots derived little benefit from the expedition which their genius had suggested, and of which they alone defrayed the expense. Posterity hardly remembered that they had reached the American Continent nearly fourteen months before Columbus, on his third voyage, came in sight of the main land. But England acquired, through their energy, such a right to North America as this indisputable priority could confer."

This discovery of the continent of America occurred in June 1497; and in the latitude of fifty-six degrees north. In a second voyage, undertaken in the subsequent year, John Cabot and his son, Sebastian, sailed down the coast to a latitude supposed to be as low as Albemarle Sound, and corresponding with that of Gibraltar.

The conquests of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards, have indeed a species of marvel and romance attending them, to which the progress of the English upon the more northern portions of the continent offers nothing similar; nevertheless, a far more sustained and a wider interest belongs to the early fortunes of our countrymen in those inhospitable regions. A blaze of renown surrounded Cortes, and his inferior contemporary, Pizarro. Enormous wealth at once flowed into the coffers of the Spanish monarch; a vast and fertile territory was quickly added to his dominions; and Spaniards, with their language and their religion, peopled the wide regions extending from California almost to the southernmost point of South America. But a dark night succeeded this dazzling dawn. Political and religious despotism settled down upon the land—rendering the people unfit to govern themselves, and incapable of a steady obedience to any one else. The great power of Spain, and the great interest felt in the colonies, both by her kings and by the nation at large, gave an extraordinary impetus to the peopling of their new possessions in America. Cities arose, magnificent, rich, and, for a time, thronging with inhabitants, and busy with trade. Splendour and wealth and power attended the fortunate possessors of lands teeming with all the products of an exquisite climate. Convents, churches, and palaces were built, which vied with, if they did not surpass,

those of Spain herself. It seemed as if the Spanish dominion would soon extend from Cape Horn to the North Pole, and give her an overwhelming preponderance not only in America, but the world. But this brilliant and showy system contained within itself a fatal taint,—a certain cause of early and of rapid decline. This deadly disease lurked in the institutions which Spain established in her colonial dominions; it not only destroyed her colonial greatness, but sapped the foundations of her European power; and reduced her, from the towering supremacy that once threatened the whole of Europe as well as America, to that abject and powerless condition which she now exhibits.

The progress of the English colonies affords a striking contrast to all this sudden splendour and rapid decay. Their early struggles, and petty wars, were not for extensive power, and almost countless wealth. They landed on a dreary shore, to brave the rigours of an inhospitable climate, to combat savages as fierce as the clime, and more numerous than the intruders; to wring from a niggard soil a scanty existence, and to win a narrow footing for their humble homes, not only without the aid, but almost in direct opposition to the wishes, of the government of their native country. But these hardy and daring colonists brought with them that which was of greater value than the wealth of Mexico and Peru—the habit of self-government, and obedience to the omnipotence of the law;—attesting, with more authority than any antiquarian arguments, the ancient date of liberal institutions in the land that gave them birth. Happily for America, the kings of England, and the government, took little interest in the early fortunes of the colonies, and therefore did not, at the outset, interfere with the settlements formed by our countrymen. The reigning feelings in England, however, naturally put their stamp and impress on their institutions. The character of Englishmen determined the nature of the law and government established; their self-relying and undaunted spirit was strongly manifest in every colony they planted in America.

## SYMPATHY.

R. HUIE.

WHEN roses deck the cheek of youth,  
And laughter lights the eye,  
We oft forget the solemn truth,  
That all those charms must die.  
And when through every bounding vein  
The tide of vigour flows,  
We think not of the bed of pain,  
The mourner's secret woes.

'Tis therefore good to leave the seat  
(The Book of Wisdom tells)  
Of mirth and joy, for that retreat  
Where age or anguish dwells.  
'Tis there the child of folly learns  
The wounds which sin has given ;  
And there the eye of faith discerns  
The balm that flows from heaven.

Ah ! never does the youthful smile  
Such angel sweetness borrow,  
As when it would the heart beguile  
Of one dark hour of sorrow !  
And never is the youthful tear  
In shower more graceful shed,  
Than when it drops upon the bier  
Where rests the hoary head.

Then, if from Him who cannot lie  
We would the future know,  
There is a record kept on high  
Of what is done below ;  
And on that page a seraph's pen  
Inscribes each act of love,  
By which, with other sons of men,  
We kindred feeling prove,—

Each gentle look, each accent kind,  
 Each proof of tender care,  
 Which now we cannot call to mind,  
 Have long been written there.  
 And they who weep with them that weep,  
 On age's slumbers guard,  
 May lose the friends whose couch they keep,  
 But not their own reward.

For, in that day, when yonder sun  
 And every star is dim,  
 The cup of joy which they have won  
 Shall sparkle to the brim.  
 And if the bright, the happy souls,  
 The draught of rapture drain,  
 A stream of endless pleasure rolls,  
 To fill that cup again !

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## REVELATION, THE STANDARD OF MORALITY.

JOHN LOCKE.

NEXT to the knowledge of one God, maker of all things, a clear *knowledge of their duty* was wanting to mankind. This part of knowledge, though cultivated with care by some of the heathen philosophers, yet got little footing among the people. All men indeed, under pain of displeasing the gods, were to frequent the temples : every one went to sacrifices and services ; but the priests made it not their business to teach them *virtue*. If they were diligent in their observations and ceremonies, punctual in their feasts and solemnities, the holy tribe assured them the gods were pleased ; and they looked no further. Few went to the schools of the philosophers to be instructed in their duties, and to know what was good and evil in their actions. Lustrations and processions were much easier than a clean conscience and a steady course of virtue ; and an expiatory sacrifice, that atoned for the want of it, was much more convenient than a strict and holy life. No wonder then that religion was everywhere distinguished from *virtue*, and that it was dangerous heresy and profanation to think the contrary. So much *virtue* as was necessary to hold

societies together, and to contribute to the quiet of governments, the civil laws of commonwealths taught and forced upon men that lived under magistrates.

But these laws, being for the most part made by such as had no other aims but their own power, reached no further than to those things that would serve to tie men together in subjection; or, at most, were directed to conduce to the prosperity and temporal happiness of any people. But *natural religion*, in its full extent, was nowhere, that I know, taken care of by the force of natural reason. It should seem, by the little that has hitherto been done in it, that it is too hard a task for unassisted reason to establish morality, in all its parts, upon its true foundations, with a clear and convincing light. And it is at least a surer and shorter way to the apprehensions of the mass of mankind, that one manifestly sent from God, and coming with visible authority from him, should, as a king and lawmaker, tell them their duties, and require their obedience, than leave it to the long and intricate deductions of reason to be made out to them. Such strains of reasonings the greater part of mankind have neither leisure to weigh, nor skill to judge of. We see how unsuccessful in this the attempts of philosophers were before our Saviour's time. How short their several systems came of the perfection of a true and complete *morality*, is very visible. And if, since then, the Christian philosophers have much outdone them, yet we may observe, that the knowledge of the truths they have added is owing to revelation; though, as soon as they are considered, they are found to be agreeable to reason, and such as cannot be contradicted.

Every one may observe a great many truths, which he receives at first from others, and readily assents to as consonant to reason, but which he would have found it hard, and perhaps beyond his strength, to have discovered himself. Native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine, as we who have it delivered, ready fashioned, into our hands, are apt to imagine. And how often, at fifty or three-score years of age, are thinking men told truths which their own contemplations could not, and possibly never would, have helped them to? Experience shows that the knowledge of morality, by mere natural light, makes but a slow progress and little advance in the world. The reason is not hard to be found in men's necessities, passions, vices, and mistaken interests, which turn their thoughts another way. The designing

leaders, as well as the following herd, find it not to their purpose to employ much of their meditations in this way. Whatsoever was the cause, it is plain that human reason, unassisted, failed men in this great and proper business of *morality*. It never, by clear deductions, made out an entire body of the *law of nature*. And he that shall collect all the moral rules of the philosophers, and compare them with those contained in the New Testament, will find them to come short of the *morality* delivered by our Saviour and taught by his apostles: a college made up, for the most part, of ignorant but inspired fishermen.

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## TO A CHILD DURING SICKNESS.

LEIGH HUNT.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,  
My little patient boy;  
And balmy rest about thee  
Smooths off the day's annoy.  
I sit me down, and think  
Of all thy winning ways:  
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,  
Thy thanks to all that aid,  
Thy heart in pain and weakness,  
Of fancied faults afraid;  
The little trembling hand  
That wipes thy quiet tears,  
These, these are things that may demand  
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,  
I will not think of now;  
And calmly 'midst my dear ones,  
Have wasted with dry brow;  
But when thy fingers press  
And pat my stooping head,  
I cannot bear the gentleness—  
The tears are in their bed.



Ah! first-born of thy mother,  
 When life and hope were new,  
 Kind playmate of thy brother,  
 Thy sister, father, too ;  
 My light, where'er I go,  
 My bird, when prison bound,  
 My hand in hand companion—no,  
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say " He has departed"—  
 " His voice"—" his face"—" is gone;"  
 To feel impatient-hearted,  
 Yet feel we must bear on ;  
 Ah, I could not endure  
 To whisper of such woe,  
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure  
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping !  
 This silence too the while—  
 Its very hush and creeping  
 Seem whispering as a smile :  
 Something divine and dim  
 Seems going by one's ear,  
 Like parting wings of cherubim,  
 Who say, " We've finished here."

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 HEAT.

JOSEPH BLACK, M.D.

It is plain, that not only all animal and vegetable life, but that the whole face and appearance of nature, the very form and powers of the elements themselves, depend on the limited action of heat. There are none of the elementary bodies with which we are better acquainted than water. Let us attend a little to the powers and qualities by which it acts its part in this system of beings. We all admire its pure transparency in a spring ; the level and polished surface with which it reflects objects that are on the banks of a lake ; the

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mobility with which it runs along the channel of a brook, and the incessant motion of its waves in a stormy sea. But, when viewed with a philosophical eye, it appears much more an object of admiration. The same water which, under its usual form, is a principal beauty in the features of nature, is employed in her most extensive operations, and is necessary to the formation of all her productions. It penetrates the interior parts of the earth, and appears to assist in the production of various minerals, stones, and earths, found there, by bringing their different ingredients together, and applying them to one another properly, that they may concrete. We know it arises in vapour from the surface of the ocean, to form the clouds, and to descend again in rain upon the dry land, and give origin to springs, rivers, and lakes; or, upon proper occasions, to form deep snow, which protects the ground and vegetables from the intense and mortal cold to which some parts of the world are exposed; and, after it has performed this useful office, it readily yields to the heat of summer, and returns to a state in which it serves the same purposes as rain. By its fluidity and tenuity, it penetrates the soil, and the seeds of plants which that soil contains. These it causes to swell and germinate into plants, that depend on water for support. It passes with freedom and ease through all their minutest tubes and vessels, and carries with it materials necessary for nourishment and growth, or changes its appearance so as to become part of the plant. There is no plant or vegetable substance, that does not contain in its composition a large quantity of water, easily separable from it. The hardest woods contain a great deal. The softer and more succulent parts of vegetables are almost totally composed of it. Even the oils and resinous substances can be resolved in part into water. It is plainly as necessary to the animals, and is found to be as copious an ingredient in the composition of their bodies, and of all the different parts of them.

These are the numerous and extensive uses of this beautiful element. But, in this succession of forms and operations which it undergoes, you will perceive that it is set in motion, and adapted to these ends, by the nice adjustment and gentle vicissitudes of heat and cold, which attend the returns of day and night, and summer and winter; and that even the *form*, under which it and the other elements play their parts, depends on the limited action of heat. Were our heat to be

diminished, and to continue diminished, to a degree not very far below the ordinary temperature, the water would lose its fluidity, and assume the form of a solid hard body, totally unfit for the numerous purposes which it serves at present. And, if the diminution of heat were to go still farther, the air itself would lose its elasticity, and would be frozen to a solid useless matter like the water; and thus all nature would become a lifeless, silent, and dismal ruin. Such being the important part allotted to water, in the magnificent series of natural operations, in consequence of the qualities communicated to it by heat, all its properties become interesting objects of contemplation to a sensible heart. That peculiarity by which the expansion and contraction of water by heat is distinguished from the same effect on other substances,—I mean its irregularity between 32 degrees and 40 degrees of Fahrenheit,—naturally attracts attention. Even this seemingly trifling distinction has been shown by Count Rumford to have a mighty effect in rendering our habitation more comfortable.

On the other hand, were the heat which at present cherishes and enlivens this globe, allowed to increase beyond the bounds at present prescribed to it, besides the destruction of all animal and vegetable life, which would be the immediate and inevitable consequence, the water would lose its present form, and assume that of an elastic vapour like air; the solid parts of the globe would be melted and confounded together, or mixed with the air and water in smoke and vapour; and nature would return to the original chaos.

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BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

*Cassius.* That you have wronged me doth appear in this:  
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letter—praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man—was slighted of.

*Brutus.* You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

*Bru.* Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemned to have an itching palm,  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!—

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers;—shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty meed of our large honours  
For so much trash, as may be grasped *thus*?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.—  
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?—

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;  
Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier;  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say *better*?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace! peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do what I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces.

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not—he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart.  
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not. Still you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Checked by a bondman; all his faults observed;  
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast—within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!  
If that thou needest a Roman's, take it forth.  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou loved'st him better  
Than ever thou loved'st Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger;  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;  
Which much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

## MARIA GAETANA AGNESI.

## DE BROSSES.

[In passing through Milan, about the year 1740, the President de Brosses met the Signora Agnesi, at that time a young lady of eighteen or twenty. She afterwards became Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in the University of Bologna.]

THERE were about thirty people in the room, many of them from different countries in Europe, who formed a circle round the lady and a little sister who accompanied her. The Count Belloni addressed her in a fine Latin speech, with the formality of a college declamation. She answered with great readiness and ability in the same language; and they then entered into a disputation—still in Latin—on the origin of fountains, and on the causes of the ebbing and flowing which is observed in some of them, like the tides in the sea. She spoke on this subject like an angel, and I never heard it treated in a manner that gave me more satisfaction.

The Count then desired me to enter with her on the discussion of any other subject I chose, provided it was connected with mathematics or natural philosophy. After making the best apology I could to the lady, for my want of sufficient skill in the Latin language to make me worthy of conversing in it with her, we entered, first, on the manner in which the impressions made on the senses by corporeal objects, are communicated to the brain or general sensorium; and afterwards on the propagation of light, and the prismatic colours. Another of the company then discoursed with her on the transparency of bodies, and on curvilinear figures in geometry, of which last I did not understand a word.

She spoke wonderfully well on all these subjects, though she could not have been prepared beforehand, any more than we were. She is much attached to the philosophy of Newton; and it is marvellous to see a person of her age so conversant with such abstruse subjects. Yet, however much I was surprised at the extent and depth of her knowledge, I was still more amazed to hear her speak Latin with such purity, ease, and accuracy, that I do not recollect any book in modern Latin written in so classical a style as that in which she pronounced these discourses. The conversation afterwards became general, every one speaking in the language

of his own country, and she answering in the same language ; for her knowledge of languages is prodigious. She told me she was sorry that the conversation of this visit had taken so much the formal turn of an *academical disputation*, and that she very much disliked speaking on such subjects in numerous companies, where, for one that was amused, twenty were probably tired to death. I was sorry to hear that she intended to go into a convent and take the veil, not from want of fortune, for she is rich, but from a religious and devout turn of mind, which disposes her to shun the pleasures and vanities of the world.

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### THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

STOP !—for thy tread is on an empire's dust !  
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !  
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,  
 Or column trophied for triumphal show ?  
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.  
 As the ground was before, thus let it be.—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !  
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
 Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;—  
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !  
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—



But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the canon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there were hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come, they  
come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring, which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years;  
And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay ;  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

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## CONSTANTINOPLE.

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

A CERTAIN French author says that Constantinople is twice as big as Paris. It does not appear to me to be much bigger than London ; and I am apt to think it is not so populous. The burying-fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of land in Turkey is lost in this way. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one.

On no occasion do the Turks ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man ; and, as the turbans, by their different shapes, show the quality or profession, it is in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased. Besides, the pillar commonly bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar, without ornament ; except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the sultans, and some great men, have in them lamps constantly burning.

The Exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greater part supported by pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandise is exposed in the same order as in the New Exchange, London. The jewellers' quarter shows so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and of all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers' is also very glittering; and people walk here as much for diversion as business. Most of the markets are handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio here as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees; and this is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side, there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their attendants.

The climate about Constantinople is delightful in the highest degree. I am now sitting, on the fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm sun-shine, while you are freezing over a fire. My chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquilles, fresh from my garden.

The pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea, is not comparable to that of rowing upon the strait here; where, for twenty miles together down the Bosphorus, prospects of the most beautiful variety present themselves. The Asiatic side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem twice as large as it is, though one of the largest cities in the world; showing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty, and appearance of symmetry, as any person ever saw in a cabinet adorn-

ed by the most skilful hands, where jars show themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison, but it gives an exact idea of the thing.

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## OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

HUGH HUTTON.

Oh! show me where is He,  
 The high and holy One,  
 To whom thou bend'st the knee,  
 And pray'st, "Thy will be done!"  
 I hear thy voice of praise,  
 And lo! no form is near;  
 Thine eyes I see thee raise,  
 But where doth God appear?  
 Oh! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,  
 That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above—  
 The glittering vault admire!  
 Who taught those orbs to move?  
 Who lit their ceaseless fire?  
 Who guides the moon to run  
 In silence through the skies?  
 Who bids that dawning sun  
 In strength and beauty rise?  
 There view immensity!—behold, my God is there—  
 The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare!

See, where the mountains rise;  
 Where thundering torrents foam;  
 Where, veiled in lowering skies,  
 The eagle makes his home!  
 Where savage nature dwells,  
 My God is present too—  
 Through all its wildest dells  
 His footsteps I pursue:  
 He reared those giant cliffs—supplies that dashing stream—  
 Provides the daily food, which stills the wild bird's scream.

Look on that world of waves,  
Where finny nations glide ;  
Within whose deep, dark caves,  
The ocean-monsters hide !  
His power is sovereign there,  
To raise—to quell—the storm ;  
The depths his bounty share,  
Where sport the scaly swarm :  
Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice,  
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids the world rejoice.

Nor eye nor thought can soar  
Where moves not he in might ;—  
He swells the thunder's roar,  
He spreads the wings of night.  
Oh ! praise the works divine !  
Bow down thy soul in prayer ;  
Nor ask for other sign,  
That God is everywhere—  
The viewless spirit He—immortal, holy, blessed—  
Oh ! worship him in faith, and find eternal rest !

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## THE POOR AS HAPPY AS THE RICH.

JOHN ERSKINE, D.D.

THE poor are rich, for they have the most valuable possessions and enjoyments of the rich, and want only those which are of less value. Compare the enjoyments peculiar to affluence, with the enjoyments equally bestowed on those who, by the sweat of their brow, earn their bread. Leave even religion out of the account ; still the happiness of life consists not in the abundance of what a man possesses. You envy what you account the high and peculiar pleasures of the rich ; but you have not considered, that the daily return of their entertainments and amusements deadens their relish. The oftener and the deeper they drink of the gratifications which wealth alone can purchase, so much the less do the novelty, the variety, or the expectation of these sweeten their cup. Far different are the rare and frugal feasts of humble poverty, with virtuous and beloved relations

and neighbours. As they are more fully enjoyed, because they seldom return, so they leave behind them a sweet and soothing remembrance.

The poor man, as well as the rich, is permitted to behold the sun shining in his brightness,—the moon and stars giving lustre and cheerfulness to the night,—the mountains covered with grass, and the valleys with corn,—and the flowers of the garden, and trees of the field, so richly adorned, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of them. But family comforts, of all created and sublunary comforts, are the best; and these are equally open to all ranks of men. By a cheerful conscientious discharge of their respective duties, and by a thousand spontaneous marks of attachment, of esteem, of sympathy, and of gratitude, husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, smooth to each other the rugged path of life, soothe its sorrows, and give a higher flavour to its joys. Surrounded, from one end of the year to the other, by those whom he best loves, the poor man may enjoy serene, unsullied delight, in their friendly looks, endearing words, and mutual offices of kindness. Gaiety and cheerfulness, in infancy and childhood, gladden the offspring of the peasant, as well as the offspring of the prince. The sleep of the labouring man is as sweet as that of him who has inherited the largest fortune. The mind of the servant may be more contented and serene than that of the master. And the voice of joy is heard among them who reap the harvest, when the hearts of those for whom they reap it, in the midst of laughter, are sorrowful.

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### THE FORESTER.

ANONYMOUS.

“FORESTER! leave thy woodland range,  
And hie thee hence with me;  
For brighter scenes and pleasures strange,  
Forsake thy greenwood tree.  
Come, gather thy cloak above the knee,  
And take thy tall staff down,  
I'll show thee what delights they be  
That dwell in tower and town.”

“ Nay, stranger, check thy bright bay steed,  
    To sojourn with me here ;  
And turn him forth at large to feed,  
    Amongst these dappled deer :  
And thou, while summer skies are clear,  
    Within my greenwood bower,  
Shalt scorn the pleasures once so dear,  
    That dwell in town and tower.”

“ Well may I find a better home,  
    My steed a warmer stall ;  
I know full many a lordly dome,  
    Full many a palace-hall :  
Where stately rows of columns tall,  
    The fretted roof sustain,  
Then, forester, yield thee to my call,  
    And follow me o’er the plain.”

“ Doth lofty roof delight thine eye,  
    Or stately pillar please ?  
Look, stranger, at yon azure sky,  
    And pillars such as these—  
Where, wreathing round majestic trees,  
    The verdant ivy clings ;  
The pillared roofs the peasant sees,  
    Are fit to shelter kings.

“ Stranger, the woodman’s frugal fare,  
    No sickly riots stain ;  
Nor ever hautboy’s artful air,  
    Could match yon throstle’s strain ;  
And, if the stores of ample gain,  
    Thy useful avarice crave,  
Go, stranger, teach the ruddy grain  
    O’er yonder wastes to wave.

“ Falsehood in beauty lies concealed,  
    Guilt haunts the deadly fight :  
Here woods a harmless warfare yield,  
    And maids their true love plight—  
Such simple joys of rustic wight,  
    To thee ’twere vain to tell ;  
But heavily fall the shades of night—  
    Now, stranger, fare thee well.”

## HORACE WALPOLE'S REPROOF OF WILLIAM PITT.

[The debate took place in 1740. Mr Walpole afterwards succeeded to the title of Earl of Orford, and Mr Pitt was created Earl of Chatham.]

SIR,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on, with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman who declaimed against the bill, with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who charged its advocates with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper; and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence. Nor, Sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him, how little the clamour of rage and the petulance of invective contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.

If the heat of his temper, Sir, would suffer him to attend to those, whose age and long acquaintance with business give them a right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason rather than declaim; and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives; these may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He would learn, Sir, that to accuse and prove are very different things; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character



of him who utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of administration), to prove the injustice of this bill, than barely to assert it, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

## MR PITT'S REPLY.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a *young* man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The man who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray head should secure him from insults. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; it deserves to be mentioned only, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may perhaps have some am-

bition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mein, however matured by age, or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings with it one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But, Sir, with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned, while my liberty is invaded, or look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

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## MOTHER AND CHILD.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

HER, by her smile, how soon the infant knows!  
How soon, by his, the glad discovery shows!  
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,  
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!  
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,  
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.  
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,  
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise:  
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,—  
That name most dear for ever on his tongue.  
As with soft accents round her neck he flings,  
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings;  
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,  
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;

Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,  
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

But soon a nobler task demands her care,  
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,  
Telling of Him who sees in secret there.  
And now the volume on her knee has caught  
His wandering eye—now many a written thought,  
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,  
His murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly ;  
Oft he would follow—follow through the sky !  
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,  
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane :  
Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain-side,  
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,  
A dangerous voyage ! or, if now he can,  
If now he wears the habit of a man,  
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,  
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,  
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,  
And in green letters sees his name arise !  
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,  
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight.

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## THREATENED INVASION OF BRITAIN BY THE FRENCH, IN 1803.

ROBERT HALL.

By a series of criminal enterprises, by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished. The subjugation of Holland, of Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe ; and *we* are the only people in the eastern hemisphere, who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in the country she always chose for her favourite abode ; but she is pursued *even here*, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here. We are most exactly, most critically, placed in the only aperture where it

can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the world. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the representatives of the human race; for you it is to determine—under God—in what condition the latest posterity shall be born. Their fortunes are entrusted to your care; on your conduct, at this moment, depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, extinguished on the continent, be suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge from the midst of that thick night which will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good—that freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God, and whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence—that freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders—it is for you to decide, whether that freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and be wrapped in eternal gloom.

It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger, must vanish; you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilised world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied by every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid. She will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet—many to the sanctuary. The faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God. The feeble hand, unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; from myriads of humble contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms.

The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the *nation*

fall—you will have the satisfaction—the purest allotted to man—of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period—and they will incessantly revolve them—will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom entombed in your sepulchre.

I cannot but imagine, that the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest; as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed by your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler of the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty! Go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirits of departed heroes! Inspire them with their own; and, while led by thy hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and on every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.

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## POETICAL CRITICISM.

ALEXANDER POPE.

A PERFECT judge will read each work of wit,  
 With the same spirit as its author writ,  
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,  
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.  
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts  
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
But the joint force and full result of all.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,  
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;  
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,  
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.  
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace  
The naked nature and the living grace,  
With gold and jewels cover every part,  
And hide with ornaments their want of art.  
Others for language all their cares express,  
And value books, as women men, for dress.  
Their praise is still—the style is excellent :  
The rest they humbly take upon content :  
Words are like leaves ; and, where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.  
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place :  
The face of nature we no more survey ;  
All glares alike, without distinction gay :  
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,  
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;  
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
Appears more decent as more suitable.  
A vile conceit, in pompous words expressed,  
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed ;  
For different styles with different subjects sort,  
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;  
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong.  
In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire,  
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire.  
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow ;  
And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.  
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should, like the torrent, roar :

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow ;  
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

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## NIGHT AND DAWN ON ETNA.

P. BRYDONE.

AFTER incredible fatigue, mixed with a great deal of pleasure, we arrived, before dawn, at the ruins of an ancient structure, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation here, the better to study the nature of Mount Etna. By others it is supposed to be the ruins of a temple of Vulcan, whose shop, where he used to make excellent thunderbolts and celestial armour, was ever kept—as all the world knows—on Mount Etna.

We had now time to pay our adorations in a silent contemplation of the sublime objects of nature. The sky was clear ; the immense vault of the heavens appeared in awful majesty and splendour. We found ourselves more struck with veneration than when below ; and observed, with astonishment, that the number of stars seemed to be infinitely increased, the light of each of them appearing brighter than usual. The whiteness of the Milky Way was like a pure flame that shot across the heavens ; and, with the naked eye, we could observe clusters of stars that were invisible in the regions below. We did not at first attend to the cause, or recollect, that we had now passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour, which blunts and confuses every ray, before it reaches the surface of the earth. We were amazed at our distinctness of vision, and exclaimed together, “ What a glorious situation for an observatory ! ” We regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as I am persuaded we might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or, at least, with a small glass that I had in my pocket. We observed a light a great way below us on the mountain, which seemed to move among the forests ; but whether an *Ignis Fatuus*, or what it was, I shall not pretend to say. We likewise took notice of several of those meteors, called *falling stars*, which still appeared to be as much elevated above us as when seen

from the plains ; so that, in all probability, those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that some philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

After contemplating these objects for some time, we set off, and soon arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure, rising equally on all sides. It is composed solely of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano, which is in its centre. This conical mountain is of a very great size. Its circumference cannot be less than ten miles. Here we took a second rest, as the greatest part of our fatigue still remained. We found this mountain excessively steep ; and, although it appeared black, it was likewise covered with snow ; but the surface (luckily for us) was spread over with a pretty thick layer of ashes, thrown out from the crater. But for this, we never should have been able to get to the top, as the snow was everywhere frozen hard and solid.

After an hour's climbing, we arrived at a place where there was no snow, and where a warm and comfortable vapour issued from the mountain, which induced us to make another halt. From this spot it was only about 300 yards to the summit of the mountain, where we arrived in full time to see the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature.

Here description must ever fall short. No imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there, on the surface of this globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world—this point, or pinnacle, is raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature, with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere, by degrees, kindled up, and showed, dimly and faintly, the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos ; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed



the separation. The stars are extinguished; the shades disappear. The forests, that but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from which no ray was reflected to show their form or colours, appear a new creation, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The view still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides, till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and, with his plastic ray, completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment; it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a prospect, are bewildered and confounded; it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it.

The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean; immense tracts, both of sea and land, intervening; the islands of Lipari, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river, through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity. I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon on the top of Etna cannot be less than 2000 miles. Malta, which is near 200 miles distant, is often discovered from about one-half the elevation of the mountain; so that, at the whole elevation, the horizon must extend to nearly double that distance, or 400 miles; which makes 800 for the diameter of the circle, and above 2400 for the circumference. But this is by much too great for our senses, which are not intended to grasp so vast a scene.

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## THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods;  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:

I love not man the less, but nature more,  
 From these our interviews ; in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown !

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage ! their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now !

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests !—in all time—  
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime !  
 The image of Eternity !—the throne  
 Of the Invisible !—Even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made ! Each zone  
 Obeys thee ! Thou goest forth, dread ! fathomless ! alone !

## INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION SALUTARY.

DUGALD STEWART.

THE faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity,—the principal source of human improvement. As it

delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those with which we are acquainted, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Hence the ardour of the selfish to better their fortunes, and to add to their personal accomplishments; and hence the zeal of the patriot and the philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.

The common bias of the mind undoubtedly is—such is the benevolent appointment of Providence—to think favourably of the future; to over-value the chances of possible good, and to under-rate the risk of possible evil; and, in the case of some fortunate individuals, this disposition remains after a thousand disappointments. To what this bias of our nature is owing, it is not material for us to inquire: the fact is certain; and it is an important one to our happiness. It supports us under the real distresses of life, and cheers and animates all our labours; and although it is sometimes apt to produce, in a weak and indolent mind, those deceitful suggestions of ambition and vanity, which lead us to sacrifice the duties and the comforts of the present moment to romantic hopes and expectations; yet it must be acknowledged, when connected with habits of activity, and regulated by a solid judgment, to have a favourable effect on the character, by inspiring that ardour and enthusiasm which both prompt to great enterprises, and are necessary to ensure their success.

When such a temper is united—as it commonly is—with pleasing notions concerning the order of the universe, and, in particular, concerning the condition and the prospects of man, it places our happiness, in a great measure, beyond the power of fortune. While it admits of a double relish to every enjoyment, it blunts the edge of all our sufferings; and, even when human life presents to us no object on which our hopes can rest, it invites the imagination beyond the dark and troubled horizon that terminates all our earthly prospects, to wander unconfined in the regions of futurity. A man of benevolence, whose mind is enlarged by philosophy, will indulge the same agreeable anticipations with respect to society; will view all the different improvements in arts, in commerce, and in the sciences, as co-operating to promote the union, the

happiness, and the virtue of mankind. Amidst the political disorders resulting from the prejudices and follies of his own times, he will look forward, with transport, to the blessings reserved for posterity in a more enlightened age.

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## FORGET ME NOT.

W. H. HARRISON.

THE star that shines so pure and bright,  
Like a far-off place of bliss,  
And tells the broken-hearted  
There are brighter worlds than this;  
The moon that courses through the sky,  
Like man's uncertain doom,—  
Now shining bright with borrowed light,  
Now wrapped in deepest gloom,—  
Or when eclipsed—a dreary blank—  
A fearful emblem given  
Of the heart shut out by a sinful world  
From the blessed light of heaven ;—  
The flower that freely casts its wealth  
Of perfume on the gale ;  
The breeze that mourns the summer's close  
With melancholy wail ;  
The stream that cleaves the mountain side,  
Or gurgles from the grot—  
All speak in their Creator's name,  
And say—" *Forget me not.*"

Oh! who that sees the vermeil cheek  
Grow day by day more pale,  
And the form of beauty shrink before  
The summer's gentlest gale ;  
But thinks of Him, the Mighty One,  
By whom the blow is given,  
As if the fairest flowers of earth  
Were early plucked for Heaven.  
O yes! on every side we see  
The impress of His hand ;  
The air we breathe is full of him,  
And the earth on which we stand ;

Yet heedless man regards it not,  
But life's uncertain day  
In idle hopes and vain regrets  
Thus madly wastes away.  
But in His own appointed time,  
He will not be forgot—  
Oh! in that hour of fearful strife,  
Great God, "*Forget me not.*"

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## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, A.D. 1492.

W. ROBERTSON, D.D.

ABOUT two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and pointed it out to two of his people. All three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "*land! land!*" was heard from the Pinta. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, they were now become slow of belief, and waited, in all the anguish of impatience, for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, their doubts were dispelled; they beheld an island about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered by many rivulets, presented to them the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had caused him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and, passing from one extreme to the other, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun rose, all the boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours

displayed, warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, and whose gestures expressed astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see, and returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their features singular, rather than disagreeable; their aspect, gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces and other parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. Though shy at first, they soon became familiar with the Spaniards; and, with transports of joy, received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, and other baubles: in return for which, they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ships,

accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes*, and which, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the Old and New Worlds, everything was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas of the advantages they might derive from those regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities which were now threatening their country.

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### THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

ANONYMOUS.

WHISPER, thou tree, thou lonely tree,  
One, where a thousand stood !  
Well might proud tales be told by thee,  
Last of the solemn wood.

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,  
With leaves yet darkly green ?  
Stillness is round, and noontide glows—  
Tell us what thou hast seen.

“ I have seen the forest shadows lie  
Where now men reap the corn ;  
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,  
Through the deep glades at morn.

“ With the glance of many a gallant spear,  
The wave of many a plume,  
And the bounding of a hundred deer,  
It lit the woodland's gloom.

“ I have seen the knight and his train ride past,  
With banner borne on high ;  
O'er all my leaves was brightness cast  
From his gleaming panoply.

“ The pilgrim at my feet hath laid  
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,  
And told his beads, and meekly prayed,  
Kneeling at vesper hours.

“ The merry men of wild and glen,  
In the green array they wore,  
Have feasted here with red wine’s cheer,  
And the hunter-songs of yore.

“ The minstrel, resting in my shade,  
Hath made the forest ring  
With the lordly tales of the high crusade,  
Once loved by chief and king.

“ But now the noble forms are gone  
That walked the earth of old ;  
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,  
The sunny light looks cold.

“ There is no glory left us now,  
Like the glory with the dead :  
I would that where they slumber now  
My latest leaves were shed !”

O thou dark tree, thou lonely tree !  
That mournest for the past,  
A peasant’s home in thy shade I see,  
Embowered from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound  
Of laughter meets mine ear ;  
For the poor man’s children sport around  
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin-wall  
A happy summer-glow ;  
The open door stands free to all,  
For it recks not of a foe.

The village bells are on the breeze  
That stirs thy leaf, dark tree !  
How can I mourn, ’midst things like these,  
For the gloomy past with thee ?



# INSTINCT.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

YOUNG birds cannot fly as soon as they are hatched, because they have no wing-feathers; but as soon as these are developed, and even before they are perfectly strong, they use their wings, fly, and quit their nests, without any education from their parents. Compare a young quail, when a few days old, with a child of as many months. He flies, runs, seeks his food, avoids danger, and obeys the calls of his mother; whilst a child is perfectly helpless, and can perform few voluntary motions, has barely learnt to grasp, and can neither stand nor walk. Look at common domestic poultry. As soon as they are excluded from the egg, they run round their mother, nestle in her feathers, and obey her call, without education. She leads them to some spot, where there is soft earth or dung, and instantly begins scratching with her feet. The chickens watch her motions with the utmost attention. If an earthworm or ant is turned up, they instantly seize and devour it, but they avoid eating sticks, grass, or straw; and, though the hen shows them the example of picking up the grain, they do not imitate her in this respect, but for some days prefer ants to a barley-corn. Does the mother see the shadow of a kite on the ground, or hear his scream in the air? she instantly utters a thrill suppressed cry; the chickens, though born that day, and searching round her, with glee and admiration, for the food which her feet were providing for them, instantly appear as if thunderstruck. Those close to her, crouch down, and hide themselves in the straw; those further off, without moving from the place, remain prostrate; the hen looks upward with a watchful eye; nor do they resume their feeding, till they have been called again by the chuck of their mother, and warned that the danger is over.

Examine young ducks, which have been hatched under a hen; they no sooner quit the shell, than they fly to their natural element, the water, in spite of the great anxiety and terror of their foster-parent, who in vain repeats the sound, to which her natural children are so obedient. Being in the water, they seize insects of every kind, which they can only know from their instincts to be good for food. I will mention another instance. A friend of mine was travelling in the interior of

Ceylon. On the bank of a lake he saw some fragments of shells of the eggs of the alligator, and heard a subterraneous sound. His curiosity was excited; and he was induced to search beneath the surface of the sand. Besides two or three young animals lately come from the shell, he found several eggs, which were still entire. He broke the shell of one of them, when a young alligator came forth, apparently perfect in all its functions and motions; and, when my friend touched it with a stick, it assumed a threatening aspect, and bit the stick with violence. It made towards the water, which (though born by the influence of the sunbeams on the burning sand) it seemed to know was its natural and hereditary domain. Here is an animal, which, deserted by its parents, and entirely submitted to the mercy of nature and the elements, must die, if it had to acquire its knowledge; but all its powers are given, all its wants supplied, and even its means of offence and defence implanted, by strong and perfect instincts.

I will mention one fact more. The young cuckoo is produced from an egg deposited by his mother in the nest of another bird, generally the hedge-sparrow. He destroys all the other young ones hatched in the same nest, and is supplied with food by his foster-parent, after he has deprived her of all her natural offspring. Quite solitary, he is no sooner able to fly, than he quits the country of his birth, and finds his way, with no other guide than his instinct, to a land where his parents had gone many weeks before him; and he is not pressed to make this emigration by want of food, for the insects and grains, on which he feeds, are still abundant. The whole history of the origin, education, and migration of this singular bird, is a history of a succession of instincts, the more remarkable, because, in many respects, contrary to the usual order of nature.

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